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GENEALOGY DEPARTMENT

CAMBRIDGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

PUBLICATIONS, VOLUME 26

Proceedings for the Year 1940



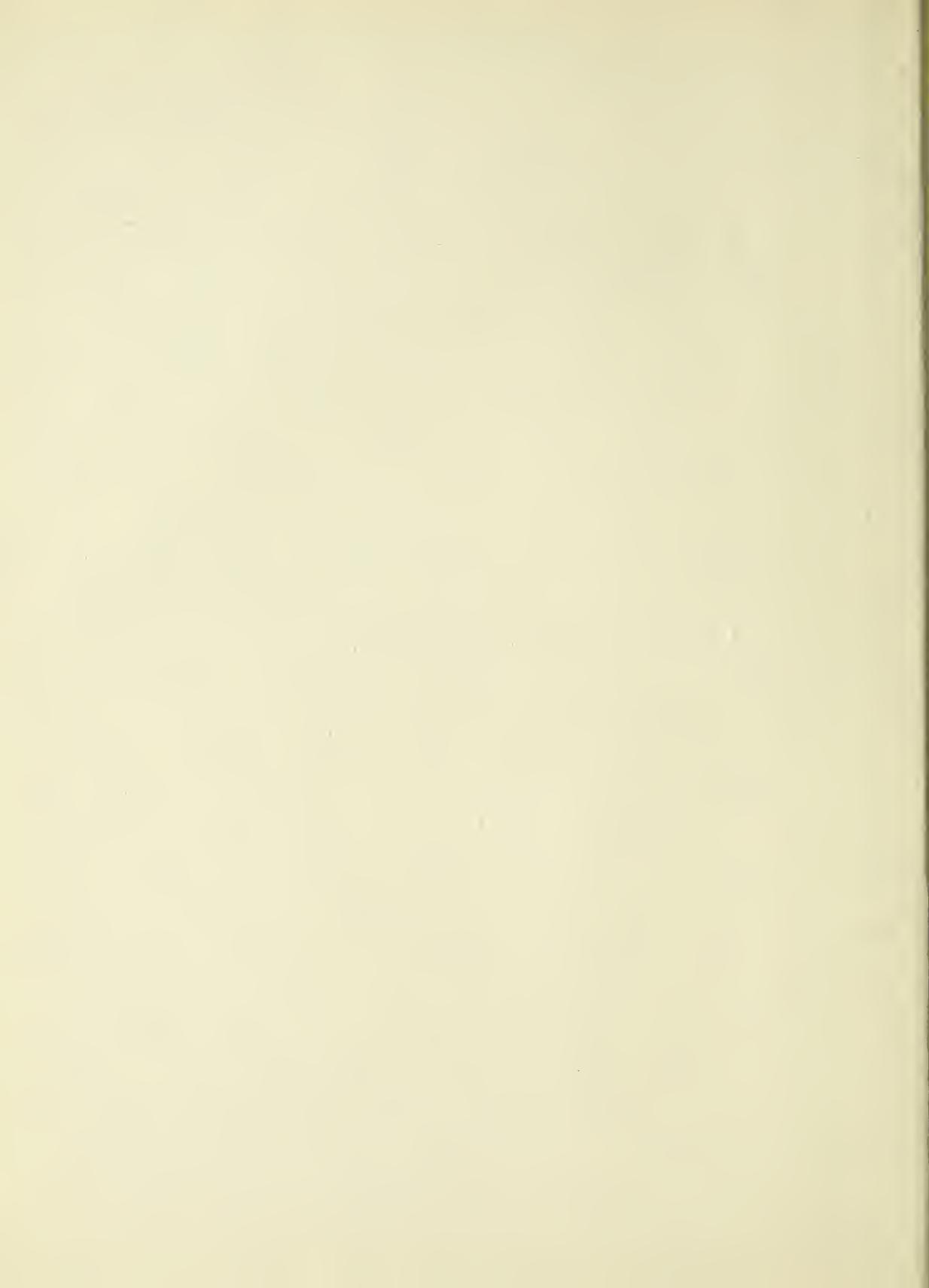
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CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS
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1941



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THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

PROCEEDINGS FOR THE YEAR 1940

ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-FIRST MEETING

THIRTY-FIFTH ANNUAL MEETING

THE THIRTY-FIFTH ANNUAL MEETING OF THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY was held on Tuesday, January 23, 1940, at the Harvard Faculty Club, as guests of Honorable and Mrs. Louis L. Green. Some eighty persons were present.

In the absence of the Secretary, Mr. Briggs was elected Secretary pro-tem. The minutes of the meeting of October 31, 1939, were read and approved.

The Annual Report of the Secretary was read, and it was voted it be accepted and placed on file.

The Report of the Nominating Committee was presented as follows:

The Committee appointed to nominate officers of the Cambridge Historical Society for the year 1940 submits the following report:

For President	ROBERT WALCOTT
For Vice-Presidents	{ JOSEPH H. BEALE FRANK G. COOK LOIS L. HOWE
For Secretary	ELDON R. JAMES
For Treasurer	GEORGE A. MACOMBER
For Curator	WALTER B. BRIGGS
For Editor	DAVID T. POTTINGER

THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

For *Members of Council*: the above and

Rev. SAMUEL A. ELIOT

ELIZABETH B. PIPER

Rev. C. LESLIE GLENN

Mrs. CHARLES P. VOSBURGH

ROGER GILMAN

Nathan Heard

Edward Ingraham

Allyn B. Forbes, *Chairman*

It was voted that the Secretary pro-tem be empowered to cast one ballot for the officers nominated. Upon the Secretary's casting the ballot, the President declared the officers named duly elected.

The Treasurer, Mr. Macomber, read his Annual Report and the Report of the Auditor, Mr. Ingraham. It was voted that they be accepted and placed on file.

Upon request of the President, Mr. Pottinger spoke of a correction¹ to be made in the last number of the Proceedings. He stated that an erratum would be issued in the next number.

Mr. G. Frederick Robinson, a member of the Watertown Historical Society, exhibited a photostat copy of a most interesting letter from John Masters dated "Watertowne neare Charles River, New England: March 14th 1630." It was addressed to "My good Lady Barrington and Mr (?) Thomas Barrington." Mr. Masters was an agent of the Saltonstalls. The original letter is in the British Museum.

The President then introduced Dr. SAMUEL A. ELIOT who read a delightful paper upon "Pundits and Pedagogues." After the President had expressed thanks to Dr. Eliot and to Mr. and Mrs. Green, the meeting adjourned for refreshments.

¹The footnote on p. 102 of *Proceedings*, Vol. 25 should read, "After the meeting Dean Pound interpreted the letters as meaning 'Illustrious Master; Thrice Illustrious Master.'"

ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-SECOND MEETING

THE APRIL MEETING of the Society was held on Tuesday, April 23, 1940, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Eric Schroeder, 9 Follen Street, the former residence of the late Miss Maria Bowen.

The meeting was called to order shortly after 8 o'clock, P.M.

The minutes of the previous meeting were read and approved.

The Curator made a report of the gifts to the Society, which included a collection of books and pamphlets belonging to Miss Elizabeth Harris, presented by Miss Elizabeth Bond and Mrs. Frank Clark. The thanks of the Society were tendered to the donors.

The Secretary read a recommendation of the Council as to the acceptance of a gift of \$2,149.82 from the Cambridge Tercentenary Committee on Historic Houses, being the balance in the hands of that Committee.

The Secretary then moved the adoption of the following vote, the passage of which had been recommended by the Council:

The Cambridge Historical Society accepts the sum of \$2,149.82 from the Cambridge Tercentenary Committee on Historic Houses, which sum the Treasurer of the Cambridge Historical Society is hereby authorized to receive and to receipt therefor. It is voted that this gift is to be kept intact and as a separate and permanent fund in the accounts of the Treasurer of the Cambridge Historical Society, to be invested and re-invested under the same rules as govern the Bowen Fund; the annual income is to be added to the principal of said fund or may be spent from time to time in such manner and for such purposes as the Society may then determine.

The motion was seconded and unanimously carried. The thanks of the Society were voted to the members of the Cambridge Tercentenary Committee on Historical Houses.

The President then introduced Mr. ROGER GILMAN who read a very interesting paper, illustrated by lantern slides, entitled "Victorian Houses in Cambridge."

After voting the thanks of the Society to Mr. and Mrs. Schroeder and to Mr. Gilman, the Society adjourned for refreshments.

There were about sixty members and guests present.

ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-THIRD MEETING

THE JUNE MEETING and Garden Party of the Society was held at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Stoughton Bell, 121 Brattle Street, at 4 o'clock P.M. on Thursday, June 6, 1940. About seventy members and guests were present.

The Curator reported that he had received from Prof. Bremer W. Pond, of Harvard University, chairman of the Cambridge Tercentenary Committee on Historic Houses, the official and related papers covering the activities of that Committee in 1930. The papers include minutes, correspondence, accounts, bank books, cancelled checks, etc., with copies of the correspondence relating to the turning over to the Cambridge Historical Society, in April, 1940, the balance in the hands of the Committee, amounting to \$2,149.82.

At the suggestion of Miss Howe, the names of the members of the Committee are inserted here as follows: Professor Bremer W. Pond, *Chairman*; Robert Walcott; Charles N. Cogswell; Maude B. Vosburgh; Lois Lilley Howe; Mr. and Mrs. Henry R. Brigham. Miss Mary Almy later substituted for Miss Howe.

The President presented a recommendation from the Council, that, in view of the bequest of \$200.00 to the Society contained in the will of our late member, Miss Elizabeth E. Dana, a vote of acceptance of this generous gift be passed.

Upon motion duly seconded it was unanimously voted: That the bequest of \$200.00 to the Cambridge Historical Society contained in the will of the late Elizabeth E. Dana be accepted with gratitude and that the Treasurer be and he is hereby authorized to receive and receipt for said bequest and to hold the same as part of the permanent funds of said Society.

The President also stated that the Council recommended that a grant of fifty (50) dollars be made to a committee of three which the Council

had directed him to appoint, to secure records of Victorian houses in Cambridge, for secretarial and other expenses, to be paid out of the income of the fund given by the Cambridge Tercentennial Committee on Historic Houses. Upon motion duly seconded the recommendation of the Council was adopted.

The President introduced Mr. RUPERT B. LILLIE who spoke instructively of the gardens connected with houses of the Tory families in Cambridge. Mr. Lillie exhibited some charming models of these gardens.

The thanks of the Society were voted to Mr. and Mrs. Bell for their generous hospitality and to Mr. Lillie for his address.

As the day was a beautiful one, the meeting adjourned to the Garden for refreshments.

ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-FOURTH MEETING

THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY met on Tuesday, October 22, 1940, in the Craigie House, 105 Brattle Street, as the guests of Mr. H. W. L. Dana.

The minutes of the previous meeting were read and approved.

The President spoke of Mr. Rupert B. Lillie's offer to sell to the Society the interesting models of the John Vassall, Henry Vassall, William Brattle, and Joseph Lee houses and gardens exhibited at the June meeting of the Society. The Council, however, was of the opinion that the funds of the Society did not justify the necessary expenditure, but was very happy to recommend Mr. Lillie's proposal to any generous member who might be interested in having these attractive and accurate models added to the Society's collections.

The President then introduced Mr. H. W. L. DANA, who gave a charming and interesting account, illustrated by lantern slides, of the descendants of Richard Dana, who came to America in 1640 and settled in Little Cambridge, now Brighton; based in part upon the genealogical researches made by the late Miss Elizabeth Ellery Dana.

The thanks of the Society were voted to Mr. Dana, both for the delightful paper and for his hospitality.

There being no further business, the meeting adjourned for refreshments.

PAPERS READ DURING THE YEAR 1940

SOME CAMBRIDGE PUNDITS AND PEDAGOGUES

BY REV. SAMUEL A. ELIOT

Read January 23, 1940

I HAVE IT IN MIND to say something about certain of the people who made Cambridge an interesting place to live in sixty or seventy years ago, and I propose to follow a procedure which will unite my youthful memories with certain brief descriptions of these pundits and pedagogues written by a man with finer gifts of characterization than I possess. It was the habit of my father, during most of the forty years in which he served as President of our University, to devote the first pages of his Annual Reports to terse tributes to those members of the Governing Boards and Faculties who had died during the year under review. Some of you will recall that President Eliot early acquired a reputation for his use of exceptionally apt and compact descriptive sentences when conferring honorary degrees, and then, because of this growing repute as a master of concise and discriminating characterization, he was increasingly solicited to select or write inscriptions for public buildings and historical monuments and memorial tablets. He must have provided a hundred or more of such inscriptions and enjoyed the tasks because, while they involved no little labor and, so far as I know, no compensation, the inscriptions did permit of the use of more lyric forms of expression than he thought appropriate to academic occasions. He held a modest estimate of his capacity in these matters. "As to English style," he wrote in his old age to a friend who had evidently expressed appreciation of something he had written, "as to style, I think most teachers and critics

of English would tell you that I had none, but I think they would also say that I was free from obscurity and affectation." Some years ago the Harvard University Press published a handsome little volume containing fifty or more of the inscriptions my father wrote, but no similar attempt has been made to compile the discerning delineations of the characters and achievements of his associates that introduced the Annual Reports. I shall take some of those appreciative sentences for my texts tonight and then venture to add some of my own recollections of certain of the notable men who walked our Cambridge streets when I was young. If I indulge in some rather boyish, not to say prankish, memories and comments, I shall cheerfully bear the reproach of having descended below the level of our academic theme.

I suppose we had more original or curious characters around Cambridge in the days of my youth than we have today. I am sure that we were not disturbed by queerness — we rather expected it in professors and such like wild fowl — and we were rather proud of our oddities. We did not want to be standardized or made to look like a row of Ford cars or a set of postage stamps. If Mr. Lucian Carr wanted to carry a tall alpenstock, inscribed with the names of conquered snow-peaks, on his daily walks from his house on Brattle Street to the Museum — well, it did not seem necessary for a march over the commonplace levels of Craigie Street and Chauncy Street — but if he liked it, that was his affair. Professor Lovering rightly and regularly donned his overshoes — I think we called them arctics — for his winter walk over the slushy Kirkland Street sidewalk from his house to the Yard; and if he continued the practice when the June sun had turned the mud to heavy dust, it was a bit queer, but that again was his affair. At least he buckled the arctics up and did not leave the tops flapping sloppily about after the fashion of today. To be sure, some eyebrows were raised when Professor Josiah Royce decided that a daily run would be good for his wind. Mr. Royce was at best an odd-looking man, short and thick, with a large head and a lot of red hair; and when he donned running trunks and trotted perseveringly up Massachusetts Avenue to Porter's Station and back every afternoon or evening, some people thought that a bit indecorous or unbecoming the dignity of a philosopher. But then, it was indulgently explained, Professor Royce came from California where such things were probably not regarded as unseemly.

But now let me speak specifically of some of our notables, viewing them partly in the light of my father's lucid descriptions and partly through the memories of a fairly bright-eyed boy who seems to have borne my name. I must obviously make selections — drastic selections — among these classic shades of yesterday. I must confine myself to Cambridge citizens and to those with whom my own relations meant something more than touching my hat when I met them in the Yard or at the Post Office. I shall speak first of three figures of the past that are associated chiefly, though not wholly, with my childhood here in Cambridge seventy years ago; then of four or five of my father's closest associates in the decade of the 1870's, when Harvard College was being reconstructed and transformed into Harvard University. Of these men my own recollections are those of boyhood. Then, if time permits, I should like to speak of three or four of the College teachers and Cambridge citizens of my undergraduate days.

Dr. Andrew Preston Peabody lived in the house still standing at the corner of Quincy and Harvard Streets, next door to the ugly and uncomfortable cottage-like dwelling which was then the President's house, and where I lived from my seventh to my seventeenth year. When each weekday morning at the breakfast table I would report that I could see Dr. Peabody meandering dreamily down the path that led by Gore Hall to the College Chapel, that would be the signal for my father to grab his hat and follow him to morning prayers. One was just about as regular and punctual as the other. When the time for Dr. Peabody's translation came in 1893, my father, after recounting his many services to the College as instructor, tutor, professor, preacher, twice acting President, and finally as an Overseer, wrote of him: "As a College teacher his influence was chiefly that of a shining example of kindness, rectitude, and universal goodwill. The successive generations of young men who contemplated him in the chapel and the lecture room conceived for him an affectionate veneration which remained as a tradition in the College long after he had ceased to teach and preach. The students underrated his shrewdness and sagacity, they could not overrate the sweetness and gentleness of his character and life."

I sat under Dr. Peabody's preaching from my seventh to my fourteenth year and was early fascinated by his habit of taking off his spectacles when he read the Bible and putting them on when he prayed. I

still do not quite understand that practice. Another captivating occupation was watching for and counting the explosive "Buts" with which the sermon was sure to be punctuated. I suppose — though I did not then comprehend the method — that he pursued the familiar rhetorical procedure of setting up the possible arguments of the opponents of whatever thesis he was propounding and then demolishing them in a paragraph introduced by one of those resounding "Buts." My brother and I used to put small bets on the number of "Buts" in any one sermon, and I think our dignified father watched the count with ill-concealed amusement.

Dr. Peabody's apparent guilelessness made him the cause or source of many stories, none of them malicious, most of them probably apocryphal. He was supposed to be as innocent as a new-laid egg and to be the very type of the absent-minded professor always searching for the spectacles that he had on his nose. The more ribald students would tell of how coming home once on a rainy night he put his umbrella to bed and then went and stood himself in the corner of the vestibule; or they would tell of how he burst one day into the office of his physician and announced that he had suddenly become distressingly lame and that one leg was shorter than the other. The doctor could find nothing whatever the matter with him and the difficulty remained unexplained until a friend revealed that Dr. Peabody had just been seen walking along Harvard Street with one foot on the curb and one foot in the gutter.

I presume that Dr. Peabody's reputation among the undergraduates for supreme simplicity and unworldliness came not only from his benign expression and his benevolent habits but also from the fact that he was a notoriously easy marker of examination papers. The most sluggish and indifferent student found it hard to get a mark below ninety. Indeed among the many myths that gathered about his name is that of a student who inquired what mark he had received and the kind-hearted professor beamed at the inquirer over his spectacles and replied, "Oh, a very good mark, a very good mark indeed. By the way, what is your name?"

Dr. Peabody must have possessed an exceptionally vigorous body and an enormous capacity for work. He would get up before sunrise on a Sunday morning and walk — or rather stroll, for I do not remember that I ever saw him step rapidly — over to Milton or out to Concord, go at once into the pulpit, and preach with all his accustomed fervor. Physically he seemed incapable of fatigue. He wrote

voluminously. He edited the *North American Review*, and every number contained something he had produced; and the index of the *Christian Examiner* contains the titles of more than fifty articles contributed to that periodical alone. I do not know what further search might discover, but in the authors' catalogue at the Widener Library there are more than two hundred cards bearing the titles of his books and published sermons. When you reflect that he had no secretary and wrote everything in his own hand, the mere amount of manual labor is appalling. Those books are now, I suppose, just gathering dust on some upper shelves; and yet — so records his successor in the Plummer Professorship — "yet by a universal consent which reassures one's confidence in the ruling instincts of healthy minded young men, the tradition [of Dr. Peabody as the College saint] became fixed — character proved more enduring than genius." Rightly does the inscription on the tablet in the Memorial Church set forth that "for thirty-three years he moved among the teachers and students of Harvard College and wist not that his face shone."

Professor Evangelinus Apostolides Sophocles is another fascinating figure in my boyhood's recollections. He served the College for forty years and died when I was an undergraduate. He was a bachelor and lived a solitary life in Holworthy 3, the ground floor room on the southwest corner. For many years Professor Sophocles kept hens in the yard of the Fay House or in what is now the quadrangle of Radcliffe College. With his "cockerels and pullets," as he called them, he established intimate relations. It was alleged that when he called a hen by name, the apparently unintelligent fowl would run to him. He named his pullets after the Cambridge ladies who were kind enough to occasionally ask him to supper; as eggs were produced, he marked each one with the name of the hen that laid it and from time to time he would offer a basket of eggs to one or another of the friends who had been good to him. Such a basket was not infrequently handed in, without explanation or comment, at the door of my father's house. My brother and I would then sort the eggs according to the names inscribed on them; and we had our favorites among the Cambridge ladies. Mr. Sophocles got his own meals in his room, and I can testify that they were of a frugal character. Meeting him in the Yard one evening about supper time, he invited me to share his evening meal. It consisted of milk and some dried dates which he procured direct from Smyrna or which had been sent him by his

friends, the monks of Mt. Athos. In addition to the eggs Mr. Sophocles would also present to my father a box of the aforesaid dates and sometimes a bottle or two of Greek wine, which he regarded with high favor. It had a glorious color but the taste of rather bitter ink. As the wine always disappeared, Mr. Sophocles was duly gratified; but I think it went not down our throats but into the pantry sink.

Mr. Sophocles was of peasant stock and had been bred in a monastery. He came to our house to supper — unannounced — two or three times a month, or when, I suppose, his own larder was unusually low. We boys were delighted to see him, for he always had some queer story to tell us. He spoke English with great deliberation but with an ample vocabulary of uncommon and sometimes ungodly words. I think now that most of his stories of his youth were largely imaginary but they were told dramatically and enhanced by his extraordinary personal appearance — the flashing, piercing black eyes under shaggy eyebrows, the shock of white hair, the great unkempt beard and whiskers. His table manners were unconventional. For instance, he would help himself to a butter ball with his fingers — boys remember such little things — and in the course of one of his stories he would refresh himself with a pinch of the snuff he carried in his vest pocket. How he happened to come to this country I never knew but we boys surmised that he had been mixed up with some sort of patriotic insurrection and had to flee, or had been involved in some youthful escapade which was too much for the monks, but he always kept in communication with some friends in the homeland. He sent them money and they sent him books and curious foodstuffs and the aforementioned wine. Once only, I think, did he venture home. It was borne in upon him that his mother was still living, though over ninety, and that he ought to make sure that she was comfortable. When he returned from that journey, like the polite little boy that I could occasionally manage to be, I expressed the hope that he had found his mother well and contented. His laconic reply was, "She was very dirty."

I never came under Mr. Sophocles' instruction, not being addicted to the study of Patristic Greek, but I understand that his classroom habits were also somewhat original. I recall the experience of one student who was taking a course with Sophocles. It came to the written examination. One of the questions on the paper, which the professor had prepared, puzzled the student. He took the paper to Sophocles, who was presiding

in the examination room, and asked for an interpretation of the question. The professor pondered a long time and then said, "I do not know what it means — but what is the difference, the marks have been settled already."

My father's obituary notice of Sophocles — and this time, you perceive, the text comes at the close, not at the beginning of the discourse, a habit I have sometimes thought of adopting for a sermon, of which the text is often the best part — reads, "Professor Sophocles' unique personality was an object of constant interest to the New England community in which his lot was cast and especially to the shifting throng of young men in the midst of which he lived. He was profoundly learned in the Greek literature of all ages and particularly in the Greek of the Christian Fathers, but was somewhat indifferent to the wealth of scholarship which western Europe has lately brought to bear on Greek art and letters. He was tender-hearted under the guise of cynicism and singularly generous under an aspect of parsimony. In his way of living and his modes of thought he seemed a simple mediaeval monk yet he was shrewd enough in affairs to accumulate and keep safe a considerable property in stocks and bonds. In his last will Professor Sophocles gave enduring evidence of his fidelity in friendship and of his love for the College which had been his home for forty years."

Now jump to quite a different type of pundit among our Cambridge scholars — a type almost as unexpected as the Greek recluse and the opposite of everything that could possibly be considered cynical or frugal. Professor Francis James Child, wrote my father in the official report of 1896, "filled out fifty years of punctual, diligent, and devoted service as a teacher in Harvard College. In English literature and the historical development of the English language he was one of the chief scholars of our time. All his colleagues and students felt the influence of his sincere and affectionate disposition and his high-minded way of life." That was an exceptionally restrained testimony even for my just and exact father, for he loved Mr. Child and his family and in his young manhood was probably more at home in that household than in that of any of his associates. Mr. Child, as I remember him, was the embodiment of sunshine. From the crisp curls on the top of his head to the soles of his little feet he radiated warmth and cheerfulness. He trotted through the Yard — his legs were so short that he always seemed to trot — laden with his

webbed bag full of folios or manuscript volumes containing the old ballads he collected and edited with such meticulous care. Some of the ballads were racier or more indelicate than a prim Victorian taste could approve, but if Miss Palfrey or Miss Torrey shook a reproachful finger at him and called him a naughty man he only chuckled the more merrily. I fancy the present generation can read those ballads without the slightest inclination to blush.

The house on Kirkland Street in which I was born overlooked Mr. Child's lovely rose garden. I presume my baby carriage and its occupant spent many sunny and sleepy hours in that garden; anyway, one of my earliest memories is of toddling round after Mr. Child as he worked among his roses — tending them with skilful and assiduous devotion. He was, I suppose, one of the first experts at rose-growing in this country and I cannot imagine a more congenial occupation — for of him I can truly say that I have no memory of word or act or look that is not fragrant. Because of those early associations, and for the tenderness he bore toward my lovely and delicate young mother, he always treated me, even when I had grown to almost twice his size, as a charming but rather mischievous infant. In College, as soon as the restrictions that then limited the choice of studies were outgrown, I hastened to take his course in Shakespeare — English 2 — and revelled in it. That was real teaching. We didn't haggle too much over grammar or the proprieties of language or the derivation of the stories, though Child had a most comprehensive learning about all such matters and could trace a word back to its original appearance much as Darwin could trace the origin of species. We read Shakespeare! Stubby would curl up in the chair behind his desk, with one foot under him or with his hands hugging his knees, and spout with glorious abandon, and that bare lecture room in University Hall would glow and echo. Or he would set us to reading — poor tongue-tied, embarrassed youngsters that we were — and make us learn the gorgeous lines by heart and recite them.

And then in that same year came the chance to see the Shakespearean dramas acted as, I fondly believe, they never have been acted before or since. Night after night for two weeks we went to Boston to see the incomparable Adelaide Neilson and her company play in *As You Like It* and *Twelfth Night* and the rest of her repertory. I have seen other Juliets, and sometimes another Rosalind, but I have never in all the half

century that has followed dared to see another Viola or Imogen, for I would not blur my still vivid memory of that flashing figure and perfect art. There never has been among the gifted women who have interpreted Shakespeare for us such a combination of alert intelligence, faultless intonation, disciplined craftsmanship, joined to beauty of face and form and exquisite melody of voice. Shakespeare is still for me the strange — and in some aspects comically incongruous — alliance of Stubby Child in the classroom and Adelaide Neilson on the stage.

I turn now to speak of some of my father's most trusted counsellors in the days when Harvard College was being transformed into a University and when the ardent young President had to meet and gradually overcome the sturdy opposition of entrenched conservatism. President Eliot was always urgent to remind us that his reforms were made possible only by the cooperative goodwill and executive skill of his associates. *He* could provide the initiative but the details were worked out by his lieutenants. He discovered the right man for each administrative job and then trusted him to do it in his own way.

It was indeed a remarkable group of men whose names meant and made Harvard when my father — only thirty-five years old — became President in 1869. Louis Agassiz, Benjamin Peirce, Asa Gray, Jeffries Wyman, Josiah P. Cooke, Joseph Lovering, were the outstanding men of science in America. Lane and Goodwin had no superiors in the ranks of classical scholars. Bowen and Torrey taught, or were supposed to teach, history and philosophy. Sibley was gathering, though not yet using, a great library. Longfellow had withdrawn from the faculty, but Lowell had succeeded him. Yet it is curious to discover how very slight was the influence of these remarkable men on the actual life of the College. To the undergraduates they were hardly more than names. And as to subjects, well, let one illustration suffice. English literature was not a subject of study at all. There was one course in Chaucer; but if a student wanted to get acquainted with English writers later than Chaucer, he had to do it on his own hook. As to teaching, Mr. Child, of whom I have just been speaking, with the potentialities of a great scholar and teacher in him, was spending most of his time correcting the compositions of immature Sophomores, and Mr. Lowell was teaching elementary Spanish and Italian. "The College," wrote Dr. Edward Everett Hale, "was simply an enlarged country academy." The only real distinction

was that "you studied your lesson in your own room instead of at your desk in the schoolhouse, and recited it in another building. You were told that your lesson would be eighty lines of Euripides' *Hecuba*. You sat down in the evening under your lamp and looked up the words in the dictionary and translated after a fashion and then went the next day to the classroom and read a few of the lines to the professor." That was all that *Hecuba* was to you or you to *Hecuba*!

Or let my uncle, Dr. Francis Peabody, testify. He was a member of the Class of 1869, the year when my father took hold. "No one," he wrote, "no one of our academic stars shed any light on the narrow path of the undergraduate. Agassiz, Wyman, Lowell shone on us only in a few incidental lectures. Benjamin Peirce was so remote a planet as to be visible only to a few telescopic minds. . . . To commend oneself to the learned classicists, Goodwin and Lane, it was more essential to detect an aorist tense or an irregular verb than to appreciate Euripides or Terence. In a word, we were schoolboys chiefly concerned with memorizing rules and exceptions, regimented in recitations and without training of the eye or hand. We studied chemistry without approaching a laboratory. Our gifted teachers were primarily devoted to the discovery of deficiencies rather than to the stimulating of excellence. . . . They were chiefly occupied in disciplining the refractory and indolent. My only personal reminiscence of Professor Cooke's instruction in chemistry is of the occasional and malodorous smells."

My father's closest associates when he faced that situation and gradually changed it were Alexander Agassiz and Theodore Lyman in the governing boards, Justin Winsor at the Library, and the Deans he chose to administer the different departments: Gurney and Dunbar for the College, Ellis for the Medical School, Langdell for the Law School, and Everett for the Divinity School. Theodore Lyman was my father's cousin and intimate friend from boyhood. On him my father relied, not so much for advice as for courage and cheer. My father was a grave young man, handicapped by extreme near-sightedness and by the great red birthmark on one side of his face, and deeply saddened by the death — just as he became President — of his cherished wife. Lyman was by nature and temperament buoyant, gay, open-hearted, and open-handed, a most gallant and chivalric gentleman. He lived in Brookline, on the beautiful estate still owned by his son, Professor Theodore Lyman, but

he drove over to his work at the Agassiz Museum almost every day and would often stop at the President's house or office with a cheerful word of appreciation and approval. He helped enormously to carry my father through dark and toilsome days.

Theodore Lyman and Alex Agassiz were classmates. They married sisters and both worked in the older Agassiz's fast-growing Museum. Never was there a greater difference between father and son — in temperament and manner — than between Louis and Alex Agassiz. They shared in devotion to scientific research, and they both had unusual capacity for hard work; but the father was genial, optimistic, exuberant, always a center of contagious enthusiasm and surrounded by applauding admirers and disciples. The son was sensitive, unassertive, diffident at first in social intercourse, and indifferent to popular acclaim. Louis was often in financial difficulties. He had no limits in his spending of time and skill and money for his beloved work. Alex was bold but cautious and became a highly successful man of business.

After graduating from College, Alex took a course in engineering but soon followed the call of his inheritance and went to work in the Museum. There he found that the plans of the great leader could not be consummated without vast increase of financial support. It happened that his friend Quincy Shaw, who had married his sister Pauline, had become involved in the affairs of an unprofitable and almost inaccessible copper mine up in the northern peninsula of Michigan. Alex Agassiz had dabbled a bit in mines, and he undertook to try to rescue what seemed like a desperate venture. In a few years he turned the property into a paying concern, built a railroad through the wilderness, dredged a channel to the lake, housed the staff and employes, developed and equipped the mine, and started the Calumet and Hecla Company on its career of prodigious success. Then he came back to the Museum and to his researches on land and sea; but he remained the President of Calumet and Hecla until his death and frequently went to Michigan directing the colossal enterprise. His life was early shadowed by the deaths in the same year of his father and his wife, but he turned his father's great dream into a reality and poured out his fast-growing fortune for the Museum and for the expeditions that enriched it with collections gathered from all over the earth. He soon became the most magnificent benefactor that the University had up to that time enjoyed. As a combination of distinguished

man of science, a creative administrator of a great business, and a princely benefactor, Alex Agassiz was unique; yet he walked our Cambridge streets a modest, retiring, almost unrecognized citizen.

Agassiz and my father were life-long friends and fellow-workers. They were in College together. They rowed together on the University crew. They were both scientists, the one a chemist, the other a zoologist. When my father returned to Cambridge, they lived on the same street, and within a few doors of each other. Both were charged with the upbringing of motherless boys, three in one household, two in the other. They served in the Corporation. Sometimes they differed vigorously in judgment but as a rule their minds and hearts went together, as the saying is, to a remarkable degree, and from that cooperation came results of lasting significance.

Justin Winsor was another of my father's trusted associates. He was the guide of another transformation of College habits and the opener of the door of opportunity to countless scholars, students, and readers. He was a classmate of my father's but was very little known in College and was not happy there, for he was a bookish boy who dreamed about being a poet or a dramatist or a man of letters. I think he did not stay to graduate for, as his father was a man of some means and ready to back him, he slipped away to Europe and there lived for some time the life of a wandering but eager scholar. When he came home, he married and settled down in his father's house. He wrote an excellent history of the town of Duxbury, where his family had been an outstanding family.* Its success and his general knowledge of books led to his appointment to membership on the Board of Trustees of the Boston Public Library. He got much interested in the administration of that institution and prepared a report on its work which contained a good many novel suggestions and recommendations. It happened that just at that time the Librarian suddenly died, and the Trustees turned to their younger associate and asked him to take the place. With considerable hesitation, for of course he had no experience in such matters and no idea that he possessed any executive capacity, he accepted, and there began a career of vast significance to the makers and readers of books.

The Harvard Library at that time was under the charge of the vener-

* It is said that Mr. Winsor's granddaughter, our associate, Miss Penelope Noyes, is heir to more strains of Pilgrim inheritance than anyone now living.

able John Langdon Sibley. No one should speak of Mr. Sibley without profound respect. Sixty of his eighty-one years were spent here in Cambridge. For more than half that time, and until his happy marriage in 1886, he lived in one room in Divinity Hall and worked in the College Library, becoming Assistant Librarian in 1841 and Librarian in 1856. He also edited the College Catalogue, prepared the annual Necrology of the graduates, edited ten of the Triennial Catalogues, and, above all, worked with indefatigable industry and the most painstaking accuracy on the Biographical Sketches of the graduates of Harvard College. He was lavish of time, and if need be, of money, his own money, in determining an obscure date or the proper spelling of a forgotten name. Mr. Sibley's ideas, however, about the uses of a library were in accordance with the practice of his generation. A library was for him a place for the accumulation and preservation of books. It was, so to speak, a museum, not a tool or instrument for students, but a sort of storage warehouse. I have often heard my father tell of his first encounter with this — to him — extraordinary practice. Soon after taking office he was walking down the path behind the President's home, and as he passed Gore Hall, the Library, Mr. Sibley came out, locking the door behind him and hastening to meet the young President. "Mr. President," he said, "I have great pleasure in reporting to you that every book the library possesses is tonight on its proper shelf, except two. Professor Agassiz has those and I am going over to get them from him now." It is not surprising that as soon as Mr. Sibley's increasing infirmities permitted of his honorable retirement my father was eager to find a man who would change that archaic system of administering a library. He thought of his classmate Winsor and after considerable difficulty was able to detach him and bring him to Cambridge. There Mr. Winsor bought land on the Deane estate and built his house on Sparks Street, enjoying frequent intercourse with his neighbor and fellow-historian, Mr. Charles Deane.

The profession of a librarian was hardly recognized at that time. Mr. Winsor may almost be said to have created it. He rapidly transformed the Harvard Library into the working center of the University, opened its rich resources freely to all officers and students, and encouraged scholars from all over the world to use it. He himself became, beside the successful administrator of a fast-growing library, a learned historian, a masterly editor, and America's most expert cartographer. My father wrote of

him in 1897, "His main object as a librarian was to get books profitably used . . . so the library under his administration became a new source and appliance for both teachers and students. It became also for learned men a distinct attraction toward Cambridge and the service of the University. . . . His own numerous and massive publications . . . testify to his wonderful capacity for steady productive labor." Mr. Winsor was not only "the most eminent librarian in the United States but the most important contributor in his day to American historical and cartographical research. Seldom has a man of strong character and definite intellectual purpose attained so completely and successfully the main objects of his faithful labors."

Ephraim Whitman Gurney was the first Dean of the College Faculty. He had been my father's first choice for the Presidency of the College and to him the new President turned at once to set up the new standards, establish new precedents, and administer difficult and often delicate readjustments. Upon Mr. Gurney's death in 1886 my father wrote of him, "In every reform or onward step his farseeing wisdom gave trusty guidance; in every effort to preserve valuable traditions and turn to best account the gains of the past, his discriminating conservatism perceived the best modes of action; in every personal question concerning the character of a student, the promise of a young teacher, or the value of an official, his natural insight and wide range of knowledge lent weight and authority to his opinion."

My father's reliance upon the counsel and cooperation of this judicious and loyal friend recalls to my memory a practice which must have continued through the first five years or more of my father's administration. Each Sunday, after attendance at the morning service, he would take his two small boys and walk up Brattle Street and call, on one Sunday on former President Walker at his house on Sparks Street, and on the next Sunday on Professor Gurney at the spacious house which he had built on Fayerweather Street. I suppose my brother and I were given books to read or a puzzle to do while the discussions went on, but at least it was given us to understand that here were unfailing sources of wisdom and understanding. Dr. Walker had been the President of the College at the time when my father had served as a tutor — a tutor younger than most of the boys he was supposed to teach — and he had early discovered my father's gift for cogent phrases. When discussion in

a Faculty meeting had gone far enough, Dr. Walker would turn to this young tutor and say, "Now, Mr. Eliot, will you kindly write out in the form of a vote the conclusions at which we seem to have arrived."

I have heard my father tell of his experience at the first meeting of the Corporation after his election to the Presidency. His associates in the Corporation were the six elderly gentlemen who had, in the face of considerable opposition, elected him President. Doubtless the young President presided at that first meeting with his usual quiet gravity and presented the business to be transacted in an orderly fashion. When the business had been completed, the six old gentlemen glanced at each other and then bolted into the next room, leaving the new captain sitting at the head of the table alone and somewhat disconcerted. He was gathering up his papers when the Fellows came smiling back and Mr. John Amory Lowell, the senior member, said, "Charles, we just couldn't contain ourselves any longer. We were so delighted at the way you presided — and you presented the business just as Dr. Walker used to do ten years ago." The new President did not tell them that it was he who in those days had been accustomed to prepare the business for Dr. Walker to present.

I have found in my father's letters another acknowledgment of his debt to Dean Gurney which I should like to quote. "We have worked together," he wrote, "for seventeen years. He was the best possible associate for me, being more patient, conciliatory, and conservative than I while desiring essentially the same changes in the structure and methods of the University. In the Faculty he was always a main reliance, being keen in argument, disinterested and just, and at the same time having a strong sense of humor invaluable in such a body."

Charles Franklin Dunbar succeeded Mr. Gurney as the Dean of the Faculty of Arts and Sciences. My father had early secured his appointment as the first University Professor of Political Economy, and he originated and upbuilt that great Department of the University as well as serving as the administrative officer of the College. My father's acquaintances were manifold and his memory for names and faces exceptional, his friendships were many and lasting, but his real intimacies were few. Dunbar was probably the man for whom he felt the warmest attachment. The two men not only worked together in adjoining offices and in closest cooperation in term time, but Dunbar was also a comrade in summer cruising on Eliot's yacht, and when my father, after his second

marriage, built his summer home at Northeast Harbor, Dunbar built on Bear Island, half a mile away, so they were holiday as well as workaday partners. Eliot writing to William James after Dunbar's death in 1900, said of him, "He has been just like a brother to me for twenty-eight years . . . a priceless counsellor and friend."

I never took a course with Professor Dunbar, for the arguments and statistics of the economists were almost as remote from my interests and aptitudes as the intricacies of Patristic Greek; so my own memory of him is chiefly as a summer comrade. His shrewdness, reticence, and quiet humor, as well as his sandy hair and beard, indicated a Scottish descent. So did his contempt for the luxuries and superfluities of life, and I sometimes reflected that his keen enjoyment of the view of the rocky Mt. Desert hills from his Bear Island house was a sort of throwback to the associations of his Scottish forebears. They say that as a Dean he was overcautious and annoyingly silent; but I know that he was capable of quick decision and prompt action — one has to be when one is sailing a lively boat in half a gale. He was unassuming in manner but when he heard a tale of a mean or cowardly act I have seen his jaw set and his steel gray eyes flash with wrath. His influence among his Faculty associates was second to none. They trusted his sure-footed sagacity. "The Faculty," wrote my father, "was always afraid to take a step of which he did not approve and seldom did so unless his occasional infirmity of silence had concealed from them his opinion."

The three Deans of the professional schools were equally my father's trusted associates. Of Calvin Ellis of the Medical School I cannot testify tonight, for he lived and worked in Boston and so his name falls outside the limits of a paper for the Cambridge Historical Society. Of him my father wrote, "Exact, conscientious, earnest, and cheerful, he was one of the best teachers of medicine the University has ever had." He was Dean of the School from 1869 to his death in 1883, and — I quote again — "in this important office contributed with all his might to the reforms which the Faculty effected within that period. His daily example, as a wise and high-minded practitioner and a kindly, honorable, and disinterested man was of great worth to the students, for they saw that these qualities were the foundation of his success as a physician."

Of Dean Langdell my father wrote, "He was the first Dean of the Law School and was Dean for twenty-five years during a period of funda-

mental reconstruction. He originated a method of teaching law which has proved to be a radical improvement of great value and wide application. He taught law by voice and pen with profound learning, great accuracy and clearness of statement and complete devotion to the work of teaching."

I have often heard my father tell of how he came to know of Langdell's merits. One of his closest friends in his undergraduate days was Theodore Tebbetts, a student in the Divinity School; he was later minister in Medford, but died when still a young man. Eliot used often in the late afternoon or early evening to go over to Divinity Hall for a chat with Tebbetts. In Tebbetts's room he would not infrequently find a law student of rather remarkable appearance and rustic manners, who lived in an adjoining room and who there got his own meals. This Langdell would be standing with his back to Tebbetts's coal fire — for his own room was undoubtedly unheated — and eating his supper, a bowl of porridge and milk. That finished, he would proceed to hold forth to the other two upon the principles of Law and upon the ways in which lawyers ought to be trained and laws devised and courts conducted. And then, my father used to say, "it was given me to understand that I was listening to a man of genius." And so when fifteen years later the new President wanted to lift the Law School out of the rut in which it was running, he remembered that man and his way of looking at things, sought him out, and finally located him at a desk in an inner room at the rear of a lawyer's office in New York. He renewed acquaintance with him, discovered from his employers and associates that, while he had seldom or never argued a case in court, he was regarded as a most exceptional counsellor and full of novel and striking ideas. The Corporation accepted the proposed appointment of an obscure scholar to the professorship of Law which had been held by Story, Greenleaf, and Theophilus Parsons, with considerable hesitation and only because they were willing to let the new President have his way. The Overseers were even more reluctant to confirm the appointment and were finally persuaded to act by the assurances given them by great lawyers like Joseph H. Choate and James C. Carter that this Langdell might well prove to be a great find. He *was* a great find. He was bold, ingenious, persistent. During the long effort to establish the new methods of legal training which he initiated and in the face of severe criticism, Langdell seems never to have cared to defend

himself or his innovations. "He knew," wrote my father, "that there was only one way to refute criticism, namely, to exhibit the professional success of his disciples. . . . As a teacher, Langdell was a great benefactor of the legal profession, and hence of every free and orderly community. As a man he was worthy of all love and reverence."

Charles Carroll Everett was Professor of Theology for thirty years and for most of that time Dean of the Divinity School. It was he who brought to fulfilment my father's utopian dream that ministers could be of better service to society if their training fitted them to be not just agents for propagating a sectarian creed but unbiased seekers and lovers of the truth and servants of the common good beyond all denominational boundaries. He wanted students of theology to have the same privileges of free research, the same unprejudiced access to the widest learning, that had come to characterize the Schools of Science and Medicine and Law. Dean Everett proved to be the ideal captain for this unique spiritual adventure. Everett was what I should call a truly emancipated spirit, with a large and cheerful sympathy with all sorts of men and ideas. He cared little for dogma or for controversy. He was generous and magnanimous and at home with all the great religious literature. Unlike many professors, he knew what was going on in the world outside of his little cocoon. It was rightly said of Everett — as it was also of Emerson, and there were many resemblances between those men — that he took down the ancient idols from their pedestals so gently that it seemed like an act of reverence. Everett was indeed a revolutionist who was also a conservative, a learned scholar who was also eminently human and happily possessed of a delicate and delightful humor. He was modest almost to self-effacement but it was not the humility of the ascetic. He had no gift for what is called publicity and played no part in the politics of Church or State, but there was nothing insular or provincial about him. Of him my father wrote, "His lectures were always followed with eagerness by students of a great variety of beliefs and denominational affiliations, for he treated his subject in an original way and in a spirit at once candid, impartial, and comprehensive."

No adjectives could have been better chosen. "Original" — not only was the structure of the Divinity School transformed and teachers appointed without regard to their denominational inheritances; the whole spirit of the place was changed. The old subjects which had long been

the sum and substance of theological education continued to hold their time-honored place but new subjects were added and new points of view were opened. Dr. Francis Peabody gave the earliest courses offered in an American college on the Ethics of Social Problems, and Dr. Everett gave the first course in Comparative Religion ever opened to theological students in this country, and Dr. Toy pioneered in the agitated realm of the Higher Criticism of the Bible. "Candid, impartial, and comprehensive" — those words accurately and concisely define the temper of Dr. Everett's teaching. To be sure, when I took his lecture courses I sometimes found myself beyond my depth. I could not always follow the argument; but I could catch something of his spirit. There was about him a serenity and a self-possession very helpful to a youth of my impatient temperament. Sometimes there would be quite prolonged pauses in the lecture when Everett would sit in quiet contemplation and without — again like Mr. Emerson — without the least embarrassment. He enjoyed our perplexities and encouraged our questions, however unintelligent they might be. He was quick to see the comical side of things, and his answers were apt to be whimsical but very much to the point. He used a rapier, not a club. He never clouded his meaning with superfluous words or tried to weave magic spells with enigmatical phrases. His mind was essentially luminous, with no dim recesses or misty indecisions. If I sometimes failed to understand, it was because the thought was too profound for me, not because the expression of the thought lacked clarity. His speech was more colloquial than academic and had in it something of the tang of the brine or the spruces of his native state of Maine.

I recall that he once asked me to prepare for the class a summary and interpretation of a certain chapter in Lotze's *Logic*. I studied the thing and could make nothing whatever out of it. When the time came for my report, I laid a blank sheet of paper on his desk. He glanced at it and a glimmer of satisfaction crossed his otherwise immobile countenance. "Yes," he said, "I have never been able to make much sense out of it myself. I thought perhaps your fresh young mind might find a clue to its meaning." The fact that I was more ready to confess ignorance than to put up a pretense of erudition pleased him mightily and he later reported the incident to my father with many gratified chuckles. The know-it-all sort of student, or one who took himself too seriously, annoyed him, and such a student was likely to be ingeniously allured into

a position where one clean thrust of that keen mind would puncture his inflated assumptions.

Of Everett's many books the one that stands by me best is the one entitled *Poetry, Comedy, and Duty*, for "he had," said the former President of this Society, his colleague, Dr. Emerton, "he had the power of seeing and expressing the spiritual beneath the veil of the obvious which is the essence of poetry. He had the sense of the incongruous which he himself described as the essence of comedy; and every action of his life was dictated by an unflinching sense of duty."

Gladly would I pay tribute to other great teachers of my own college days but while they did not outlive my father, they did outlive his administration, and so they are only occasionally mentioned in the Reports in which I am tonight finding my texts. Never has the College had teachers more stimulating than Professor Shaler and Professor William James. They were more than instructors, they were animating guides and friends. I gratefully remember too Professor John K. Paine, though I suspect that I took Music 3 because it was reputed to be a soft course — and it was. It came right after lunch, when one was inclined to be drowsy. We soon discovered how to escape the necessity of taking notes. Professor Paine would wax eloquent over the magic of Bach or Chopin, and some mischievous student would lean forward with a seductive earnestness and say, "Oh, Professor, can we not persuade you to play us something from the master's works?" and nothing loath — for playing was doubtless for him more fun than lecturing — Mr. Paine would move over to the piano and for the rest of the hour we could either listen or contentedly doze.

Most of all I should like to speak of Professor Charles Eliot Norton. Again I took his course in Fine Arts because it was reputed to be soft. It was alleged that if one were to quote in the examination book some of the Professor's favorite phrases or rode round handily on some of his hobbies and expatiated eloquently on the charm of the curve of a Greek column or the carving of a capital, one could readily get by without bothering to read or study, and as I was tremendously occupied with the really important things of College life, playing on the Class team and singing in the Glee Club and acting in theatricals and generally having a gorgeous time, that was an alluring prospect.

But something quite unexpected happened to me, as it probably did to many other boys of decent capacity but unawakened minds. Norton —

quite unconsciously, I suppose, just in the course of his ordinary lecturing — discovered to me the splendid fun of using one's own mind. It is strange that that source of huge enjoyment had never before been revealed to me. I had been brought up in a family of intellectual people. I had read widely and happily in the rich and varied store of my father's library. I had been to good schools and had such reputedly efficient teachers as Bradbury at the Cambridge Latin School and John Hopkinson — who afterwards had to accept me for a son-in-law — and the men of his staff, Walter Deane, Theodore Williams, Burton Legate, who became themselves headmasters of schools; but it had never been borne in on me that a school lesson was anything more than a grind and a bore. These men did succeed, though with some difficulty, in pushing me into college, and somebody must have pulled and hauled me through the Freshman year, though I did practically no work. The studies of the Freshman year were still at that benighted period, prescribed. I dropped them the moment I reached the comparative freedom of an upper classman, and hastened to select the courses that might reasonably be expected to offer the least interference with the normal pleasures and occupations of college life. But something Mr. Norton said caught my attention, or there was something about his way of saying it that fascinated me. Any-way, something clicked in the cavity where my mind was supposed to function, and gradually — not suddenly — but with steady and healthy progress I realized the joy of independent thinking. I didn't agree with more than half of what the lecturer said; often he provoked me to rather imprudent protest or saucy questioning. I was no longer just a piece of blotting paper soaking up somebody else's ink. I was thinking for myself and hugely liking it. I was no longer a mere echo, I was doing the shouting. And to the amazement of the class, Mr. Norton instead of obliterating me positively seemed to like it. Then others joined in and the lecture hour turned into a lively, sometimes impassioned discussion not simply about the arts and the science of the beautiful but about history and morals and behaviour and nature and human nature. I think that was one of the earliest demonstrations in the cultural courses — Louis Agassiz had long before adopted the practice in the scientific courses — of the way in which students can and should teach themselves and each other; a practice which has now happily superseded in most colleges the old reading or droning of lectures or hearing of recitations.

My father wrote of Norton on his resignation in 1898 of how he established a department of instruction which was without precedent or parallel and — I quote this because I think my experience may have partly suggested the sentence — of how this instruction “has proved to be of great interest and value to thousands of students of different ages, dispositions, and tendencies, having been to many a means of intellectual awakening and to all a precious element in their mental and moral development.”

Norton, as I gratefully remember him, was a myriad-minded humanist. His manner was gentle, his voice quiet and pleasant, his habit of speech that of one who had respect for his native language. At times he indulged in a rather playful irony but his talk was habitually as friendly as it was versatile and vivid. I do not suppose that he ever had much facility as an artist in color or in modelling but he was a supreme artist in words — words that had a distinct emotional effect and the magic of suggestion. There was a sort of detachment about him, as if he watched with eyes that saw, beyond the ordinary and the obvious, the drama of life unfold.

His way of looking at contemporary conditions was, to a young man of my more audacious temperament, too much inclined to pessimism. He mused with a rather sentimental tenderness over the glories of the past and was too readily disposed to find the higher grace of life in the little world of ancient Greece. But he made one conscious of a possible civilization that could be fairer and finer than our own and he breathed into our academic and community life certain impulses that made us realize that life may be something better than a business or a game. He had no use for the outward forms of religion but he understood and emphasized and illustrated the spiritual values, and he revealed to us that there may be as much true religion in the spirit in which one doubts as in the most exact formulas of belief.

Mr. Norton had the happy practice of inviting some of his more eager students to come on Sunday evenings to his house at Shady Hill. Eight or ten of us would gather round the table or by the fire in that beautiful long library at the rear of the house and Norton would pull down a book here and another there from the well-stocked shelves and read to us; or he would hand the book to one of us to read aloud and he would comment with a gracious wisdom and airy humor, or discourse

enchantingly on the text or the author—Petrarch, Dante, George Herbert, Charles Lamb, John Ruskin, and the like. Oh, we were still just ordinary modern American boys but on those nights we were citizens of the world and heirs of the heritage of the ages.

Mr. President, I think we can leave them there.

VICTORIAN HOUSES OF OLD CAMBRIDGE

BY ROGER GILMAN

Read April 23, 1940

TO ALL OF US who are lovers of Old Cambridge the destruction of each landmark brings a sense of grief, but also a query. We all lament the passing of the gracious semi-Italian villa on Prospect and Harvard Streets, or the stately series of Greek mansions on their terraces overlooking old Main Street. But we may well ask ourselves: "Can we do nothing to preserve their memory?"

Happily some of you have done this for certain houses by your papers read here, telling their story by the lives that have been lived in them. Others might carry on in other ways, such as a catalogue with brief descriptions and dates. For my part, I try, in occasional hours, to build up a photographic record of those which are notable for architectural character. In these excursions I have been amazed by the fullness with which they illustrate the tides of taste that flowed through the last century. If I bring you tonight some typical examples from that record, with a sketch of their architectural background, it is in the hope that you too may share in the fascinating scene that lies all about us. Perhaps I may lead some of you to make similar records of your own.

What these examples mean to me is something more than a series of pictures. They compose a drama of conflicting tastes, of ways of living, of the city's growth. At times there enters the commanding figure of the College, whose halls point the way to new styles for houses, whose presidents and professors lived in them and gave them prestige. In the background stands the city itself: its hills, which attract the greater houses; its long roads to Boston and outlying towns, on which the houses spring up in different periods; its trees and lawns, which enfold them and harmonize their differences.

In our current concern with fine colonial examples, we overlook the fact that Cambridge is, in the main, a city of the nineteenth century. The houses that we see every day are almost all of the years between

1830 and 1890. But in this there is no cause for shame. The nineteenth century in architecture, as in painting, has fascinations that are all its own. Not, it is true, in the perfection of one style, nor in a style related to our colonial interest. But what a time of experiments and of searchings, what a series of enthusiasms and sharp reactions!

The focus of this intense activity was the middle half of the century, between 1840, just after the little Queen was called to the throne, and the late eighties, when she celebrated her jubilee. For this period Cambridge is a veritable museum of styles. Over one hundred houses of the Greek Revival have been counted. Of the mansard type there must be an equal profusion; of the two Gothic Revivals, a few but fine specimens; of Queen Anne all the best varieties.

Let us begin with the Greek Revival, that style which would be almost unbelievable if it were not so familiar. From about 1830 to 1845 it swept the country. It captured not only the more cultured East but moved westward with the pioneers, to Michigan, to Tennessee, and along the Gulf. All the new buildings, houses, churches, courthouses, were based on the Grecian temple. It came to us as an importation from England. But the way had already been prepared by Thomas Jefferson's adaptations of Roman temples, his own house at Monticello, the Virginia Capitol, and the professors' houses at the University of Virginia. It was carried forward by a tremendous expansion of building, by the prosperity and the new settlements of the time.

In Cambridge this prosperity was reflected in a series of Greek mansions along the roads from the West Boston and the Craigie bridges, Harvard Street, Broadway, and Massachusetts Avenue (which I shall call by its old name, Main Street). The lofty colonnade had been designed by the Greeks for single buildings on commanding sites. It had served grandly on the Acropolis; it served not so badly on Dana Hill (Figure 3).

But there was some criticism of this habit, as appears from an article in the *North American Review*, of October, 1836: "Of late it has become the fashion to build *country houses* in the form of temples. This style prevails at Cambridge. These classic models, which surround the College, are imitated closely in Cambridge-Port. Two or three specimens of this style are to be seen on the road which forms the continuation of the old Concord turnpike through the Port. One of them in particular

is a small edifice, the whole length of which, including the portico, may possibly be 30 feet, and the breadth 15 feet. The front is adorned with four massive columns, with elegantly carved Ionic capitals, the cost of which can scarcely be less than the rest of the house." The object of this asperity is still standing at 135 Western Avenue.

You will all recall with me those stately mansions, their heavy columns, their elaborate iron balconies, their terraced lawns, that we used to pass in the leisurely horsecars. Their destruction is an architectural tragedy. Where the last of the line was demolished last summer there remains only a hideous heap of mortar.

The only major survivals of all that pomp of columned porticos are the Lovering house (Figure 1), on Kirkland Street at the corner of Sumner, and the Gannett house, now belonging to the Law School. The Lovering house and Doctor Day's next to it, furnish an illuminating comparison of what could be achieved in this style. The one is a true temple front, overpowering in the scale of its two-story columns and high gable, austere in its flat boarded walls that simulate stone, cold in its straight lines and deep shadows. It also represents, probably, the most costly devotion to the façade that we have ever shown in the building of houses.

The Day house (Figure 4) seems to me a clear case of the colonial type with Greek architecture adapted to it. Its lower one-story portico, its Greek columns of slender wood proportions, its natural surface of weather boarding, all express the intimacy of a dwelling, while its entrance on the long side and on the east is planned for comfort.

The Greek Revival house of medium size is easily recognized by its narrow end and high gable facing the street. It could usually boast of a one-story porch with columns on the front or on the side, or on both. Often it dispensed with the porch and framed its deep set entrance with Greek pilasters. Its long narrow plan was formed about an entrance hall at one corner and a single room beside it. This was a distinct departure from the colonial or the Federal plan with wide front and central hall. What this innovation gained for its owner in convenience and economy would be an interesting line of study.

The house of Mrs. Clifford H. Moore (Figure 2) at the corner of Brattle Street and Willard is a complete type, with full Greek cornice and pilasters, but it gains added distinction by a small pedimented porch

and some good Greek ornament. It seems to me the most charming and home-like of the smaller designs, although I realize that its charm is partly due to its two colors of paint, which lighten the heaviness of the style.

Of other buildings that have vanished, two still remain in my memory: on Brattle Square, the old University Press with its stately Ionic portico; and on Harvard Square, Lyceum Hall with small high-perched granite columns, where my generation received their first lessons in chivalric behavior and the Portland Fancy. . . . Where are the snows of yester-year!

Toward the end of our Greek period there appeared a variation on that type. It is not mentioned in the scanty accounts of the architectural histories; nor does it occur in the books for builders, so far as I have yet discovered. It may be peculiar to our region.

The closest to the Greek prototype is the Jared Sparks house on Quincy and Kirkland Streets, built somewhat before 1847 (Figure 5). With its broad piers on the front and its pilasters on the side it is the most striking exemplar of its group. Among others are a house on Concord Avenue opposite Craigie Street; that of Chauncey Smith, now Mr. Stoughton Bell's, on Brattle Street; a house on Mason Street; and two on the corner of Story and Mt. Auburn Streets, showing later alterations.

Probably the earliest of this group, built about 1840, and midway in style between them and the colonial type, is the Bowen house, on Follen Street. This is now fortunately in the good hands of our hosts, Mr. and Mrs. Eric Schroeder. It affords us this evening an excellent glimpse of the interior woodwork of the typical Greek Revival house, its broad door and window frames, its marble mantels, and its substantial stairs.

The most distinctive trait of these houses is the series of broad flat piers that create a rhythm on the front. They seem to be derived from the Greek pilasters, now made broader and deprived of their capitals. Their flat sheathing is set vertically, to increase the pilaster impression, and the whole surface is flat, as in the best of the Greek Revival houses. Only the roof departs widely from the temple houses, but its low slope still has a Mediterranean air.

All these houses have great dignity; they are almost public monuments. But this very quality carried so far, these heavy proportions, and these dull, flat surfaces, do not make for a home-like abode. As an attempt



FIG. 1. LOVERING HOUSE
36 Kirkland St., corner of Summer. *Greek Revival,*
temple front. 1840-42.



FIG. 2. CLIFFORD H. MOORE HOUSE
112 Brattle St., corner of Willard. *Greek Revival.*
1840-50.



FIG. 3. ANONYMOUS (Demolished)
Massachusetts Ave., corner of Dura St. *Greek Revival,*
no gable. About 1850. (Photograph by Lois L. Howe.)



FIG. 4. DAY HOUSE
38 Kirkland St. *Greek Revival,* with one story porch.
About 1840.

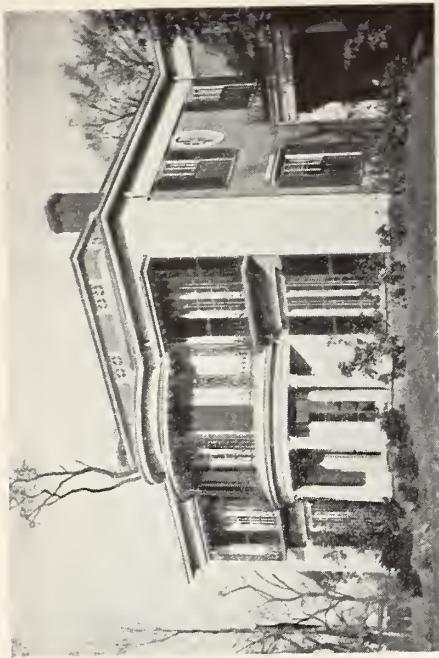


FIG. 5. PRESIDENT SPARKS HOUSE
Quincy St., corner of Kirkland. Neo-classic. Before 1847.



FIG. 7. VALENTINE-FULLER HOUSE
(Demolished 1937)
Prospect St., corner of Harvard. Italian derivation. About 1847.
(Photograph by Lois L. Horve.)

FIG. 6. HASTINGS HOUSE
101 Brattle St. Neo-classic, with curved bay and iron balconies.
1845.



FIG. 8. BENJAMIN PIERCE HOUSE
9 Oxford St., moved from Quincy St. near the President's house.

An English version of the "Italian Villa," 1837-40.

Prospect St., corner of Harvard. Italian derivation. About 1847.
(Photograph by Lois L. Horve.)



FIG. 9. DUNBAR HOUSE
Highland St., corner of Reservoir. Gothic Revival,
but later in date.

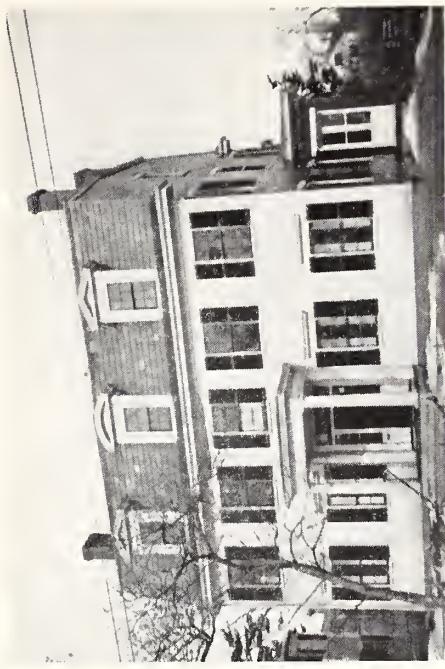


FIG. 10. BURLEIGH HOUSE
85 Brattle St., corner of Mason. Tudor Gothic. About 1840.



FIG. 11. DAVIS HOUSE
Now the office of the Harvard University Press. Quincy St.,
corner of Broadway. Plan of Federal type; porch and cornice
pseudo-Gothic. 1847-48. Architect: Henry Greenough.

FIG. 12. WALCOTT HOUSE, BUILT BY
CHARLES FOLLEN
Waterhouse St., corner of Follen. Gambrel roof type. 1845.

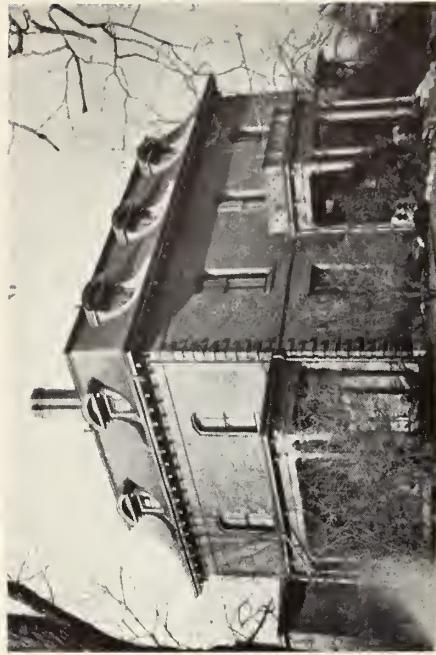


FIG. 13. ROSS HOUSE
Craigie St., corner of Brattle. Mansard type, elaborate design.
About 1870.



FIG. 14. GREENLEAF HOUSE, NOW PART OF
RADCLIFFE COLLEGE
76 Brattle St. Mansard type, simple design; originally stuccoed.
1859.



FIG. 15. VAN BRUNT HOUSE
Brattle St., opposite Channing, Queen Anne. 1877.
Architect: Henry Van Brunt.
FIG. 16. STOUGHTON HOUSE
90 Brattle St. Romanesque. 1882-84. Architect: H. H. Richardson.
Wing at right added. (Photograph from "The Architecture
of H. H. Richardson," by H. R. Hitchcock.)

to develop a more livable house from the Greek temple design and to escape from its limitations, these houses evidently failed.

Belonging to this group although marked by features of its own, is the Hastings house (Figure 6). It is well-known in the architectural world, and is called by the name of its first owner, Oliver Hastings, merchant of Boston. It now belongs to Harvard. Its semi-circular bay, which formerly contained the entrance, recalls the design of the Gore house at Waltham or the White House at Washington. Its trellised balconies in wrought iron belong rather to New York or to the South than to the Boston of that day. These special enrichments, set off by the two colors and framed by the simplicity of the main wall, create an architectural picture that is now unique in Cambridge.

There was once a small group of these baloonied houses in Cambridgeport. They were quite in the Italian manner, with very broad flat eaves and stucco walls simulating masonry. The finest of these was the Valentine house on Prospect Street, already mentioned (Figure 7); others were the Wellington house on Main Street and two on Cambridge Street. A double house on Fayette Street alone survives.

There is also a small group of rather pretentious houses which were inspired by what was called in English books the "Italian Style" (Figure 8). And they were Italian in a certain stone-like quality, with large wall spaces, heavy cornices, and low roofs. An especial mark of this style was a square tower at one corner, which appears in the Williston house on Berkeley Street. The Horsford house on Craigie Street, corner of Sparks, however, has a symmetry and an elegance that bring it closer to the true Italian villa.

In surprising contrast to the Greek inspirations appeared the carved gables and arched windows of a few Gothic houses. Yet each type was the expression of a strain in our national temperament. The dignity and order of the Greek Revival represented our early passion for discussing politics, making laws, arguing religion. The irregularity of the Gothic appealed to our restless individuality, as its historical memories appealed to our sentiment.

The style in America was an offshoot of the Gothic Revival in England. It was first introduced into Cambridge to express special character in two different buildings: the First Parish Church, of 1833, a remarkable effort for that date; and the old College Library, Gore Hall,

begun in 1838, an adaptation of King's College Chapel in England. I suppose we can hardly imagine what an impression these examples, however imperfect, of old world architecture must have created in our provincial, Georgian town.

Somewhat later, arose here and there throughout the country the Gothic cottages of the forties and fifties. They were never numerous, except in the Hudson River Valley, but you may still find a few submerged in the suburbs of Boston or New York, and in old prosperous towns such as Dedham or Concord. In Cambridge there exist several survivors, of differing types.

A Gothic "cottage," as it was at first called, always had a projecting gable, on which could be displayed its principal adornment, the carved verge-board and finial (Figure 9). Very well carved they often were, of good three-inch boards whose thickness gave almost the effect of the English originals. The doorway was set under a pointed arch; the windows were crowned with Gothic mouldings; the roof was steeper than before and broken by gables and dormers to produce a highly picturesque outline.

The house of Tudor type, on Brattle Street at the corner of Mason, is more Gothic in its nature (Figure 10). Its plan is irregular, its entrance door in an odd corner, its wings set forward and back. These are radical departures from the symmetry of the first attempts, which were merely "Gothic Colonial." Even the wall is made to resemble stone. Several pleasing examples like this are also to be found in the Cottage Farm region of Brookline.

I have lingered somewhat on the few relics of the Gothic episode because, though remote from all that was normal in our tradition, they stand for an ideal. They represent in visible wood and stone all the aspirations of the Romantic Era. They were the heart's desire of individualists, the people of imagination, the lovers of Scott's medieval tales, of Irving's *Bracebridge Hall*. Probably these men owned some of the many illustrated books on British castles and manor houses, or kept engravings of Turner's paintings in portfolios. Without doubt they studied the American works of Andrew Jackson Downing, whose writings on horticulture and English cottages had an astonishing vogue in the forties.

But the Romantic ideal, which is typified by these examples, did

not depart from the American house with the passing of pointed arches and broken roofs. It lingers on even today — in the constant desire for informal plans and for picturesque grouping of windows and gables, for all that is cosy and sentimental in a home.

In the latter forties, after the enthusiasms of the Greek Revival proved to be but illusions, there occurred an interval of ten years or more when designs were chosen from the most varied sources. We have seen the modified Greek temples, the Italian villas, the Gothic cottages. There were now individual designs, of which perhaps the most striking was the Davis house on Quincy Street (Figure 11). You will remember its sympathetic description in a previous paper by Mr. Pottinger, its plan of the Federal period, its interiors of the Greek Revival. Its ornamented cornice and the colonnettes of its porch seem to be derived from the rather unorthodox "carpenter's Gothic" of this period.

The house of Dr. Henry Walcott (Figure 12) on Waterhouse Street (1845) was a return to the colonial, including the brick ends. Its roof seems to combine the ample space of a mansard with the simple construction of an earlier gambrel roof. In case anyone wishes to clarify his idea of this type of roof, I refer him to the Autocrat of Dr. Holmes:

Gambrel? Gambrel? Let me beg
You'll look at a horse's hinder leg —
First great angle above the hoof —
That's the gambrel; hence gambrel roof.

You may wonder why so traditional and convenient a type never was more widely used. But before we have finished you will realize that Cambridge in the nineteenth century built for ideals and fashions far more than for function.

The boldest of our several Victorian ventures was the mansard, of the sixties and seventies. It came to us from Paris, where Napoleon III was then carrying out his lavish building program. It was a part of a living style, in contrast to the revivals of Greek and of Gothic with which we had just been experimenting. It seemed to meet the needs of our fast expanding incomes and our desires for foreign culture, where the two revivals had failed.

These houses are in themselves a page of our history. From them we may read as plainly as in an economic history of Cambridge the

record of an active building era. Indeed there was almost a boom in certain parts of the town. To be sure, there were only three or four on lower Brattle Street: the Withey house and the Brattle Inn, companions on opposite corners of Story Street; Mrs. Greenleaf's stately residence opposite Mason Street, now the house of the President of Radcliffe; the austere but elegant mansion at the corner of Craigie Street, long the home of Doctor Denman W. Ross. On Craigie Street itself mansard houses formed an almost continuous line. Lower Broadway too seems to have been largely developed in this period. On old Main Street a series of large mansard houses were built on the south side of the roadway, indicating perhaps that the great estates on its north side, that formerly stretched from the high ground over to the river, must have been divided at this time. And on what was North Avenue, now upper Massachusetts Avenue, the mansards formed a world of their own—based, one may surmise, on new possibilities of commuting to Boston from Porter's Station.

The mansard house is recognized first of all by its roof line, whether a straight upward slant or a long raking curve; secondly by the serpentine brackets that support its wide cornice. In such a finished example as the Denman Ross house (Figure 13), these brackets and the smaller ones that decorate the porch and the heads of the windows lend it an air of elaboration, which is indeed out of all proportion to their number—or their cost. That was in fact the intention, for it was the hope of the owners that they should appear, in the phrase of the day, "handsome and elegant."

But there was much more in this type of house than its ornament. It was formal of shape; if there were an ell, this did not count in the design. It was, in effect, two stories high, with a third story in the roof. It conveyed the dignity and the richness of stone, either from a flat wooden surface marked as with stone joints, or from a stucco facing that was not only marked but colored to represent fine masonry. This was formerly the case in the Greenleaf house (Figure 14).

The mansard house had more virtues than its style to justify its universal adoption and its long popularity. Its square plan excelled the long and narrow Georgian plan with one or more ells, the "telescope" house so-called. It excelled also the oblong plan which belonged to the Greek temple house, with its narrow end toward the street. And its com-

pactness not only saved building cost; it made service easier, and it made the new central heating possible.

Even more satisfying was its provision for a third story with rooms of almost full height. This third story had always been an unsolved problem. When under the roof it had been cramped; when the roof had been raised above it, the house looked too high. But the mansard roof gave a house a low, pleasing proportion, apparently only two stories in height. The dormers now seemed a decoration rather than a makeshift. As for the roof itself, its long sweeping curve shed snow and rain easily; and the roof, for the first time, played a leading part in the beauty of our façades.

Yet there were inherent objections to the mansard type, for such a rambling town as Cambridge. It was too much the city house; in fact it was a design based on stone, here adapted to wood or imitated in stucco. Its formality was appropriate only to this period — when the hoop skirt was worn at breakfast and the Abe Lincoln stovepipe hat throughout the day.

And how the style was misused in the seventies. More ornament accumulated on its porch, bay windows projected from its walls, iron crestings flourished on its roof. It is these follies of its declining years, rather than the formal pride of its youth, which have given it an odious reputation. But what finally banned it socially was a change of taste. People no longer liked symmetry, nor order; they abhorred the suggestion of expensive material. They craved the picturesque. This craving was to be amply met in the seventies and eighties, by two more novelties in style, Victorian Gothic and Queen Anne.

What were the causes for such a change of mind as is shown by the Van Brunt house (Figure 15)? If we could have talked to householders of the seventies, we should have found them under the spell of William Morris, that great craftsman in printing, wall papers, and tapestry; that apostle of handwork, that passionate devotee of the Middle Ages. And they were now reading Ruskin. From him they learned about the "Lamp of Truth," which came to mean a cult of the various building materials. They learned also the charms of Venetian Gothic. (It was unfortunate that Ruskin was so sensitive to the English winter; otherwise it might have been English Gothic.) Most recently, all these house-owners would have been studying a new book on "Household Taste," just published by

Mr. Eastlake. In it he showed carpenters how to build those over-mantels of cherry encumbered with shelves and spindles, and incited the ladies to embroider and jigsaw. There was besides a vogue of the picturesque, for its own sake. It is an overworked term but it really means "like the art of painting," not "like the art of building."

But we should have had to talk to the architects, for they were now beginning to have a hand in many of the houses; where they did not, their ideas were followed by the builders. They would have spoken of a freer plan; they would probably have said that it corresponded to the new needs of the client, his less formal way of living. And they would have sincerely believed that the broken, irregular lines of their houses expressed these plans and the owners' informal habits.

But architects are very human fellows. For nearly a hundred years they had been talking of fitness and its external expression. And we have seen this evening what varied results they have arrived at. Knowing so many of them personally, I think I can tell you the reason: they worked out plans from their logic; they designed façades from their sketchbooks.

In the early seventies their hobby was "Victorian Gothic." And Boston, because it had such cultivated and learned architects as Charles Cummings and Henry Van Brunt, was its center. In Boston, too, were three of the masterworks of this style: the Museum of Fine Arts that stood on Copley Square, the new Old South Church, and our Memorial Hall. Perhaps I should include the Boston and Providence Station! How these must have stirred the imagination of the Cambridge householder who saw them all building at once, between 1871 and 1876. How different they must have seemed from anything in his Past — and how "artistic"!

Of this style, two carefully designed houses remain, the house of William Cook and a similar one on Reservoir Street near Fayerweather. In the Cook house, Ruskin's Italian hand appears in the pointed arch at the foot of the chimney, a purely decorative addition to recall the window arches around the corner. The hand of his followers — or is it that of Mr. Cummings in his book on "Italian Architecture" — is plainly revealed in the brick patterns that became the signatures of the style, those black diagonals under the eaves, those projecting corners of bricks that mark the second floor level. William Morris has his part in the open carved beams of the porch, the metal finial on the roof line.

It seems strange that, in the presence of such large public buildings in the style, there should have been so few dwellings. However, we may almost count among them the famous Beck Hall, and the brick block on Sparks Street. Perhaps also the Brattle Square Police Station — but I pass over that lightly.

In the eighties, the architects themselves renounced all revivals. They intended to rely for effect only on the essential features of a house, that is to say its walls and roofs and windows. From these essentials, and from the natural effects to be got from wood and brick and slate, they might have produced a fine and lasting style. But they attempted the picturesque — and produced the Queen Anne. All previous conventions of design were discarded; there was no limit to the shapes of the roofs, the projections of the bays, the number of dormers. Sober Cambridge dwellings became a blend of Ann Hathaway's cottage and the White Horse Inn.

A fortunate aspect of this movement was the return to our tradition of designing in wood. For wood seems to be our native medium. We are in fact the greatest wood builders in history; even our skyscraper construction is carpentry in steel. But when we gave ourselves a free hand, to get the most picturesque effect out of shingles and clapboards, we intermingled them in fussy panels and bands; we got texture for our shingles by cutting them in waves or in fish-scales. We set half-timber work in the peaks of all gables. We vied with each other in the fanciful posts of our porches. We pushed out bays everywhere. Finally we adopted red paint inside and out, with dark green for trimming. For was not William Morris's own villa named the Red House?

The Queen Anne style seemed to be the natural one for Buckingham Street. It suited those steep slopes and that winding road; it seemed made for the literary retreat of a Samuel Scudder or a Thomas Wentworth Higginson. The street even included a specimen of the Swiss chalet type, with ostentatious bracing and carpentered brackets. This was in fact a descendant of the chalets dear to the Romantic period, which was pleased to recall the wildness of the Alps.

If I now overstep my Victorian boundaries for a last example, it will be only to show you the one house that we possess from the hand of the great genius of the time — Judge Stoughton's house, now Mrs. Hurlbut's, designed by Richardson (Figure 16). Avoiding all the whimsies of the

Queen Anne, these long horizontal lines, plain shingle surfaces, and big simple masses, are a characteristic creation of his latest manner. This is the type of design, even in wood, that is now considered his true contribution to our architectural growth. For us tonight, it is also the introduction to a new phase in houses, that of the familiar shingle dwelling of dark stained walls and simple trim, of unbroken lines in walls and roof. Unassuming, informal, economical, this type emerged from the vagaries and uncertainties of the Victorian century, to become the forerunner of the twentieth.

THE GARDENS AND HOMES OF THE LOYALISTS

BY RUPERT B. LILLIE

Read June 6, 1940

[The following is based on three years of research in the landscape architecture of pre-Revolutionary Cambridge. The models referred to are restoration models for the estates of John Vassall, Jr., Henry Vassall, William Brattle, and Joseph Lee, reproduced accurately at the scale of one inch equals twenty feet. The author exhibited these models at the meeting.]

MADAME RIEDESEL wrote in her *Letters*, referring to the time that she was quartered here, "Never had I chanced upon any such agreeable situation. Seven families, who were connected with each other partly by the ties of relationship and partly by affection, had here farms, gardens, and magnificent houses, and not far off plantations of fruit."¹ Her comment regarding the relationship of these Loyalist families living on Brattle Street at this time is very true. All were related, except one, and that family was connected by strong ties of friendship.

Lieutenant Governor Spencer Phips purchased a house and land in Cambridge in 1714² on the site of the present Saint Paul's Church. Here, he raised his large family. The house is believed to have been erected about 1650³ and commanded a beautiful prospect over the Charles River. The approach to the house, near the point where Bow Street joins Arrow Street, was guarded by "life-sized wooden figures of Indians."⁴

Three daughters of Lieutenant Governor Phips are of particular interest to us. Elizabeth Phips⁵ married John Vassall, who came from the

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¹Letters and memoirs of Madame de Riedesel as quoted in Mary C. Crawford: *The Romance of Old New England Rooftrees* (Boston, 1903), 134.

See also Madame de Riedesel: *Letters and Memoirs*, translated from the original German by J. Wallenstein (New York, 1827), 195.

²Paige, Lucius R.: *History of Cambridge* (Boston, 1877), 627.

³Daughters of the American Revolution (Hannah Winthrop Chapter): *Historic Guide to Cambridge* (Cambridge, 1907), 82.

⁴Ibid.

⁵Paige: *op. cit.*, 627.

West Indies and purchased the estate at the corner of Brattle and Ash Streets in 1736,⁶ now the home of Mrs. Vosburgh.

Mary Phips⁷ married Richard Lechmere, relative of Thomas Lechmere, surveyor general of His Majesty's customs in the northern department.⁸ Richard built the Riedesel House about the time of his marriage; this house is now the home of Mr. and Mrs. Brown.

Rebecca Phips⁹ married Joseph Lee, who later was appointed one of the mandamus councilors just preceding the Revolution.¹⁰ He purchased the Lee-Nichols House,¹¹ the present home of Professor and Mrs. Emerson.

John Vassall sold his estate to Henry, his brother, in 1741.¹² John moved to an estate of fifty acres which lay south of Brattle Street, bounded on the east by the marshes of Henry Vassall and bounded on the west by Cornelius Waldo and Stephen Coolidge.¹³ In general, this comprised the southern part of the Longfellow estate. John also purchased six and one-half acres on the opposite side of Brattle Street,¹⁴ this is the site of the Longfellow House.¹⁵ He had three children, among whom were John Vassall, Jr. and Elizabeth Vassall.¹⁶ As John, Sr. died before his son came of age, John was placed under the guardianship of his grandfather, Lieutenant Governor Spencer Phips.¹⁷ John built the Longfellow House two years after his graduation from Harvard College.¹⁸

Brother and sister married sister and brother. John Vassall married Elizabeth Oliver in 1761, and Elizabeth Vassall married Thomas Oliver in 1760.¹⁹ Thomas Oliver is believed to have built Elmwood a few years

⁶ Batchelder, Samuel F.: *Notes on Colonel Henry Vassall, 1721-1769* (Cambridge, 1917), 9.

⁷ Paige: *op. cit.*, 627.

⁸ Andrews, Charles McL.: *The Colonial Period in American History* (New Haven, 1938), IV, 202.

Pierce, Edward L.: *Letters and Diary of John Rowe, 1759-1762, 1764-1779* (Boston, 1903), 396-398, 401, 402.

⁹ Paige: *op. cit.*, 627.

¹⁰ *Ibid.*, 151.

¹¹ Paige, Lucius R.: MS. 145, 146 (drawer 49, Cambridge Public Library).

¹² Batchelder, *op. cit.*, 10.

¹³ Cambridge Historical Society: *Proceedings for the Year 1918* (Cambridge, 1925), XIII, 83.

¹⁴ Harris, Edward D.: *The Vassalls of New England* (Albany, 1862), 10.

¹⁵ *Ibid.*, 18.

¹⁶ Batchelder, *op. cit.*, Appendix.

¹⁷ *Ibid.*, 27, 28.

¹⁸ Harris, *op. cit.*, 17.

¹⁹ Batchelder, *op. cit.*, Appendix.

later.²⁰ Shortly before the Revolution, he was appointed Lieutenant Governor of the colony by the Crown.²¹ Later, this was the home of James Russell Lowell; now the home of Mrs. Porter.

Susanna Vassall,²² sister of John, Sr. and Henry, married Captain George Ruggles of Jamaica in 1742. He bought the Fayerweather House in 1764,²³ which is now owned by Professor Merriman.

The seventh family is that of William Brattle, who built the Brattle House about 1727.²⁴

These gentlemen were either merchants or persons of note, attracted by Harvard College and the fertile countryside²⁵ convenient to Boston, the metropolis. Most of them already possessed town residences in Boston and chose to develop these places as country estates and retreats from business affairs during the summer. They had kindred interest in the Church of England, for we find the names of several on the building committee of Christ Church.²⁶ This committee was headed by Reverend East Apthorp,²⁷ who was the son of Charles Apthorp, a wealthy merchant of Boston.²⁸ Apthorp married Elizabeth Hutchinson, niece of Thomas Hutchinson, Governor of Massachusetts Bay Colony.²⁹ He had been appointed as missionary by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts and was first rector of Christ Church.³⁰ He built Apthorp House in 1760.³¹

These estates with their houses and gardens are indicated on a map made by Henry Pelham for the British Crown, 1775-1776.³² Pelham was

²⁰ Jackson, Robert T.: *History of the Oliver, Vassall, and Royall Houses in Dorchester, Cambridge, and Medford* (Boston, 1907), 8.

²¹ Paige: *op. cit.*, 619.

²² Batchelder; *op. cit.*, Appendix.

²³ Paige: MS, 153.

²⁴ D.A.R.: *op. cit.*, 85.

²⁵ Birket, James: *Some Cursory Remarks Made by James Birket in his Voyage to North America, 1750-1751* (New Haven, 1916), 18.

²⁶ Paige: *op. cit.*, 307.

²⁷ *Ibid.*

²⁸ D.A.R.: *op. cit.*, 76.

²⁹ *Ibid.*

³⁰ Paige: *op. cit.*, 307.

³¹ *Ibid.*, 565.

³² See "A Plan of Boston in New England," by Henry Pelham, London, June 2, 1777, signed copy (map room, Widener Library).

Massachusetts Historical Society: *Letters and Papers of John Singleton Copley and Henry Pelham, 1739-1776* (Boston, 1914), 346, 347, 356, 357, 357n.

an artist³³ and surveyor.³⁴ He was familiar with the town of Old Cambridge³⁵ and knew the Loyalist families well.³⁶ Several had sat for portraits³⁷ done by his half-brother, John Singleton Copley. Pelham supervised both the construction and the landscape planting for the home of Copley³⁸ on Beacon Hill while the latter was in New York. Henry Pelham was a forerunner of the present-day landscape architect.

Life in Cambridge at this time was ideal. Protection from the French and Indians was assured. There is record of various trips along the coast³⁹ and to the West Indies.⁴⁰ During the course of these business trips and occasional friendly visits, these gentlemen had the opportunity to visit the estates of relatives and friends who had already made fortunes. Suggestions for the development of the gardens were freely borrowed and exchanged. Moreover, they had contact with England and had access to books on husbandry and architecture which contained illustrative plates, showing the prevailing taste in landscape architecture.⁴¹ These gardens were predominantly formal and as extensive as those that existed in the South at this time.

The garden of John Vassall, Jr. was one of the largest. It occupied one and one-half acres and evidently was developed shortly after the building of the house. John Vassall built his fine Georgian residence "all of a piece" in 1759.⁴² Evidence shows that it was set up on two especially constructed terraces⁴³ on a site commanding a sweeping view of the

³³ *Ibid.*, XXII.

³⁴ *Ibid.*, 346.

³⁵ *Ibid.*, 146.

³⁶ Brattle, *ibid.*, 359; Lechmere, *ibid.*, 123; Lee, *ibid.*, 213, 215, 266, 276, 277, 280, 290-292; Ruggles, *ibid.*, 347; Vassall, *ibid.*, 359.

³⁷ Rev. East Apthorp; Museum of Fine Arts: *John Singleton Copley, American Portraits* (Boston, 1938), 25; Bayley, Frank W.: *The Life and Works of John Singleton Copley* (Boston, 1915), 46.

Phoebe Borland; *ibid.*, 232.

Gen. William Brattle; M.F.A., *op. cit.*, 47, 48; pl. 10; Bayley, *op. cit.*, 65.

Henry Vassall; Batchelder, *op. cit.*, 8, frontispiece, quotes authority of Frank W. Bayley. Penelope Vassall; *ibid.*, *op. cit.*, 44.

³⁸ M.H.S.: *op. cit.*, 122, 123, 126, 146, 147, 156, 158, 160, 170, 179, 234, 235.

³⁹ Birket: *op. cit.*, 25-28.

Batchelder: *op. cit.*, 26, 27, 36, 37.

Pierce: *op. cit.*, 80.

⁴¹ See footnote 78.

⁴⁰ *Ibid.*, 82; Batchelder, *op. cit.*, 27, 28.

⁴² D.A.R.: *op. cit.*, 100.

⁴³ Historic American Buildings Survey, Survey No. Mass. 169, sheet 2 of 13.

Charles River valley. Approaching the house was a forecourt of symmetrically placed American elms.⁴⁴ A brick wall⁴⁵ separated the forecourt from the public road. A broad path led from the gate, up the forecourt to the sandstone steps in the terraces, and thence to the house entrance. Passing through the spacious hall and the large door on the far side, one had a prospect to the garden. A large paved service court separated the garden from the house. On the far side of the court, and facing the house, were symmetrically placed outbuildings.⁴⁶ These buildings had similar architectural treatment,⁴⁷ the barn or stables being on the left, and the slave quarters⁴⁸ on the right. The garden path descended the terraces from the house, leapt the court, and passed through the two outbuildings. The entrance of the garden was accented by two American elms which still stand. The path continued on through the garden and is believed to have been terminated by the summerhouse which stood in another part of the grounds at a later period.⁴⁹ This building was designed with space for the storage of ice below.⁵⁰ On some occasion while you are visiting the Longfellow House, I would suggest that you take a walk down through the garden to the two elms, turn around, and admire the beautiful garden door. Notice the three dormers that overlooked the garden; the center dormer is designed with a rounded head. This terminated the garden vista from the summerhouse. The west side of the house overlooked an attractive view to the small lake or "fishpond"⁵¹ with an island in its center.⁵² This pond was used for the cutting of ice in the winter and is marked by the depression in the lawn which we may observe from the porch this afternoon. Farm buildings were located in

⁴⁴ *Ibid.*, sheet 13 of 13.

⁴⁵ Evidence on the site.

⁴⁶ H.A.B.S.: *op. cit.*, sheet 2 of 13; Boston Daily Evening Transcript, Thursday, April 16, 1840, No. 2982, 2.

⁴⁷ See "Perspective Presentation of Mr. Craigie's House," by William A. Warner, 1815 (mathematical thesis, archives, Widener Library); see, also, "Plan of Boston," by H. Pelham, 1777.

⁴⁸ Batchelder: *op. cit.*, 68, 69, 69n.

⁴⁹ See "The Survey of a Tract of Land in Cambridge and a Perspective Delineation of the Summer House Thereon," by Charles Saunders, 1802 (mathematical thesis, archives, Widener Library); see also, "Perspective Presentation," by W. A. Warner.

⁵⁰ Amory, Thomas C.: *Old Cambridge and New* (Boston, 1871), 27.

⁵¹ See "Survey of the Roads in Cambridge," by James Hayward, 1837 (engineer's office, Cambridge City Hall); Higginson, Thomas W.: *Old Cambridge* (London, 1899), 22.

⁵² H.A.B.S.: *op. cit.*, sheet 13 of 13; D.A.R.: *op. cit.*, 103.

other parts of the grounds. One was the little, old house occupied by the tenant farmer⁵³ near the southeast corner of Sparks Street and Huron Avenue. The orchard extended along the east side of Sparks from Brattle Street towards the rise of Observatory Hill.⁵⁴ It is evident that Tony Vassall lived with his family, 1777-1781, in the slave quarters on the John Vassall place.⁵⁵ He was left behind to care for the estates of John and Henry Vassall when the families fled from the colony.⁵⁶

Henry Vassall married Penelope Royall,⁵⁷ sister of Isaac Royall of Medford, one year after buying his brother's estate on Brattle and Ash Streets. The house was originally built about 1636⁵⁸ and was enlarged from time to time. Henry had gained considerable fortune and, in the prevailing taste of the time, built the east wing of the house in 1746.⁵⁹ This wing was symmetrical, having a central hall leading directly to the garden. From the garden door proceeded a central path and at the terminus of this was placed the summerhouse.⁶⁰ In the inventory of Henry Vassall's estate in 1769 is recorded "6 Old Chairs in ye Summerhouse."⁶¹ From the summerhouse one might gaze back at the wing and admire its well-designed garden door, overlooked by five dormers.⁶² The garden door still exists but is covered by a vestibule. A brick wall separated the garden from the public road⁶³ and along this wall from the boundary of the present Longfellow Park to Ash Street were planted one hundred acacias or black locust trees.⁶⁴ This was a clever arrangement, for locusts are very thorny and difficult to approach. In the garden, paths paved with beachstones ran between beds patterned in boxwood.⁶⁵ In the beds were planted fruit trees imported from England

⁵³ See "The Survey of a Tract of Land," by C. Saunders; record of Dr. Frederick Haven Pratt and Miss Mary Deane Dexter.

⁵⁴ Record of Mr. W. C. Abbott.

⁵⁵ Batchelder: *op. cit.*, 68, 69.

⁵⁶ *Ibid.*, 68, 68n.

⁵⁷ *Ibid.*, 14-16.

⁵⁸ D.A.R.: *op. cit.*, 94.

⁵⁹ Batchelder: *op. cit.*, 10, 10n, 36.

⁶⁰ Record of Mrs. Charles P. Vosburgh.

⁶¹ Batchelder: *op. cit.*, 82.

⁶² D.A.R.: *op. cit.*, 98.

⁶³ Batchelder: *op. cit.*, 11n.

⁶⁴ *Ibid.*, 11, 11n.

⁶⁵ *Ibid.*, 11; Cambridge Tercentenary Committee: *Historical Houses in Cambridge* (Cambridge, 1930), The Vassall House, 2.

and France.⁶⁶ One path,⁶⁷ on the edge of the garden, ran from the door in the base of the "U" shaped house plan to the "Brick Wharffe,"⁶⁸ where both Henry Vassall and William Brattle landed their slaves and goods brought up the river. On the west, the service court⁶⁹ paralleled the long, old-fashioned wing⁷⁰ of the house. It was paved with cobblestones. There is an entry for purchasing paving stones in Henry's little account book.⁷¹ On the north, a gate in the brick wall gave entrance, and along the western boundary another thorny hedge — a hedge of hawthorn⁷² — was planted. At the head of the court stood the barn or stables⁷³ and along the west side were smaller buildings for housing the coach,⁷⁴ fire-engine,⁷⁵ etc. To care for his garden, Henry had a gardener, "Griggs,"⁷⁶ a rolling stone, and garden tools.⁷⁷ In his library, he had books on husbandry.⁷⁸ Copies of two books listed in the inventory are in Widener Library.⁷⁹ Comparison of the layout of these estates with the frontispiece of one of these volumes⁸⁰ is striking, for here we find the formal forecourt enclosed by trees, separated from the road by a wall with entrance steps, and the long entrance walk. Moreover, we find extensive gardens beyond the house, laid out in parterres or patterned beds in the French manner and symmetrically placed outbuildings on either side. Henry Vassall had a number of slaves, among whom was the famous Tony.⁸¹ There is mention of "Mr. Vassells Little house"⁸² in connection with Tony. This house is shown below the garden in the

⁶⁶ D.A.R.: *op. cit.*, 95.

⁶⁷ Record of Mrs. Charles P. Vosburgh; C.T.C.: *op. cit.*, 2.

⁶⁸ Batchelder: *op. cit.*, 11n.

⁶⁹ Batchelder: *op. cit.*, 12.

⁷⁰ City of Cambridge: *Atlas*, 1873, 17; Batchelder: *op. cit.*, see plan opp. p. 68.

⁷¹ *Ibid.*, see illus. opp. p. 22.

⁷² D.A.R.: *op. cit.*, 95.

⁷³ Batchelder: *op. cit.*, 12.

⁷⁴ D.A.R.: *op. cit.*, 99; record of Mrs. Charles P. Vosburgh; Batchelder: *op. cit.*, see illus.

opp. p. 32.

⁷⁵ Paige: *op. cit.*, 134.

⁷⁶ Batchelder: *op. cit.*, 24.

⁷⁷ *Ibid.*, 82.

⁷⁸ *Ibid.*, 84.

⁷⁹ Bradley, R[ichard]: *A Complete Body of Husbandry* (London, 1727); Mortimer, John: *The Whole Art of Husbandry* (London, fourth edition, 1716).

⁸⁰ *Ibid.*, frontispiece.

⁸¹ Batchelder: *op. cit.*, 61–64, 82.

⁸² *Ibid.*, 67.

model and is believed to have been the quarters of Tony, the coachman.

The adjacent estate was that of William Brattle, a gentleman of great versatility.⁸³ His house stood in a "square of English Lindens."⁸⁴ A brick wall separated the grounds from the road.⁸⁵ Behind the house extended the ell, at the end of which was the "Studdy."⁸⁶ Paralleling the ell on the west and extending from the garden door of the house was a path, serving as one of the lateral paths of the garden. This garden was evidently developed at a later date than the original construction of the house. In the garden was topiary work of carved yew trees.⁸⁷ South of the garden was the "fishpond,"⁸⁸ fed by a stream, passing through the grounds.⁸⁹ This stream passing from the pond became the southern boundary of the estate and emptied into the Town Creek at the "Watering Place."⁹⁰ On the east of the Brattle House was the service court.⁹¹ Near its entrance stood the Town Spring⁹² flowing below a stone arch to the Town Creek.⁹³ A stone curb about the spring replaced the arch at a later date.⁹⁴ You will notice in the model that the entrance gate to the grounds has been left open; which was quite necessary. The service court was enclosed by a group of farm buildings,⁹⁵ consisting of barn (sometimes called fruit house), poultry house, dairy, etc.⁹⁶ The roofs of the buildings on the east were curved.⁹⁷

⁸³ Paige: *op. cit.*, 499, 500.

⁸⁴ Winsor, Justin: *The Memorial History of Boston* (Boston, 1881), IV, 628.

⁸⁵ Higginson: *op. cit.*, 22.

⁸⁶ Batchelder: *op. cit.*, 66.

⁸⁷ Higginson: *op. cit.*, 22.

⁸⁸ *Ibid.*; D.A.R.: *op. cit.*, 84; The Essex Institute: *Diary of Reverend William Bentley* (Salem, 1905), I, 398; Winsor: *op. cit.*, 628.

⁸⁹ Hastings, Lewis M.: *The Streets of Cambridge, an Account of Their Origin and History* (Cambridge, 1921), (see plan showing Cambridge highways in 1700); C.H.S.: *op. cit.*, XIII, 17 (see plan of Cambridge and vicinity).

⁹⁰ Paige: MS, 162.

⁹¹ D.A.R.: *op. cit.*, 86.

⁹² Paige: *op. cit.*, 54; Essex Inst.: *op. cit.*, I, 398.

⁹³ Paige: *op. cit.*, 9, 9n; Paige: MS, 138; see "Plan of Cambridge Adapted to the Year 1635," by J[ohn] W[inthrop], 1801 (map room, Widener Library); see, also, "Survey of the Roads in Cambridge," by J. Hayward; Morison, Samuel Eliot: *The Founding of Harvard College* (Cambridge, 1935), opp. p. 192 (plan of Cambridge around 1638).

⁹⁴ D.A.R.: *op. cit.*, 84; record of Mr. Charles N. Cogswell, architect.

⁹⁵ D.A.R.: *op. cit.*, 86.

⁹⁶ Cambridge Collection: Appraisal of Brattle Estate (drawer 26, Cambridge Public Library); Essex Inst.: *op. cit.*, I, 398.

⁹⁷ D.A.R.: *op. cit.*, 86.

The estate of Richard Lechmere was at the corner of Sparks and Brattle Streets. The house⁹⁸ now stands on the northwest corner of Riedesel Avenue and Brattle Street in a much altered condition.⁹⁹ On its original site,¹⁰⁰ it was approached by a forecourt enclosed by magnificent lindens;¹⁰¹ these were standing until the recent hurricane. It is believed that the forecourt was separated from the road by means of a well-designed fence of which five of the delicately carved pineapple finials still exist.¹⁰² A broad path laid with slabs of bluestone led from the gate to the steps in the terrace and thence to the attractive portico. This portico is now attached to a house at the corner of Main and Sawyer Streets in Cohasset.¹⁰³ At the opposite end of the large entrance hall, one passed through the garden door and descended into the garden.¹⁰⁴ The central path led from this door to an arbor at the end of the garden. The stumps of the cedar posts were found imbedded on either side of this path by the present owners of the site.¹⁰⁵ Madame Riedesel, who was quartered with her family here during the Revolution, gave a ball and supper in celebration of the birthday of her husband. She writes, "Our courtyard and garden were illuminated."¹⁰⁶ Beyond the garden stood the orchard.¹⁰⁷ On the east of the house was the service court, dominated by the large barn,¹⁰⁸ designed to harmonize with the architecture of the residence.

Nearby was the residence of Richard Lechmere's brother-in-law, Joseph Lee. When the place was purchased in 1758,¹⁰⁹ the Lee-Nichols House consisted of two and one-half stories with a lean-to.¹¹⁰ You will

⁹⁸ D.A.R.: *op. cit.*, 105, illus. opp. 110.

⁹⁹ *Ibid.*, 108; record of Mrs. George E. Brown.

¹⁰⁰ Cambridge: *Atlas*, 20, 21.

¹⁰¹ Paced survey made May, 1938.

¹⁰² Record of Mrs. P. T. Jackson.

¹⁰³ Record of Mrs. George E. Brown.

¹⁰⁴ See "A Plan of Boston," by H. Pelham.

¹⁰⁵ Record of Mrs. P. T. Jackson.

¹⁰⁶ Letters and memoirs of Madame de Riedesel as quoted in Mary C. Crawford: *The Romance of Old New England Rooftrees* (Boston, 1903), 137; see, also, Madame de Riedesel: *Letters and Memoirs*, translated from the original German by J. Wallenstein (New York, 1827), 199; (the term "yard," as translated here, means an entrance or approach court, or forecourt).

¹⁰⁷ Record of Mrs. P. T. Jackson.

¹⁰⁸ D.A.R.: *op. cit.*, illus. opp. 104; Cambridge: *Atlas*, 20, 21.

¹⁰⁹ Paige: MS., 145, 146.

¹¹⁰ Record of Mrs. William Emerson.

see in the model a three story building, for about 1760 he enlarged the house¹¹¹ and at this time, or somewhat later, a garden was developed on the east side of the house.¹¹² It was overlooked by the windows of the library¹¹³ and was deviously approached from either the front door or the rear door of the house. The service court with its barn and sheds was behind the house.¹¹⁴ Nearby was the orchard.

The Fayerweather House¹¹⁵ was built about 1760 by Amos Marrett¹¹⁶ who sold it to George Ruggles in 1764.¹¹⁷ On the garden side of the house were symmetrically placed two outbuildings of similar design,¹¹⁸ one of which was probably the slave quarters. The garden was laid out in a pattern of beds¹¹⁹ between the buildings and ascended the hill in a series of terraces. Evidence and information concerning this garden are limited. The farm buildings¹²⁰ were placed at a distance from the house group.

Elmwood, the home of Thomas Oliver, takes its name from the English elms which enclosed the forecourt.¹²¹ A path led from the gate to the brownstone steps in the terrace and thence to the house. When the townsmen demanded his resignation as Lieutenant Governor of the colony and President of the Mandamus Council,¹²² Thomas Oliver signed the resignation under pressure. He wrote that after signing, "I walked into the court yard and declared I would do no more, though they should put me to death."¹²³ This is the forecourt that exists today, enclosed in part by the remaining elms. One passed down the dignified hall through the attractive garden door. The central path, leading from the door, descended the terrace, and led into the extensive garden laid out in formal parterres.¹²⁴ To the right of the garden were located the service court,

¹¹¹ *Ibid.*

¹¹² See "A Plan of Boston," by H. Pelham; record of Mrs. William Emerson.

¹¹³ *Ibid.*

¹¹⁴ *Ibid.*

¹¹⁵ See "A Perspective View of the House of Mr. Fayerweather," by Benj[amin] Hodges, 1803 (mathematical thesis, archives, Widener Library).

¹¹⁶ C.H.S.: *op. cit.*, 25.

¹¹⁷ Paige: MS, 153.

¹¹⁸ See "A Plan of Boston," by H. Pelham.

¹¹⁹ *Ibid.*

¹²⁰ Cambridge: *Atlas*, 20, 21.

¹²¹ Paced survey made May, 1938.

¹²² Paige: *op. cit.*, 155, 156.

¹²³ D.A.R.: *op. cit.*, 113.

¹²⁴ See "A Plan of Boston," by H. Pelham.

the barn, and other outbuildings.¹²⁵ Evidence and information concerning the garden are limited.

In the town of Cambridge, stood the residence of Reverend East Apthorp, now the residence of the master of Adams House, built not far from the church. Tradition tells us that the elegance of this house evoked so much envy on the part of the townsmen that it was dubbed "The Bishop's Palace."¹²⁶ Religious feeling ran so high that he left Cambridge in 1764,¹²⁷ selling the estate to John Borland.¹²⁸ The latter had married Anna Vassall, half-sister of Susanna, Henry, and John Vassall, Sr.¹²⁹ The site selected by the rector for his home was a most excellent one, overlooking the river and the estate of his friend, David Phips.¹³⁰ The house stood eleven feet above the road.¹³¹ It is believed that it was approached by a forecourt similar to that of the John Vassall and Richard Lechmere houses and Elmwood. A broad path led from the gate at the road to the lower terrace and ascended to the house entrance. One stepped from the door at the rear of the lovely hall into the garden and followed the central garden path¹³² to its terminus at the road, then Braintree Street. This was opposite the entrance of "the Fellows' Orchard,"¹³³ owned by Harvard College. Looking back at this point, one could admire the garden façade of the house, crowned by a group of three dormers, of which the center one was round-headed. These dormers are still existing. The service court was located at the left of the garden,¹³⁴ approached by a road from Holyoke Street. Tradition says that this exceptionally well-designed residence of two and one-half stories was altered by Borland by enlargement to three stories for the accommodation of his slaves on the third floor. This is most absurd, for a man of John Borland's wealth¹³⁵ most certainly would not have had

¹²⁵ Cambridge: *Atlas*, 24, 25; Winsor: *op. cit.*, III, 114, see illus.

¹²⁶ D.A.R.: *op. cit.*, 75.

¹²⁷ Paige: *op. cit.*, 309n.

¹²⁸ *Ibid.*, 493.

¹²⁹ Batchelder: *op. cit.*, Appendix.

¹³⁰ Paige: *op. cit.*, 627.

¹³¹ Survey of February, 1940.

¹³² Cambridge: *Atlas*, 10, 11.

¹³³ Morison: *op. cit.*, 290, 290n, 291, 291n; plan opp. 192.

¹³⁴ See "Plan of the Village in Old Cambridge," by Alex[ander] Wadsworth, 1833 (engineer's office, Cambridge City Hall).

¹³⁵ Batchelder: *op. cit.*, 41n.

slaves in the house itself. Outside quarters were provided at the John Vassall and George Ruggles houses. The examples of the estates of Isaac Royall in Medford and of Governor Thomas Hutchinson in Milton might be mentioned also. This enlargement was evidently done in response to the need of additional space for entertaining and in accordance with the prevailing taste for a three story residence. Such houses were being erected in Boston. We have already seen the examples in the houses of Joseph Lee, George Ruggles, and Thomas Oliver.

In 1775, the Provincial Congress ordered these houses "to be cleared"¹³⁶ for the quartering of General Washington and his staff and for accommodation of hospitals. This was doubtless extended to the clearing of the gardens as a war-time emergency. We also find mention in English letters at this time of the general destruction of orchards in Cambridge. There was a scarcity of firewood, and all available material was utilized.

In spite of the disappearance of the gardens, the Loyalists left the imprint of their culture and refinement in the stately houses which stand today.

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THE DANA SAGA

BY H. W. L. DANA

Read October 22, 1940

THREE HUNDRED YEARS AGO, in 1640, a number of young men set sail from England to cross the Atlantic Ocean and join friends of theirs at Cambridge in New England.

They knew that further south, in the Old Dominion of Virginia, certain Englishmen had settled during the reign of James I at Jamestown on the James River; and that here, in the Massachusetts Bay Colony to which they were going, other Englishmen had settled during the reign of Charles I at Charlestown on the Charles River. Three miles further inland along this same River Charles, where there was a clearing in the forest and a raised bit of land, a site had been selected for a New Town in 1630. Those who were approaching the stern and rock-bound coast of New England ten years later, in 1640, had heard that the English settlers had chosen this place for their first college in the New World, the first flower of their wilderness, and that this pleasant town by the winding river had come to be called Cambridge.

RICHARD DANA (1617-1690)

Among these new comers to Cambridge, three hundred years ago, was a young man by the name of Richard Dana. At first engaged as a servant in such humble tasks as mowing hay on the salt marshes along the river, he gradually rose to positions of some importance and, at his death fifty years later, left behind him a large family, from whom in turn have come innumerable Dana descendants scattered today through the length and breadth of this country.

Since there seems to have been no one else by the name of Dana to have settled in America, practically all the Danas in America are descended from this one pioneer ancestor. These various members of the Dana family have succeeded in tracing their ancestry back to him and

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have naturally been anxious to find out more about him and his origins.

Until recently, however, nothing was known of where this progenitor of the Dana family in America came from or of the origins of the name Dana.¹ Many wild guesses have been made. It is now abundantly clear, however, that this Richard Dana, who came to America in 1640, is the same Richard Dana as the one whose name has been found in the old manuscript Parish Register of the Collegiate Church at Manchester in England. There, among those who had been christened on October 31, 1617, some twenty-three years earlier than Richard Dana's coming to Cambridge, there is found listed the name of

"Richard sonne to Robte Dana of Manchester."

His father, Robert Dana (1571-1644), was a tanner living in "Ye Old Mylne Gate" (Mill Gate) in the town of Manchester. This form of the name, "Dana," was exceedingly rare in England at that time. Apparently Robert Dana had adopted that spelling of his name only after he had come to Manchester, perhaps to bring it in accord with the way in which the vowels were pronounced in that part of England. For in the north of England, in the Parish of Kendal in Westmorland, where he had been born, he had been christened by the name of Robert Dawney.

With the spelling Dawney or Daunay the name is common enough in Westmorland, in Yorkshire, and elsewhere in England. Indeed we have been able to trace the name Daunay as far back as 1328, in the second year of the reign of Edward III. This form of the name,

¹ All sorts of theories as to the origin of the name Dana have been advanced. Some assert that the name Dana is of French origin. Others claim that the form of the name suggests rather that it comes from Italy or perhaps from Spain where so many names end in "-ana." Others again have suggested that Dana might be a Greek name or connected with the town of Dana in Asia Minor, referred to by Xenophon. It has even been conjectured, how seriously I do not know, that this mysterious tribe of Danas were in reality "the lost tribe of Dan," one of the twelve branches of the children of Israel mentioned in the Hebrew Scriptures. To offset this, others, actuated by the Nordic Myth, claim instead a Scandinavian origin, that the family is really Danish, and that the name Dana is merely a continuation of the old Anglo-Saxon word "Dana" for a Dane, as it occurs, for example, in the opening line of the Anglo-Saxon poem of *Beowulf*. Still others have turned to the Celtic Other World and suggested that the name Dana was the old Celtic name meaning "bold" or "daring." It all seems as mysterious as in Rudyard Kipling's "The Sending of Dana Da" — Dana Da who "came from nowhere." Kipling, to be sure, refers to "Dana of the New York Sun"; but says that the name is "neither Finn, Chin, Bhil, Bengali, Lap, Nair, Gond, Romaney, Magh, Bokhariot, Kurd, Armenian, Levantine, Jew, Persian, Punjabi, Madras, Parsee, nor anything else known to ethnologists."

"Daunay," would seem to have been derived from the French form "D'Aunay" which might perhaps have been the name of the family coming from the town of Aunay in Normandy. This little town of Aunay was near the town of Falaise, the birthplace of William the Conqueror, and it might be tempting to put in a claim for a remote Dana ancestor, spelling his name "d'Aunay," coming from Aunay with William of Normandy to England in 1066 and all that.

No such extravagant or aristocratic claim, however, has been made for the ancestors of the humble tanner of Manchester, England, or his son mowing hay in the salt marshes of Cambridge here in New England, or for any of their many descendants. If persons write of the "aristocratic background" and the "patrician pattern of mind" of the Dana family, it may be all very flattering; but I feel sure that the titled aristocracy of the 17th Century would have regarded these early Danas as sturdy members of the working class or perhaps of the middle class, but certainly not as members of the aristocracy.

Indeed there is a good deal to indicate the very humble background from which this Richard Dana came. He was the next to youngest of the eleven children of Robert Dana, the tanner in the Mylne Gate. There was apparently a good deal of hardship for that large family and, as time went on, increasing poverty. In 1622, when Richard was five years old, his father paid in goods, probably in leather hides, a small tax, worth £3, 4s; but from then on, he seems to have been too poor to pay any tax at all; and the names of some of the Danas appear later among the lists of poor persons in the town of Manchester, to whom money was distributed from time to time.

The Old Mylne Gate where the Dana family lived was a picturesque street with its old half-timber houses, its "Sun Tavern," and its "Poets' Corner." At one end of the street stood the Manchester Collegiate Church, later Manchester Cathedral, where Richard had been baptised, and at the other end the old arched Gate leading out to the mill and the open fields beyond.

Here in the Old Mylne Gate, Richard's father and his oldest brother, Edward, were busily engaged in their work as tanners. The Records of the Manor of Manchester of that period indicate some of the mild excitements that must have come into the boyhood of Richard Dana. When he was six or seven years old, some of the skins of his father and his

brother Edward were forfeited because they had been insufficiently tanned. At about the same time, two men were apprehended by a certain Oswald Moseley "for stealinge 10 Calve skines from Edward Dana." Richard's father and brother were sometimes called upon to perform various services. His father more than once served as "juror," as "bylawman," as "skevinger." When young Richard Dana was seven years old, his brother Edward, like his father before him, was appointed one of the

"Officers in the milnegate for mastidogs and bitches and great mun-grell Curs that goe abroad in the Streets to be kept cheyned up continually or musled."²

It was among these surroundings of tanned hides and mastiff dogs³ that Richard Dana was brought up as a boy. Among his schoolmates at the Grammar School near the Old Gate, were two boys, Henry Sewall and Robert Walker, who lived in houses just opposite each other in this same Mylne Gate.⁴ A little later these boys may have heard glowing accounts of the New World from those who had already left Manchester and settled at the New Town on the banks of the Charles River in New England. In 1635 William Wood in his *New England's Prospect* had written of that New Town as being

"One of the neatest and best compacted towns in New England, having many faire structures, with many handsome contrived streets. The inhabitants most of them are very rich, and well stored with Cattell of all sorts; having many hundred Acres of ground paled in with one generall fence, which is about a mile and a halfe long, which secures all their weaker Cattle from the wilde beasts."

No doubt, like some modern prospectuses of the "Come to New England!" type, this account was somewhat exaggerated — especially that

² *The Court Leet Records of the Manor of Manchester*, Vol. III, Manchester, 1886, pp. 16, 83, 173, 178. See also Elizabeth Ellery Dana, *The Dana Family in America*, Cambridge, 1941, pp. 11-34. Miss Dana objected to having this early ancestor of hers referred to as a "dog-catcher," and it must be admitted that this account sounds more like one of the Twelve Labors of Hercules, than a mere task of your common or garden dog catcher.

³ This atmosphere of hides and mastiffs we shall find again two centuries later, when one of his descendants, the author of *Two Years Before the Mast*, handles hides on the shore of California and helps rescue a large English mastiff dog from the burning ship "Mastiff." (Richard H. Dana, Jr., "The Ship Mastiff Burned at Sea," *San Francisco Times*, October 22, 1859.)

⁴ Deposition of Robert Walker concerning Henry Sewall, 1697, printed in the *New England Historical and Genealogical Register*, Vol. VII, p. 46.

remark about most of the inhabitants of that town being very rich. Nonetheless, these youths in the Mylne Gate at Manchester must have felt the lure of this call and we find all three of them, when they have come of age, trying their fate in America and settling at this town on the banks of the Charles.

When Richard Dana was fourteen years old, there seems to be some indication that his father was compelled to leave the town of Manchester⁵ and the boy may have gone to school at a small village called Bury, some eight miles to the north of Manchester. It was to this same village of Bury that a certain Mr. Henry Dunster, who had been born there, returned to teach school after receiving the Degree of Master of Arts at Cambridge University in England.⁶ In 1640 this Henry Dunster was suddenly and unexpectedly chosen to be the first regular President of Harvard College in the Cambridge overseas.

By this time, Richard Dana may have been more than ready to leave Manchester. Of the eleven children in the Dana family there, seven had died young and his two remaining brothers had died in 1633. By 1640, Richard Dana seems to have been the only son still living and, discouraged by the hard struggle for existence in Manchester, may readily have been induced to try his fate across the sea at Cambridge in New England.

It is possible, then, that Richard Dana may have sailed with Henry Dunster to America and come with him to Cambridge. Or it may be that it was at Dunster's suggestion that he came there; for Dunster's father, who remained in England, wrote a letter at that time referring to those whom Henry Dunster in Cambridge had "sent for."⁷ The fact that Henry Dunster's wife, Elizabeth Atkinson, had come from the same Parish at Kendal in Westmorland, from which Richard Dana's father had come, may have been a further bond of friendship between the Danas and the Dunsters.

Later, when they were both living in Cambridge, we find their names signed in the same document⁸ and Richard Dana's name appears as one

⁵ *The Constables' Accounts of the Manor of Manchester*, Manchester, 1891, Vol. I, p. 285. "Oct. 4, 1631, Christopher Shuttleboth[fam], wth his surtie Robertt Dana bound by obligac in xxli to Sr Cecill Trafford K^t . . . compelled to remove outt of this towne since the 4th of octobr 1631."

⁶ Samuel Eliot Morison, *The Founding of Harvard College*, Cambridge, 1935, p. 242.

⁷ Manuscript letter in the Dunster Papers in Harvard College Library. Printed in the *Collections of the Massachusetts Historical Society*, 4th Series, Vol. XXXII, 1854, p. 191.

⁸ Middlesex County Court Files for October 28, 1647.

of the modest early donors to that Harvard College, where so many of his descendants were to go during the three centuries to come.⁹

One of the earliest records still preserved in the court files of Cambridge is a deposition signed by Richard Dana. This document dating from October 28, 1647, indicates that Richard Dana and William Taylor had for some time been working as servants to a certain Roger Shaw. This Roger Shaw was town clerk of Cambridge in 1642 and for four years a selectman. He lived at what today would be the corner of Bow Street and Mount Auburn Street, but he also owned some farm land out on Graves' Neck, where East Cambridge is today. Thomas Graves, for whom this place had been called "Graves his Neck," had sold his land to one of the Assistants of the General Court, named Atherton Haugh. This was next to Roger Shaw's farm land and Richard Dana bore testimony that, as one of Shaw's men mowing hay there, he used to meet with Haugh's men at the dividing line between the two fields. The document gives a rather pleasant picture of the good-neighbor policy of the Cambridge of that day; for, if the men on one side mowed a little further than they should have done, they were apparently in the habit of making up a small haycock or two of what they had mowed on the other man's land, leaving it there for the others to carry home. The manuscript, which is preserved in the East Cambridge Court House on the very spot where the mowing took place, reads as follows:

"Wee whose names are here under written being formerly servants to Roger Shaw of Cambridge do testify that when the sd Roger Shaw had bought that land adjoyning to Mr Haughs farme, Mr Haughs men & goodman Shawes men used for three or foure yeares to meeete together in their mowing about a rod or two on Mr Haughs side of the Creeke, also that for divers yeares there was no disagreement in that place, for Mr Haughs men haveing mowed a little further than they were wont of their owne accord they made it up in a smale Cock or two & left it for Mr goodman Shawe to carry home.

RICHARD DANA & WILLIAM TAYLOR. . . .

Sworne before the Court 28 (8) 1647.

Copia vera William Aspinwall, the Recorder"¹⁰

⁹ Manuscript in the Harvard College Archives, "Colledge Booke No 3," 1654, pp. 16, 47.

¹⁰ Middlesex County Court Files for October 28, 1647. Miss Elizabeth Ellery Dana always insisted that if I mentioned Richard Dana as having been Roger Shaw's "servant," I should add

It is probable that, during the first seven years in Cambridge, Richard Dana lived in the house on Bow Street which belonged to the Roger Shaw for whom he worked, or in one of the houses near by in the old part of Cambridge between the college and the river. [No. 1 on the Map of Dana Houses in Cambridge prepared for this article by Rupert B. Lillie.]

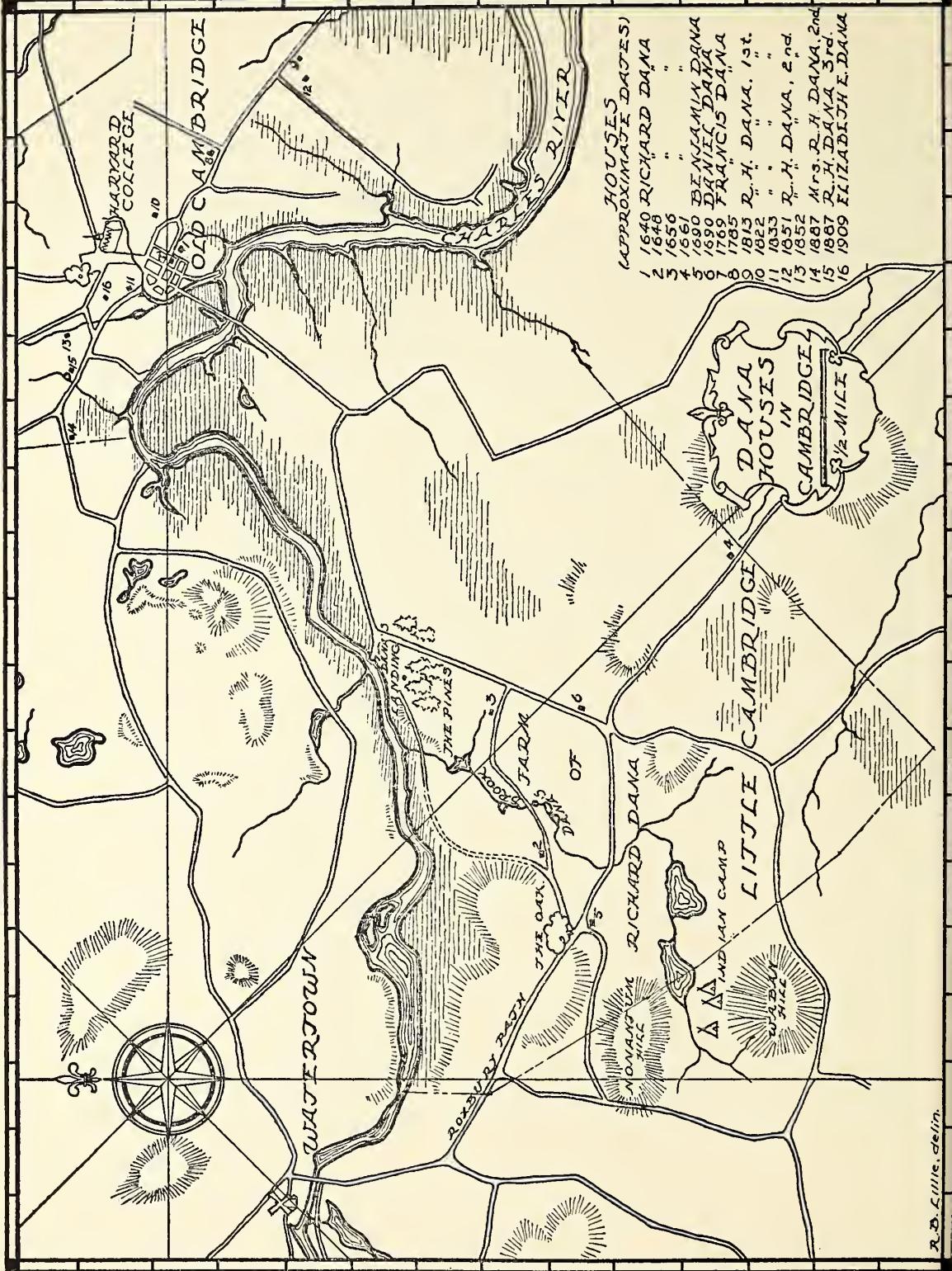
In 1647, however, after Richard Dana had been in Cambridge for some seven years, he received from the General Court of the Massachusetts Bay Colony, as did Richard Champney and Nathaniel Sparhawk, a grant of land across the Charles River where Brighton is today, but which was then a part of Cambridge and called "Little Cambridge."

Richard Dana's estate there on the south side of the Charles River was nearly a mile in extent and consisted of over a hundred acres. As far as we are able to reconstruct it, it must have been then quite an idyllic region. The point nearest to the older part of Cambridge was at a bit of rising land which came to be an important landing place called "Dana's Landing." The banks of the river on both sides up to this point were very low and marshy, often flooded at high tide and leaving mud flats at low tide. This was the first point up the river where the banks were high on both sides and where there was at all tides a good opportunity to land.¹¹

Near this landing was a spot called "The Pines" and among these pines there was a bubbling spring of fresh water. From there Richard Dana's farm stretched towards the south and the west. At the farther end of this region were, in the rainy season, two large ponds, sometimes called the "Dana Ponds." They were drained by a winding brook, which wound its way through the Dana land and entered into the Charles River.

a footnote to explain that "servant" did not mean then what it does today and that the word "in the early days was used for those who served as bookkeepers, agents, and superintendents, as well as day laborers." To please her I have put in this footnote. Yet I cannot imagine anything more creditable than to have begun his fifty years of life in Cambridge as a young man of twenty-three mowing hay in the salt marshes. Even if he was a "superintendent," I am glad he mowed the hay.

¹¹ This was one of the first places to be chosen for a ferry across the Charles River and was later the site of a bridge on the road going from Brighton to Watertown. Perhaps the spot can be most easily identified today by the tall chimney of the slaughter-house which now stands there, although this may make it all the more difficult to reconstruct in the imagination the pleasant atmosphere of "The Pines" and the spring of fresh water that were there three hundred years ago.



Where this brook, which came to be called "Dana Brook," crossed the old lower road that skirted along the southern bank of the Charles, there was a ford and a spot to water horses. Judge Samuel Sewall, in his famous diary, gives the following rather amusing account of what happened to him in crossing Dana's Brook at this point:

"I drove through Dana's Brook to let the Mare drink, and she lay down in it; so that Joseph and I were fain to jump into the Water up to the ankles and then had much ado to get her out."¹²

Towards the west, Richard Dana's farm was walled in on the other side of the two ponds by the wooded slopes of Nonantum Hill and Waban Hill.

The stretch of land between these two hills and along the shores of the Dana Ponds was the happy hunting ground of the tribe of Nonantum Indians. "Nonantum" itself signified in the Indian language "Rejoicing," and they seem to have been a happy and contented lot. They camped about the wigwam of their chief, the Sachem Waban, for whom the other hill was named Waban Hill. From beside the ponds, they could watch the sun setting behind the wooded slopes of the two hills.

Under the Great Oak at the base of Nonantum Hill, towards the western end of Dana's farm, long held in reverence as the largest oak in the colony, John Eliot, "The Apostle to the Indians," used to preach to the Nonantum Indians in a language which they understood, but which has since been long forgotten.¹³

Thou ancient oak! whose myriad leaves are loud
 With sounds of unintelligible speech,
 Sounds as of surges on a shingly beach,
 Or multitudinous murmurs of a crowd;
 With some mysterious gift of tongues endowed,
 Thou speakest a different dialect to each;
 To me a language that no man can teach,
 Of a lost race, long vanished like a cloud.
 For underneath thy shade, in days remote,
 Seated like Abraham at eventide

¹² *Diary of Samuel Sewall*, published by the Massachusetts Historical Society, Boston, 1878-1882, Vol. II, p. 234. Traces of "Dana's Brook" can still be seen.

¹³ Samuel Eliot Morison, *Builders of the Bay Colony*, Boston, 1930, pp. 289-219.

Beneath the oaks of Mamre, the unknown
 Apostle of the Indians, Eliot, wrote
 His Bible in a language that hath died
 And is forgotten, save by thee alone.¹⁴

From this John Eliot, the oak came to be called "Eliot's Oak"; and the crossroads, at that point, came to be called "Oak Square."

For nearly thirty years Richard Dana found these Christianized Indians quiet and friendly neighbors with whom he had no quarrels. Finally, however, in 1675, at the time of King Philip's War, the Provincial Powers drove these Nonantum Indians away from the spot they had come to love so well, embarked them at Dana's landing place near "The Pines," and transported them in boats down the Charles River and out into Boston Harbor, where they were kept, almost as though in a prison, on Deer Island.¹⁵

After Richard Dana had moved across the Charles River in 1647 to this new land in Little Cambridge, he occupied in succession at least three different houses. For the first eight years he lived in a house [No. 2 on the map] on the lower road to Nonantum near to the point where that way joined the Roxbury Path.¹⁶ In 1656, this old lower road through the marshes was abandoned and a new straight road, leading from "The Pines" southward to join the Roxbury Path, was built.¹⁷ This ran for its entire length of nearly a mile on Dana's estate and served thereafter to separate his land from that of the Sparhawks to the east.¹⁸ From a point halfway along this road, another road was laid out following an old Indian trail which ran through the middle of Dana's farm, curving along the edge of the higher land well above the marshes and joining the Roxbury Path at the Great Oak.¹⁹ It was on this new cross-road, near to the point where it met the road to "The Pines," that Dana's second house [No. 3 on the map] in Little Cambridge was located.²⁰

¹⁴ Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, "Eliot's Oak," Sonnet written in 1876.

¹⁵ J. P. C. Winship, *Historical Brighton*, Boston, 1899, Vol. I, p. 8.

¹⁶ Middlesex County Deeds, preserved in the Court House in East Cambridge, Vol. II, p. 11, and Vol. IV, pp. 61, 64. This is what was later known as the Hunnewell Farm.

¹⁷ *The Records of the Town of Cambridge, Massachusetts*, Cambridge, 1901, pp. 82, 110-111.

¹⁸ This road was later called Meeting House Lane and still later Market Street.

¹⁹ This road was later called Faneuil Street, because of the house built here about 1750 by Benjamin Faneuil, brother of the better known Peter Faneuil, for whom Faneuil Hall in Boston was named.

²⁰ Middlesex County Deeds, Vol. II, pp. 294-296.

After three or four years, however, Richard Dana moved again to a house [No. 4 on the map] a mile or so along the Roxbury Path towards Roxbury and Boston.²¹ Here he lived for nearly thirty years, from 1661 until his death in 1690. The old Dana Homestead here, with the lean-to and the barns behind it, was a familiar object in the landscape for two hundred and twenty years and was still standing in 1875 when a sketch of it was made.²²

In addition to this land in Little Cambridge, Richard Dana acquired from time to time various lots of land in the main part of Cambridge to the north of the Charles River, some land out in the direction of Concord, and other pieces of land at Shawshine, or Billerica, as it is now called.²³

During these thirty years, from 1661 until his death in 1690, Richard Dana apparently held a number of different positions.²⁴

At various town meetings or meetings of the Selectmen he was elected or appointed: Constable in 1661, Viewer of Fences in 1664, Surveyor of Highways in 1665, Hog Reeve in 1674 and 1677, and Tithing Man in 1678 and 1680.²⁵ Such positions gave him an opportunity of displaying what some would say had become a strong Dana characteristic — a talent, amounting almost to a genius, for pointing out the mistakes of others.

Towards the end of his life, however, he held positions of more importance. In 1679 and again in 1689, the year before his death, he was appointed one of the Grand Jury in the Court of Assistants which then exercised jurisdiction over the whole Massachusetts Bay Colony.²⁶

Meanwhile the records of Cambridge reveal the name of this Richard Dana on various different legal documents and petitions.

After the restoration of the Stuarts in England in 1660, the Massa-

²¹ Middlesex County Deeds, Vol. II, p. 28.

²² This sketch of the Dana Homestead with the barns behind it was reproduced in J. P. C. Winship, *Historical Brighton*, Boston, 1899, Vol. I, p. 201.

²³ For the details of these various grants of land to Richard Dana, see Elizabeth Ellery Dana, *The Dana Family in America*, Cambridge, 1940, pp. 41-42.

²⁴ *The Records of the Town of Cambridge, Massachusetts*, Cambridge, 1901, pp. 135, 151, 158, 164, 217, 227, 233, 237. For a more complete account of the emigrant Richard Dana, the positions he held, and the petitions he signed, see Elizabeth Ellery Dana, *The Dana Family in America*, Cambridge, 1940, pp. 35-48.

²⁵ Middlesex County Court Files for April 2, 1678, and March 30, 1680.

²⁶ *Records of the Court of Assistants*, Vol. I, pp. 133, 233, 302.

chusetts Colony wanted to continue the rights that it had enjoyed under Cromwell and the Commonwealth. We find Richard Dana's name — not merely his mark as in the case of some twenty-five others — signed to the "Cambridge Petition" of 1664, urging the General Court to plead with Charles II that the colonists might retain their original charter. The petition ended with the following ringing phrases:

"We or our fathers ventured over the ocean into this wildernesse through great hazards, changes, and difficulties; and we humbly desire our honored General Court would addresse themselves by humble petition to his maiesty for his royall favour in the continuance of the present estableshment and of all the preveleges theirof, and that we may not be subjected to the arbitrary power of any who are not chosen by this people according to theire patent,

Cambridg the 17th of the 8. 1664." ²⁷

Here, the first Dana to come to America was already laying down the principles of self-government and of opposition to royal governors whom the colonists had not elected and to taxation without representation, which later characterized the bold words and deeds of his grandsons and his great-grandsons at the time of the American Revolution.

At about the time when Richard Dana had first moved across the Charles River to Little Cambridge in 1647, he had married Anne Bullard of Watertown. One of eleven children himself, eleven children in turn were born to him by this devoted wife. Each Sunday he took her and the ever-growing number of their children across the Charles River to attend the Meeting House in the older part of Cambridge, rowing across the river by boat in summer or crossing over the ice in winter. When their beloved pastor there, "the soul-ravishing Mr. Shepard," was, in the language of that day, "translated hence into the Church Triumphant," his place in the church on earth was taken by "the matchless Mr. Mitchell," who drew up a list of all the members of the Dana family that were then in full communion, adding later on the names of other Dana children as he baptized them.²⁸

There was something patriarchal about this first Dana, who came to America and raised this large family here, which reminds one of the old

²⁷ Suffolk County Court Files for October 17, 1664.

²⁸ Manuscript Record Book preserved at the First Parish Church in Cambridge.

Hebrew patriarchs. In contrast with his own Anglo-Saxon and non-biblical first name of Richard, the very names he gave to his sons in Puritan New England — John, Samuel, Jacob, Joseph, Abiah, Benjamin, Daniel — call to mind the twelve sons whom Jacob summoned to him on his death bed to give to them his final admonitions and blessings. On the title-page of the first published genealogy of the Dana family, made seventy-five years ago and recording the great number of descendants of Richard Dana already in existence at that time, is printed as a motto the saying which the sons of Jacob used of their father:

“WE ARE ALL ONE MAN’S SONS.”²⁹

This same motto, written large, appears above an elaborate Dana Family Tree, made sixty years ago. This, like a magnificent Jesse Tree of medieval sculpture or stained-glass window, shows the main trunk of the tree rising from Richard Dana with certain large branches coming out from the center, and then smaller and smaller boughs, down to the tiny twigs of the present generation and buds of generations yet to grow up.³⁰

Finally, on April 2, 1690, Richard Dana seems to have fallen from the top of a ladder or some scaffolding in the barn behind his house. There his dead body was found.³¹ Judge Samuel Sewall in his diary for that same day, writes:

“Father Dana falls from a scaffold in his Barn and dies.”³²

This piece of ill fortune, coming to the progenitor of all the Danas in America at the height of his prosperity, contains in it — so Mr. Bliss Perry suggests — something “which a Hawthorne might find symbolic of the fate of some of his descendants.”³³

It is true that in the 18th and 19th Centuries — among the Danas who continued to live in Cambridge, perhaps more than among those who went to live elsewhere — are to be found more than one instance of high ambitions disappointed: appointments as Minister, in one case to

²⁹ *Memoranda of Some of the Descendants of Richard Dana*, Compiled by Rev. John Jay Dana. “We are all one man’s sons.” Genesis, 42:11. Boston: Printed by Wm. H. Chandler & Co., 1865. 64 pp.

³⁰ Manuscript chart of the Dana Family Tree arranged by William D. Dana in 1881.

³¹ Middlesex County Court Files for April 2, 1690.

³² *Diary of Samuel Sewall*, published by the Massachusetts Historical Society, Boston, 1878-1882, Vol. I, p. 316.

³³ Bliss Perry, *Richard Henry Dana: 1851-1931*, Boston, 1933, p. 5.

Russia and in another to England, failing to be confirmed; nominations for public office, in one case for Congress and in another for Mayor, meeting defeat at the polls; life-long labors devoted to poetry, to art, to international law, to civil service reform, to genealogy, cut short by death and never reaching fulfilment.

There was in these very cases, a persistence to their tasks through thick and thin and a courage in facing these disappointments, which seemed to them themselves merely consistency, but which may have seemed to others obstinacy.

A descendant of the New York branch of the Dana family, the successful Charles A. Dana, of the New York Tribune and the New York Sun, is supposed to have said:

“The Cambridge Danas are admirable people. The only trouble with them is that they would rather be dead than be right.”³⁴

It was Henry Clay who, in the year of the Compromise of 1850, said: “I would rather be right than be President!”

But somehow these Danas would not compromise either to be right — or to be President. There is a rumor that the Adamses, of whom more than one became President, said of the Danas: “They would rather be wrong than be President!” For the Adamses, perhaps, being “wrong” meant not agreeing with the Adamses — and not being President.

Among the innumerable descendants of this pioneer ancestor, Richard Dana, who came to this country three hundred years ago, are to be found many who carried on his traditions of hard work and ceaseless energy, many who served as “Minute Men” at the time of the American Revolution, at least one who fought at the Battle of Bunker Hill, many who became pioneers in other New England towns and in the West, and many who achieved distinction in various fields of human endeavor. Among them are to be found distinguished divines, such as James Dana (1735–1812) and Joseph Dana (1742–1827); a United States Senator, such as Samuel Whittelsey Dana (1760–1830) of Connecticut; noted chemists, such as the two brothers James Freeman Dana (1793–1827) and Samuel Luther Dana (1795–1868); famous geologists, such as James Dwight Dana (1813–1895) and his son Edward Salisbury Dana (1849–1935), both of them professors at Yale University; a brilliant writer and

³⁴ Bliss Perry, *Richard Henry Dana: 1851–1931*, Boston, 1933, p. 3.

editor, such as Charles Anderson Dana (1819-1897); a well known Civil War general, such as General Napoleon Jackson Tecumseh Dana (1822-1905); a prominent artist, such as William Parsons Dana (1833-1927); a learned professor of medicine, such as Charles Loomis Dana (1852-1935); and an outstanding librarian such as John Cotton Dana (1856-1929).

It is obviously impossible to cover this whole field in the present paper. Accounts of these and other Danas and the relationships between them can be found in the complete Dana genealogy given by the late Miss Elizabeth Ellery Dana in the book called *The Dana Family in America*. Here it will be possible to follow only one single line of descent and, for our purposes, a branch will be followed that has continued to be closely connected with Cambridge. From the original Richard Dana, we shall pass through his youngest son Daniel to his son, the early patriot, Richard Dana; to his son, Francis Dana, the Chief Justice of Massachusetts; and so to the series of Richard Henry Danas: Richard Henry Dana the poet; his son, Richard Henry Dana, Jr., the author of *Two Years Before the Mast*; and so on to the eighth and ninth generation in descent from the original Richard Dana who came here to Cambridge three hundred years ago.

DANIEL DANA (1664-1749)

Richard Dana's youngest son, Daniel Dana, was born in the Dana homestead on the Roxbury Path. After his father's death, Richard Dana's older brother, Jacob, continued to live on in the old Dana homestead with the widowed mother. Another brother, Benjamin, came to occupy a house [No. 5 on the map] near the Great Oak.³⁵ This house passed later into the hands of his grandson, Colonel Stephen Dana, who fought in the Revolution and came to be called the "Father of Brighton."

Meanwhile Daniel Dana occupied a house [No. 6 on the map] on the road leading from the Roxbury Path to "The Pines" by the Charles River. Here he became, as his father had before him, a farmer and one of the surveyors of Boston highways, or one of the "Boston Paramulators," as they were then called. He also made a living as a cooper and was in the military service.

³⁵ Middlesex County Probate Court Files for April 10, 1690. Printed in full in the Appendix of Elizabeth Ellery Dana, *The Dana Family in America*, Cambridge, 1940.

As his father had been one of the early donors to Harvard College, so Daniel Dana did what he could to encourage education in Little Cambridge by giving in 1728 a part of his land on the Roxbury Path, a little to the east of the corner of the road to "The Pines," as a gift to "The Inhabitants" for the first schoolhouse in that region.³⁶ Later, the first Meeting House of Brighton was built between this schoolhouse and the corner and the road from there to "The Pines" came to be called "Meeting House Lane."

In 1749, when Daniel Dana died, he was buried in the burying ground in the older part of Cambridge across the river. There, in the part of the graveyard farthest from the road, his beautiful slate grave stone can be seen today and, beside it, that of his wife, by birth Naomi Croswell of Charlestown, who died a year later. Near the bend in what is today Garden Street is to be found in the same graveyard the tomb of his elder brother Benjamin, together with the tombs of Benjamin Dana's son and daughter-in-law. It was near here that there came to be built later the large Dana family vault where so many of the descendants of this Daniel Dana were to be buried.³⁷ It is possible that the original Richard Dana is also buried in this same old Cambridge burying ground, in which his sons were buried, though there is no stone there today marking his grave.

RICHARD DANA (1700-1772)

After his father, the original Richard, Daniel Dana had named one of his sons Richard Dana. This second Richard Dana was born in 1700, with the birth of the 18th Century, and grew up through all the troublous period leading up to the American Revolution.

The first of innumerable Danas to go to Harvard College, he became a school teacher and later a magistrate. He was one of the original members of the "Sons of Liberty" and spoke out boldly for American independence in the thrilling meetings of that time in the Old South Meeting House and in Faneuil Hall — "The Cradle of Liberty."

Among the cases which came before Richard Dana as magistrate were one or two of particular interest. In 1754, when a printer named Daniel Fowle had been arrested for printing *The Monster of Monsters*, a pamphlet attacking an oppressive excise bill, Richard Dana as Justice of the

³⁶ Middlesex County Deeds, Vol. II, p. 216: December 28, 1728.

³⁷ *Epitaphs from the Old Burying-Ground in Cambridge*. With Notes by William Thaddeus Harris, Cambridge, 1845, pp. 86, 99, 101.

Peace upheld the freedom of the press and the right to criticize the British government; and in 1760 a case came before "Justice Dana," as he was sometimes called, involving the now famous Paul Revere.

A portrait of Richard Dana was painted by Copley, showing him as an imposing figure in his legal robes and white wig, with his right hand spread out upon his chest and a manly face full of sturdy vigor, and assured courage, and a dignity that comes close to being "pomposity." Of this painting, a Signer of the Declaration of Independence, William Ellery, whose daughter had married Richard Dana's son, wrote:

"By the gown and band with which this portrait is dressed I am inclined to think he was or had been a Judge."

As far as we know, this Richard Dana had never been elected to any office higher than that of Magistrate or Justice of the Peace, but apparently he had such an impressive personality in these robes that many used to call him "Judge Dana."

William Ellery goes on to fill out the portrait of this "Judge" Dana with a few picturesque details. He tells us that Dana's "corporeal appetite was as keen, as were his mental passions" and that "he seemed not to eat to live; but to live to eat." When the wife of Judge Edmund Trowbridge asked once why so many dishes of food and bottles and tankards had been put out on her sideboard, the negro servant replied: "La — Missey, Massa Dana is in the office and is going to dine with us."

Of Richard Dana's mental and emotional character, William Ellery gives the following account:

"He was a good classical scholar, and was well acquainted with Jurisprudence, and general literature and a zealous & intrepid son or father of Liberty. He had, in a robust body, a sound and vigorous mind. — his passions were strong, and when excited, they burst forth in ardent and energetic expressions."³⁸

Ellery goes on to give an example of what happened when the bad Dana blood boiled over. He describes Dana's burst of fury against the reactionary Tory Lieutenant Governor Hutchinson as follows:

"Mr. D[ana] who was a bitter [foe] to him, was all on fire: his face was inflated and empurpled, he thunder'd & lightned."

³⁸ Autograph letter of William Ellery to his grandson, Richard Henry Dana, 1st, written from Newport, R.I., March 10, 1819.

Richard Dana on this occasion, we are told by his grandson, sprang to his feet, struck his clenched fist upon the table, and called out in a voice of thunder: "Stand still, Sir, and hear me curse him."

There is a story that when the infuriated populace sacked the Hutchinson mansion, they took out from its beautiful frame, said to have been made by Paul Revere, the portrait of Hutchinson, and put in its place the Copley portrait of Richard Dana.³⁹ It is probably this which William Ellery alludes to when he adds slyly:

"To the frame that incloses his portrait hangs a tale; — but mum for that. —"

Perhaps even more than Hutchinson, it was Andrew Oliver, the administrator of the hated Stamp Act, that excited the indignation of this early patriot, Richard Dana. He wrote to his son in England on November 4, 1765, urging the repeal of the Act and adding:

"If it be not done I expect dreadfull times by mobbs up & down in ye country as well as in great & Seaport towns. The people are everywhere so universally incensed against it, that if it continues there will be no living here in peace."

Mobs did hang this Andrew Oliver in effigy; and finally on December 17th, a summons was issued in the name of the whole people, and the Stamp Commissioner was haled by two thousand "Sons of Liberty" to Judge Dana's house, before which stood the "Liberty Tree" bearing the inscription:

Cursed be he
Who cuts this tree.

Seated as Magistrate in an arm chair under this tree, Richard Dana forced the Stamp Act Deputy to make an oath renouncing even more strongly

³⁹ This portrait hangs today in the house of Richard Dana's great-great-great-grandson, Richard Henry Dana, 5th. With this portrait in mind, some of the Dana family are in the habit of distinguishing this particular Richard Dana from the others by referring to him as "Copley Richard." The frame on this Copley portrait today includes the Dana Coat-of-Arms. There is accordingly some doubt whether this frame could have been the one from Governor Hutchinson's portrait. Miss Elizabeth Ellery Dana would neither affirm nor deny this story about the frame, but left it forever hanging in the dim limbo of discreet uncertainty. Another, tamer variant of this story says that the portrait of Hutchinson was in the house of Judge Trowbridge in Cambridge and that it was there that Richard Dana's portrait was substituted for it.

than he had done on the previous day all further enforcing of the Stamp Act in America. This declaration, signed by Andrew Oliver and countersigned by Richard Dana as Justice of the Peace, ran as follows:

"Whereas a Declaration was yesterday inserted in my name and at my desire in some of the Boston News Papers, that I would not act as Distributor of Stamps within this Province, which Declaration I am informed is not satisfactory.

I do hereby in the most explicit and unreserved manner declare, that I have never taken any measures in consequence of my Deputation for that purpose, to act in the Office: and that I never will directly or indirectly, by myself or any under me, make use of the said Deputation, or take any measures for enforcing the Stamp Act in America, which is so grievous to the People.

And^w Oliver.

Boston 17. Decemr. 1765

Suffolk Ss Boston, Decemr. 17. 1765. The hoñble Andrew Oliver esqr. subscriber to ye above writing, made oath to ye same.

Coñ Ri Dana, Just^a pacis" ⁴⁰

When the unpopular Stamp Commissioner had taken this oath before Richard Dana, the two thousand "Sons of Liberty" cheered and shouted for joy at having asserted in this way their fierce spirit of independence from British tyranny.⁴¹

It was in this same spirit that four years later, on November 4, 1769, Richard Dana signed, with Samuel Adams, John Adams, and John Hancock, a secret letter to John Wilkes, the revolutionary leader in London. In this letter, which has recently been found among the Wilkes Papers in the British Museum, these Boston "Sons of Liberty" congratulate Wilkes upon his bold return to London after four years of exile in Paris, describe

⁴⁰ Manuscript document owned by H. W. L. Dana. "Coñ." of course stands for "coram," the Latin for "in the presence of"; and "Just^a pacis" for "Justice of the Peace." This document was found among old Dana papers in 1872 by Richard Henry Dana, Jr., who referred to the conduct of Richard Dana as "an act of high treason . . . in which his descendants may now take some satisfaction." *Proceedings of the Massachusetts Historical Society* for June 6, 1872, Vol. X, pp. 246-247.

⁴¹ It is this scene that Nathaniel Hawthorne describes in *Grandfather's Chair*, Part III, Chapter iii, imagining that on this occasion Richard Dana was sitting in the same old armchair that had been used by John Eliot when he preached to the Indians under the Great Oak, and which was to be used later by General George Washington in his headquarters at Cambridge.

to him the growing oppression of the British Government in Boston, appeal for help from the London revolutionists under Wilkes, and even suggest that France and Spain, in hopes of regaining the possessions in America which the British had taken from them, might join in this movement. In this seditious document, there is also mention of sending over some young American emissaries and it is possible that it was for this purpose that Richard Dana's son, Francis Dana, was sent over a few years later.

Four months after the sending of this document, there occurred on March 5, 1770, another act of British provocation in Boston, by which we find Richard Dana was again deeply stirred.

"In connection with the Boston Massacre of 1770, he played a brave part, sitting as committing magistrate with another patriot judge . . . in the legal inquiry that ensued. They boldly sent the unfortunate British Captain Preston to Gaol . . . having evidence sufficient to commit him on his ordering the soldiers to fire."⁴²

Richard Dana was appointed with Samuel Adams, John Hancock, and others, one of a Boston Committee who on July 11, 1770, protested against "the most gross misrepresentations having been sent home to his Majesty & the Ministry" by Captain Preston, which these citizens of Boston looked upon as a part of "a conspiracy that has long been form'd against the rights & liberties of the people & more especially of this Town."

Two years later, at an anniversary meeting of the Boston Massacre held in Faneuil Hall, Richard Dana presided as chairman, and on that occasion spoke out strongly for the rights of the American Colonists. He did not live, however, to see the triumph of the cause of the Colonists, but died on the eve of the outbreak of the American Revolution. Had he lived, he would have been, with Samuel Adams and John Adams and John Hancock, one of the great leaders from Massachusetts during the War of Independence. *The Boston Gazette* of June 1, 1772, shortly after his death, declared that he had been

"A very steady and strenuous, and, it must be confessed, many times a passionate opposer of all those (even from the highest to the lowest, but

⁴² W. P. Cresson, *Francis Dana*, New York, 1930, pp. 18-19. For the letter to Wilkes see British Museum, Add. Ms. 30870, and Raymond William Postgate, *That Devil Wilkes*, New York, 1929, p. 177. For the letter to Captain Preston, see Randolph G. Adams, *New Light on the Boston Massacre*, American Antiquarian Society, Worcester, 1937, pp. 58-61, 65-66.

especially the former), who, in his judgment, were enemies to the civil and religious rights of his country; and he very well understood what these rights were."

Later on, when John Adams became President of the United States, he spoke of Richard Dana as

"One who, had he not been cut off by death, would have furnished one of the immortal names of the Revolution."⁴³

FRANCIS DANA (1743-1811)

His son, Francis Dana, was, like his father, one of the Sons of Liberty; but fortunately lived to take an active part in the American Revolution and especially in its foreign diplomacy.

On April 16, 1775, only a few days before the Battle of Lexington and Concord, he had been sent to England on a secret mission, attempting to secure sympathy there in one way or another for the Colonists in America. His brother, Edmund Dana, had married the daughter of Lord Kinnaird, and through him and his peers, Francis Dana did what he could to bring about reconciliation between England and the Colonies.

Young Dana, then, got in touch with the revolutionist, John Wilkes, to whom his father had written earlier. To the British Tories he was "That Devil Wilkes"; but for the American "Sons of Liberty," the cry was: "Wilkes and Liberty!" William Palfrey had written: "The fate of Wilkes and America must stand or fall together." Towns and counties and children in America were named for Wilkes. In memory of his famous "Number 45" of *The North Britain*, the mysterious number "45" had been chalked up on houses throughout Boston. The poet Campbell had prophesied of Wilkes that "future ages would his name adore." Francis Dana also made the acquaintance of the famous Dr. Richard Price and gave him information about America for his *Observations on Civil Liberty* and other pamphlets in favor of American Independence.

In London, Francis Dana and his companion, Mr. Temple of New

⁴³ Cresson, p. 19. According to the *Vital Records of Cambridge*, Boston, 1915, p. 521, and the Grave Records, this Richard Dana was buried in the old burying ground opposite the gateway to Harvard College. This seems very likely since his father and mother, his wife, and so many of his children and grandchildren are buried there.

Hampshire, came upon the former Governor Thomas Hutchinson, who by this time had returned to England after his unhappy experiences in Boston. Francis Dana remembered the fury that his father had felt towards this Hutchinson and how his father's portrait by Copley was now in the frame where Hutchinson's portrait had been. The old Governor questioned these young Americans much on their affairs. They assured him: "The Americans would fight till $\frac{3}{4}$ of them were slain before they would submit." "Aye," said the Governor sneeringly, "Perhaps N. England may, but the southern Colonies will not." They, Hutchinson seemed to think, "will joyn the Kings Troops."

These New Englanders found that "the King objected to treat with the Congress, let the consequence be what it would," that "the Ministry & Parl't have no Intention of Accomodation," and that they were sending "Gen. Howe and his Myrmidons" to crush the Colonies into submission.

After spending most of the first year of the American Revolution in London, Francis Dana returned to America convinced that reconciliation with the British was impossible and that the only solution for American Colonies lay in complete independence.

He landed in New York early in March, 1776, and reported at once to the Continental Congress at Philadelphia. Washington was then still at his Headquarters on the old Tory Row in Cambridge, where he had been for more than eight months, but news of his final triumph in driving the British out of Boston soon came to the Congress at Philadelphia and John Adams sent Francis Dana to General Washington with the following letter of introduction:

"Dear Sir,

Philadelphia, April 1, 1776

The bearer of this letter (Francis Dana, Esq., of Cambridge) is a gentleman of family, fortune, and education, returned in the last packet from London, where he has been about a year. He has ever maintained an excellent character in his country, and a warm friendship for the American cause. He returns to share with his friends in their dangers and their triumphs. I have done myself the honor to give him this letter for the sake of introducing him to your acquaintance, as he has frequently expressed to me a desire to embrace the opportunity of paying his respects to a character so highly esteemed and so justly admired throughout all Europe as well as America. Mr. Dana will satisfy you that we have no reason to expect peace from Britain. . . ."

As soon as Washington reached New York, Francis Dana presented this letter to him and Washington replied to John Adams:

"Dr. Sir:

New York, April 15, 1776.

This morning your polite letter of the 1st instant, was delivered to me by Mr. Dana. I am much obliged to you for your introduction of that Gentleman, and you may rely on my shewing him every civility in my power. I have ever thought, and am still of Opinion, that no terms of accomodation will be offered by the British Ministry, but such as cannot be accepted by America."

Returning to Philadelphia, Francis Dana found:

"At Congress is a good Majority prepared for any Question, even Independency, if necessary. . . . Dr. Franklin is firm for Independency. . . . Virginia Delegates firm & immoveable & ready for all Events. . . . I perceive some of the Delegates of Pennsylva & N. York not only wavering, but Enemies to Liberty. *All the rest of the Members of Congress are at Heart true Friends to Liberty & their Country.*"⁴⁴

It was only a few weeks later, on July 4, 1776, that the Declaration of Independence was signed there in Philadelphia. One of the Signers, William Ellery, wrote of Francis Dana: "He was intimately concerned in all the plans, and operations that conduced to the promotion, and istablishment of our Independency."

On December 10, 1776, Francis Dana was elected to the Continental Congress and was re-elected on December 4, 1777. On January 10, 1778, he was appointed Chairman of the important Committee of Conference to confer with Washington who was then at Valley Forge. Among those who were most bitter against Washington at that time was Francis Dana's fellow delegate from Massachusetts, James Lovell, who, three days later, on January 13, 1778, wrote to Samuel Adams, "Mr. Dana goes to camp"; adding: "Brother D—— though not fully with us was *honestly* and judgementsmatically differing." In a letter of a week later, January 20, 1778,

⁴⁴ For John Adams' letter see *Correspondence of the American Revolution*, Edited by Jared Sparks, Boston, 1853, Vol. I, pp. 177-178. For Washington's letter see *The Writings of George Washington*, Edited by J. C. Fitzpatrick, Washington, D. C., 1931, Vol. IV, p. 483. For Francis Dana's account of his experiences in London and in the Continental Congress in Philadelphia see his conversation of April 29, 1776, recorded in *The Literary Diary of Ezra Stiles*, New York, 1901, Vol. II, pp. 10-11.

Lovell seems to have hoped that Dana's Congressional Committee to confer with Washington might prove one of the means "to rap a Demi-G— over the Knuckles."

Francis Dana, however, was a strong "Washington Man" and it was not the "Demi God" but the "Cabal" that he "rapped over the knuckles."

On his visit to Valley Forge, Francis Dana found the rugged but ragged army in dire distress and Washington himself badly discouraged by the hostile attitude of the Continental Congress against him. Making his abode for seven weeks at Moore Hall nearby, he was in constant communication with George Washington. One night at Valley Forge he encountered the General strolling in the darkness. Washington turned to Dana and muttered:

"Congress, sir, does not trust me — I cannot continue thus." ⁴⁵

Francis Dana tried to reassure him as best he could; and on returning to the Continental Congress, urged measures to help Washington reorganize the army, continuing to defend him from the Congressmen who were attacking him during this Valley Forge period — the darkest and most critical in Washington's career.

On June 4, 1778, the Continental Congress passed a resolution appointing Francis Dana to assist in arranging the army and a few days later he received the following letter from George Washington:

"Head Quarters, Valley Forge, June 9, 1778.

Dr. Sir:

I was favoured with a Resolution of Congress of the 4th Inst. by which you are appointed to assist in the arranging of the Army. As so important a matter ought not to be delayed, I would be glad to see you at Camp, as soon as possible, and to know when I can have that pleasure.

I am, &c.

George Washington"

⁴⁵ W. P. Cresson, *Francis Dana*, New York, 1934, p. 46. For James Lovell's two letters see *Letters of Members of the Continental Congress*, Edited by Edmund C. Burnett, Washington, D. C., 1926, Vol. III, p. 31 and p. 42. For the letters from George Washington, from Francis Dana, and from Samuel Adams, which follow, see *The Writings of George Washington*, Edited by J. C. Fitzpatrick, Washington, D. C., 1937, Vol. 12, p. 38, Vol. 16, p. 493, and Vol. 23, p. 262; *Correspondence of the American Revolution*, Edited by Jared Sparks, Boston, 1853, Vol. II, pp. 137-138; *Letters of Members of the Continental Congress*, Edited by Edmund C. Burnett, Washington, D. C., 1926, Vol. III, p. 340.

In reply Francis Dana wrote Washington a letter beginning:

"York, 11 June, 1778.

Dear Sir,

I had the honor, last evening, of your favor of the 9th instant: requesting me to repair to camp to assist in the business of arranging the army, as soon as possible. Altho' I am impressed with the necessity of that business being finished without delay, yet I cannot, in duty to the State I represent quit Congress till the Confederation is ratified, which I hope will be done in a few days. In the mean time, the arrangement may go on, as General Reed will doubtless be at hand to assist you."

Francis Dana continued to be, with Gouverneur Morris, a strong supporter of Washington and yet managed to remain on friendly terms with some of those who were at that time criticizing Washington. He held at the same time the approval of men so different from each other as the two Boston Adamses: Samuel Adams and John Adams. For example in a letter written in the following month, on July 20, 1778, we find Samuel Adams writing to James Warren:

"I find Mr. Dana an excellent Member of Congress. He is a thorough Republican, and an able Supporter of our great Cause. I am satisfied it would be for the great Benefit of our Country if you and he were to form an intimate Connection with each other."

John Adams, on the other hand, was equally anxious to get the assistance of Francis Dana in the field of foreign diplomacy and on October 20, 1779, we find Washington writing to Lafayette:

"Mr. John Adams returns to your Court for special purposes and Mr. Dana goes as his secretary."

The names of Adams and Dana were so linked together in the mind of Washington that later, when they were for a time both in Holland, we find Washington in his General Orders of October 24, 1781, honoring them by using their names together as a password when, to the Parole "Holland," the Countersigns were "Adams, Dana."

On November 13, 1779, in the very middle of the seven years' struggle for American independence, Francis Dana was sent with John Adams on a European mission, and they sailed together from Boston across the Atlantic. While Franklin was acting as Minister to France and John

Adams as Minister to Holland, Francis Dana was appointed on December 19, 1780, Minister to the Imperial Russia of Catherine the Great. For two years the Empress Catherine kept him waiting in St. Petersburg. She refused to recognize any envoy who represented the American Revolution. At that time it was the Russians who expressed their strong disapproval of the revolutionary doctrines of the Americans.⁴⁶ In vain did Francis Dana plead:

“This is the greatest Revolution that has ever taken place in the world.”⁴⁷

It was enough for the Empress that the Americans had overthrown the government of the King by force and violence. In vain Francis Dana argued:

“The influence of America upon all the Systems of Europe is irresistible and will universally overthrow them.”⁴⁸

That is just what she feared, and it is no wonder that “the Imperial Volcano” went into convulsions and refused to see him.

When John Adams sent Francis Dana upon this almost impossible mission, he sent along his young son, “Master Johnny,” to act as private secretary. “Master Johnny” was, of course, John Quincy Adams, a most brilliant youth who soon learned Russian as he had the other European languages, although he was only 14 years of age. It was he who later became one of the brainiest Presidents that the United States has ever known.

While Francis Dana and young John Quincy Adams were waiting those two years in the fog and damp of St. Petersburg, as obscure and obtuse as the policies of the Imperial Court there, they became more and more disgusted with the ways of Russian diplomacy at that time. To get anything done, they found they were expected, as the English and French were doing, to pay a bribe of something like 6,000 rubles to every one of Catherine’s Ministers. This, their American honesty, or, if you wish, their New England frugality, forbade them to do. The other method of approach to Catherine, the “Semiramis of the North,” — the notorious

⁴⁶ W. P. Cresson, *Francis Dana*, New York, 1934, p. 284.

⁴⁷ Letter to John Adams, written from St. Petersburg, Russia, on October 11, 1781.

⁴⁸ Letter to John Adams, written from St. Petersburg, on April 29, 1782.

method of personable young foreign envoys, so delightfully satirized in Bernard Shaw's comedy *The Great Catherine* — was quite as repugnant to the New England consciences of these two descendants of the Puritans as was the offering of bribes.

The elder Adams, realizing what a hard bargain one had to drive in European Courts, wrote to Dana:

"I had rather drive trucks in the Town of Boston."⁴⁹

Equally disgusted with the life of an American diplomat under European monarchs, Francis Dana had written:

"May Heaven preserve us from Kings, Princes, and Stadholders. The People are the best Guardians of their own Liberties and Interests."⁵⁰

It has been said: "Diplomacy is the art of doing nothing gracefully." If so, the very failure of Dana's mission to Russia was its success. He saw that if he made any treaty with Catherine the Great, he was in danger of being a sort of "diplomatic Laocoön,"⁵¹ caught in the coils of serpentine intrigues from which he could not extricate himself. Dana wrote home that the wisdom of America was

"to hold herself free from the *entangled* Systems of Europe and all their Wars."⁵²

In this the Congress of the United States concurred, writing:

"The true interests of these States require that they should be as little as possible *entangled* in the politics and controversies of European nations."⁵³

Indeed, the use of the word "*entangled*" in these two passages would seem to be the earliest use of that word, later familiar in the much quoted — and still more often misquoted — phrase "no entangling alliances."

⁴⁹ Letter of John Adams to Francis Dana, written from Paris, France, March 24, 1783.

⁵⁰ Letter of Francis Dana to Jonathan Jackson, written from The Hague, Holland, November 11, 1780.

⁵¹ W. P. Cresson, *Francis Dana: A Puritan Diplomat at the Court of Catherine the Great*, New York, 1930, Chap. XII, "A Diplomatic Laocoön," pp. 183-195.

⁵² Letter of Francis Dana to Judge Parsons, April 23, 1780.

⁵³ Report on Armed Neutrality by James Madison, Alexander Hamilton, etc., published in Francis Wharton, *The Revolutionary Diplomatic Correspondence of the United States*, Washington, 1889, Vol. VI, p. 482: June 12, 1783.

Meanwhile, to Dana and young Adams in St. Petersburg, came at last the news of the surrender at Yorktown. It was no longer necessary to seek the alliance of Russia against England and Congress asked Francis Dana to return to America. He was delighted to get, as he called it, "out of the vortex"; and only too glad that they had not made any compromising treaty with Imperial Russia. Accordingly he packed his trunk for the homeward journey, bringing with him the letters that he had received from John Adams, Benjamin Franklin, and others. These have been carefully kept by his descendants, together with the richly embroidered waistcoat and the gold-headed cane that had been used by this American revolutionist at the Russian Court.

Francis Dana's experience of these two years at the Russian Court was a very different one from that of his grandson's "Two Years Before the Mast"; and on recrossing the ocean, Francis Dana's exclamation that he was a "miserable wretch on the sea" and his saying "I was not made for that unstable element"⁵⁴ offers a striking contrast to his grandson's remark: "I believe I was made for the sea, and that all my life on shore is a mistake."⁵⁵

When at last Francis Dana reached Cambridge in December 1783, Mrs. John Adams wrote excitedly to her husband: "Mr. Dana has arrived! — Mr. Dana has arrived!"⁵⁶ Returning to the quiet and well behaved Cambridge of that period, after his exasperating experiences at the Imperial Court of St. Petersburg, Francis Dana settled down to the tasks of government in the newly established Republic.

During 1787 and 1788 it was this Francis Dana who was most active in persuading the Massachusetts Legislature to adopt the American Constitution. William Ellery later paid this tribute to the part played in this ratification by Francis Dana:

"When the present constitution was on the tapis, by his influence he fixed in its favor, the wavering mind. . . . He spoke pertinently, and eloquently, with a round, rolling, manly tone of voice, to the satisfaction of his hearers. . . . During the repeated Sessions of the Convention he

⁵⁴ Letter of Francis Dana to John Adams, September 29, 1783.

⁵⁵ Richard Henry Dana, Jr., letter to his wife written from Manchester-by-the-Sea on September 3, 1854.

⁵⁶ Letter of Abigail Adams to her husband John Adams, written from Boston on December 18, 1783.

strenuously asserted himself in favour of its adoption. In one of his speeches on the subject, he declared, that he would rather be annihilated than give his voice for, or sign his name to a Constitution which in the least should betray the liberties or interests of his country."

Thereafter, for fifteen years, from 1791 to 1806, he served with dignity and nobility as Chief Justice of Massachusetts.

Before the Revolution, Francis Dana had lived for a time in a house [No. 7 on the map] at the southeast corner of what today would be Mount Auburn and Dunster Streets. After his return from Russia, however, he had built in 1785 a large and impressive mansion [No. 8 on the map] on the top of what was from then on called "Dana Hill." From this Dana Mansion on Dana Hill, the Chief Justice commanded an extensive view over the whole region of what is today Cambridgeport and, as he gradually succeeded in acquiring most of the land to the east of Harvard College, he was in a sense monarch of all he surveyed.

Within the Dana Mansion he collected a remarkable library of books, beautifully bound in leather, and each containing his now very valuable bookplate, displaying what purported to be the Dana Coat-of-Arms.⁵⁷ William Ellery, the signer of the Declaration of Independence, whose daughter, Elizabeth Ellery, Francis Dana had married, wrote of the Chief Justice and his house:

"He was a man of feeling, and from his mansion, streams of charity constantly flowed which made glad the hearts of the poor and needy."⁵⁸

All this magnificence and munificence, however, was, before long, to diminish and vanish. One of his sons, who had taken charge of family affairs, during Francis Dana's old age, had become convinced that the Charles River Basin would become the most important seaport in America

⁵⁷ Miss Elizabeth Ellery Dana, with her punctilious care not to claim for the Danas anything more than was their due, felt that the Dana family, with their humble origin, had no right to bear this Coat-of-Arms. I confess I am rather relieved by this; for I never liked that Crest of a Fox or that motto "Cavendo Tutus," which would seem to mean "being safe through being cautious." The Danas were rarely safe and never cautious. This is the same Coat-of-Arms as that on the frame of the Copley portrait of Richard Dana the father of this Francis Dana. Another device sometimes put forward as a Dana Coat-of-Arms (*Arms* — Sable, on a bend argent three chevrons vert. *Crest* — A bull's head affrontée.) is, if possible, even more spurious.

⁵⁸ Autograph letter of William Ellery to his grandson, Richard Henry Dana, 1st, written from Newport, R.I., March 10, 1819.

and accordingly had speculated in the building of docks, wharves, and other improvements in Cambridgeport, in preparation for an expected boom, which never came. Shipping interests found East Boston and South Boston more convenient for ships of deep draft, or moved to New York and other harbors. The value of the unused wharves in Cambridgeport depreciated and the fortune put into them was dissipated. The rest of the family had to make sacrifices. Horses and carriages were sold. Servants were given up. The daughters of the family themselves undertook the household tasks. Little by little the large Dana estate was broken up and sold and sacrificed to pay off the debt and make good the losses.

This cloud hung over the declining years of Francis Dana. He was described by one who saw him at this time as follows:

“He was a man of common stature, thin person, stooping a little, and of studious face. . . . In winter, he wore a white corduroy surtout, lined with fur, and a large muff; probably Russian acquisitions.”⁵⁹

The glacial winds of a Cambridge winter on Dana Hill made him glad of the Russian *shuba* he had bought long before to protect himself during those two winters in dark and foggy St. Petersburg. As he wrapped his furs about him, he was perhaps warmed also by a pride in that romantic mission to Russia which he had undertaken during the American Revolution. The following description is given of him during his last days:

“Dana seems to have withdrawn into a mysterious twilight of invalidism. A slender figure, wrapped in his Russian furs, he was still occasionally seen in the streets of Cambridge.”⁶⁰

Life seems to have passed him by and he was all but forgotten by a younger generation of Americans.

The Adams family, however, remained faithful to Francis Dana to the end. Remembering Dana's former services, John Adams, when President, offered him in vain a position as Minister to France. In 1807 John Quincy Adams showed his devotion to Francis Dana by giving one of his sons the name of Francis as a middle name. In his journal for September 13th, 1807, John Quincy Adams wrote:

⁵⁹ William Sullivan, *Familiar Letters on Public Characters*, Boston, 1834, p. 112; *The Public Men of the Revolution*, Philadelphia, 1847, p. 143.

⁶⁰ W. P. Cresson, *Francis Dana*, New York, 1930, p. 385.

"My child, born on the 18th of last month, was this afternoon baptized by Mr. Emerson and received the names of *Charles-Francis* — the first of which I gave him in remembrance of my deceased brother and the second, as a token of honour to my old friend and patron judge Dana." ⁶¹

Two years later, in 1809, Francis Dana had the satisfaction of knowing that John Quincy Adams, who nearly thirty years before had served as his fifteen-year-old secretary when they were rebuffed at the Court of Catherine the Great, was now officially recognized as the American Ambassador by the Tsar Alexander I. Francis Dana had lived long enough to see his Russian mission at last fulfilled.

After another two years, in 1811, Francis Dana quietly passed away. Almost unnoticed his remains were laid in the family vault in the Old Cambridge Burying Ground where in course of time some twenty-six of his relatives came to be buried about him. Mrs. John Adams, the mother of John Quincy Adams, regretted that more honor had not been paid to Francis Dana at the time of his death and wrote: "If my absent son had been in America the grave would not have thus silently closed over him." She adds this final tribute to the memory of Francis Dana:

"The sweet recollection still flourishes, though he sleeps in dust." ⁶²

This phrase was almost an exact echo of the beautiful epitaph on one of the older Dana tombs not far from the vault where Francis Dana was buried:

The sweet remembrance of the just
Shall flourish when they sleep in dust.⁶³

⁶¹ This Charles Francis Adams (1807-1886) was United States Minister to England during the Civil War. His son, Charles Francis Adams, Jr. (1835-1915), wrote the biography of Francis Dana's grandson, Richard Henry Dana, Jr., the author of *Two Years Before the Mast*. It is the son of this Charles Francis Adams, Jr., Henry Adams, who has kindly given me a photostat of the passage in his great-grandfather's journal quoted above.

⁶² Letter of Mrs. John Adams to the wife of Judge Cushing, written on May 22, 1811.

⁶³ *Epitaphs from the Old Burying-Ground in Cambridge*. With Notes by William Thaddeus Harris, Cambridge, 1845, p. 115. The tomb of Mary Green Dana (1717-1763).

In the large family tomb in which Chief Justice Francis Dana is buried, are also buried his mother (Lydia Trowbridge), his uncle and aunt (Judge Edmund Trowbridge and his wife Martha Remington), Francis Dana's sister, his wife (Elizabeth Ellery), all seven of his children (including Richard Henry Dana the poet), his three daughters-in-law, his son-in-law (Washington Allston), six of Francis Dana's grandchildren and four of his great-grandchildren. A granite recumbent cross was placed over this tomb in 1886 by his great-grandson, Richard

After Francis Dana's death, the Dana House on Dana Hill was sold; and a few years later, in 1826, the extensive view that had been enjoyed by the elderly and sedate Judge Dana was enjoyed by one who, from almost every point of view, was his exact opposite. This was none other than Margaret Fuller, at that time a brilliant young girl of sixteen, whose family had come to occupy the old Dana mansion. She was enraptured with the outlook from the front room and wrote in her *Memoirs*:

"Its window overlooked wide fields, gentle slopes, a rich and smiling country whose aspect pleased without much occupying the eye, while a range of blue hills, rising at about twelve miles' distance allured to reverie. . . . My eye was constantly allured to that distant blue range, and I would sit, lost in fancies, till tears fell on my cheek."

Such was Cambridgeport a hundred years ago in the eyes of this remarkable and emotional young lady.

Some years later, in 1839, the house caught fire and burned to the ground. Among those who tried in vain to fight the fire was a young man who was seen to climb the ladders with the agility of a sailor. This was one of Francis Dana's grandsons, a Richard Henry Dana, Jr., who had shortly before returned from a voyage of two years before the mast.

It was this same grandson who later wrote the following beautiful description of Chief Justice Francis Dana:

"He was slight of figure, very erect, remarkably well-featured, with a fair complexion, an eloquent mouth, an eye of light blue, full of expression, capable of showing fire when under excitement, and his whole countenance exhibiting what may be called an illumination, when under the influence of emotion. His voice was musical and attractive in conversation, and in ordinary public speech, but when deeply moved, especially if by moral indignation, it had, without any explosion or

Henry Dana, 3rd, with the name DANA carved in large letters at one end and with the names of all twenty-seven persons who are buried there carved with the dates of their births and deaths around the sides. In reading these names and middle names and the names on some of the other stones not far away, it almost seems as if the names of the cross streets between Harvard Square and Central Square—Remington, Trowbridge, Ellery, Dana, etc.—were gathered together on this family tomb in the old Cambridge Burying Ground.

increase in volume, something in it that thrilled every hearer, and brought to a dead silence the most excited assemblies.”⁶⁴

RICHARD HENRY DANA, 1ST (1787-1879)

Francis Dana's son, Richard Henry Dana, was born in the Dana Mansion on Dana Hill and as a boy brooded among the books in the library there, preparing himself for Harvard College.

From his father and his grandfather, this first Richard Henry Dana inherited a revolutionary tradition; but, in comparison with the world-shaking events of the American Revolution in which his father and grandfather were involved, the “Rotten Cabbage Rebellion,” in which he became implicated in college, seems to come as rather an anti-climax. On account of this “riot” in protest against the bad food given the students in the College Commons, Richard Henry Dana was expelled from Harvard and was not given his Degree of Bachelor of Arts until fifty-eight years later. To his brother, Edmund, who had been expelled in another earlier Harvard rebellion, the Degree of A.B. was not granted by the college authorities until eighty years after his leaving college and twenty years after his death. These long delays of academic recognition tended a little to embitter these two promising scholars.

In the “Black Death” of 1817 which ravished Cambridge, both Richard and his brother Edmund volunteered to risk their own lives by helping to put a plague-smitten man into a hot bath, which was then thought to

⁶⁴ In course of time, as new streets came to be laid out running through the extensive estates in Cambridge that had belonged to Francis Dana, many of these were named for him or for his relatives. In 1835, a street laid out just beyond his old house on Dana Hill was given the name of Dana Street in honor of Francis Dana. A few years later, in 1838, two new streets were built between this Dana Street and Harvard College: one called Ellery Street, in honor of Francis Dana's wife, Elizabeth Ellery; the other, called Trowbridge Street, in honor of Judge Edmund Trowbridge, Francis Dana's uncle. In the same year, in the southern part of Cambridgeport, a street was named Allston Street in honor of Washington Allston, the artist who had married Francis Dana's daughter. In 1844, a short street between Trowbridge Street and Harvard College was called Remington Street in honor of Judge Jonathan Remington, the grandfather of Francis Dana's wife. Finally, in 1852, another street in Cambridgeport was named Kinnaird Street after Lord Kinnaird, whose daughter had married Francis Dana's brother, Edmund Dana. Thus there is quite a network of streets named for these various branches of the Dana family, covering the land which once they owned, but which has now passed entirely from their hands. All the family possessions seem in the course of time to have melted away like fields of snow in the summer sun, and the children and grandchildren of Francis Dana had to earn their own way in life.

be the only way to save his life. Richard contracted the disease and, though he managed to recover, it left him for the rest of his life with a very sensitive and melancholy disposition. To add to this, the two Foster brothers, James and George, who were engaged to Dana's two sisters, both died of this plague, a tragedy that weighed heavily on Richard Henry Dana.

His melancholy was at one with that of the *mal de siècle*, the *Welt-schmerz* of the Romantic Movement in literature, in which this older Richard Henry Dana played an important part in America. Rebelling against the Pseudo-Classical school of poetry which was then still in vogue in this country, he longed to introduce some of the melancholy and mystery of the Romanticism that was now springing up in England and in Europe. He had great ambitions to be the torch-bearer of this new imaginative poetry in America. Knowing that his great-great-grandmother, Anne Bradstreet, the daughter of the original settler, Governor Dudley, had been the first to write poetry in the English Colonies and had earned the title of "The Tenth Muse," Richard Henry Dana hoped that, under the impetus of the new Romantic Movement, he might himself become, if not the first, at least the greatest poet of America.

In 1815, he was one of the originators and early editors of the *North American Review*, where he tried to promulgate his ideas. It is greatly to his credit that he should have been the first to recognize the genius of the young American poet, William Cullen Bryant, and should have published some of Bryant's earliest poems in the *North American Review*. The reviews which Dana himself published there attacked the artificial school of Alexander Pope and his followers and championed instead Wordsworth, Coleridge, and the other English Romantic poets. When we remember that this was before Keats had published his first volume of poems, we can realize how daring this revolt was at that time. Indeed Dana's marked disrespect for the older school of poetry led to a breach with the more conservative sponsors of the *North American Review*, and Dana started his own review called *The Idle Man*, in which to carry on his campaign.

He turned from the Classical, as was later said of him by his son, "to the Gothic mind and the Gothic poetry, architecture, and legends." This was a part of the Gothic Revival; and Dana's prose tales, *Paul*

Felton, *Tom Thornton*, etc., have much of the weird and morbid and harping on death, characteristic of the so-called "Gothic Romances." His best known poem, *The Buccaneer*, is a long romantic poem in the manner of *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner*, full of the mystery of the sea. The buccaneer is a pirate and murderer who is haunted by the pale spectre of a white horse that finally carries him off on its back across a sea lit by the lurid light of red flames from a ship that is forever burning but never consumed.

And, nigh, the tall ship's burning on,
With red, hot spars and crackling flame;
From hull to gallant, nothing's gone; —
She burns, and yet's the same!
Her hot, red flame is beating, all the night,
On man and Horse, in their cold, phosphor light.

When *The Buccaneer* was first published in 1827 in a tiny volume with merely "DANA'S POEMS" printed on the outside of the orange-colored cover, it was hailed as one of the greatest of American poems. Even "Christopher North," the severe Scottish critic, described this poem in *Blackwood's Magazine* at that time as "by far the most powerful and original of American compositions."

Dana, then, was for a time regarded as one of the most important, if not the most important, of American poets. In Griswold's *Poets and Poetry of America*, first published in 1843, of the five American poets represented in the ornate frontispiece, it is Dana who holds the commanding position. In Cheever's *Poets of America*, published in 1847, more pages are devoted to Dana's poems than to those of any other American poet, the editor saying:

"We are disposed to rank Mr. Dana at the head of all the American poets, not excepting Bryant; and we think this is the judgment which posterity will pass upon his writings."

Unfortunately posterity seems to have passed a very different judgment. There are probably few poets whose reputation has suffered so much with the passing of time. From having been regarded as one of America's first poets, the critics of today have come to regard him, if they pay any attention to him at all, as one of the worst poets. I remember recently asking some critics, who were discussing American poets, if Longfellow really were, as they seemed to think, the "W.W.P." —

that is to say the World's Worst Poet. I said: "Surely, if you went through literature with a fine-tooth comb, you could find someone still worse than Longfellow." To this, one of the young critics, who had not caught my name, replied: "Well! There *is* the elder Dana!"

Dana's romantic revolt, it is true, had a tendency to become sidetracked. The American Revolution, which his father and grandfather had struggled for, had become an established fact. The only revolution left was a revolution against the Revolution. Accordingly, Richard Henry Dana found himself making a romantic plea for a return to monarchy and aristocracy, to the "established orders" and the "established church." He spent much of his time doing nothing and then would suddenly go off at half cock. He seemed to have a talent for saying the wrong thing at the wrong time. With a certain lack of tact and appropriateness, but it must be admitted with also a certain courage, he took the occasion of a Fourth of July Oration which he was asked to give in the town of Salem, to advocate an hereditary monarchy and a House of Peers — to the great consternation of the patriotic Salem citizens. As early as 1825, a critic had put his finger on the weak spot of the poet Dana:

"Dana is pure, and sound — uncommon genius — very lazy — *very* — hangs fire — is timid; and when he has a chance for a dead shot, shuts the wrong eye."⁶⁵

This laziness, or perhaps it should be called indolence, was the besetting danger of the elder Richard Henry Dana and of his intimate circle of friends and relatives. He and his brother and his brother-in-law made a trio of disgruntled geniuses immersed in profound conversation and wreathed in clouds of tobacco smoke. His brother, Edmund, had started out on the "Grand Tour" of Europe, but when the family funds failed, never made anything out of all the culture he had acquired. He had a reputation of being a "brilliant conversationalist," but never managed to get anything of importance printed. He gave to his native Cambridge land for a "Cambridge Athenaeum" to be used for lectures and for a library which for twenty-three years was called the "Dana Library";⁶⁶

⁶⁵ *The Atheneum; or, Spirit of the English Magazines*, April 1, 1825, Vol. III, Second Series, p. 13.

⁶⁶ Edmund Trowbridge Dana gave 10,000 square feet of his land near Central Square for this library which bore his name from 1856 to 1879, though from then on it has been called the Cambridge Public Library and in 1887 was moved into its present building on Broadway near Cambridge Street.

and he left land in Cambridgeport for a park which is still called "Dana Park."⁶⁷ He did little else, however, to make his name remembered today.

Their brother-in-law was the painter Washington Allston, the friend of Coleridge, who like so many of the Danas was forever planning a great masterpiece that was never completed. His gigantic painting of "Belshazzar's Feast," forever unfinished, was concealed from public gaze in his ivy-covered studio in Cambridgeport and a mystery still seems to haunt the part of the town where he lived. After Washington Allston's death, Longfellow wrote:

"One man may sweeten a whole town. I never pass through Cambridgeport without thinking of Allston. His memory is the quince in the drawer and perfumes the atmosphere."⁶⁸

Part of the purpose of this present paper is to try to give to Brighton, where the earliest Danas had lived in this country, and to Cambridgeport, where these later Danas lived for a time, something of the aroma of old romance, something of this "perfume of the quince."

Like the painter Allston, the poet Dana, in "his procrastination and his pride," never completed the masterpiece that he was forever contemplating. During the 92 years of his life, he only got himself to publish 20 poems; and during the last 46 years of his life, only 5 short poems. In an ill-guarded moment, he had called the periodical in which he published his essays and tales *The Idle Man* — a title which James Russell Lowell could not resist applying to Dana himself. In *A Fable for Critics* Lowell gives us his well-known analysis of the weakness of Dana as a poet:

That he once was the Idle Man none will deplore,
But I fear he will never be anything more;
The ocean of song heaves and glitters before him,
The depth and the vastness and longing sweep o'er him,
He knows every breaker and shoal on the chart,
He has the Coast Pilot and so on by heart,
Yet he spends his whole life, like the man in the fable,
In learning to swim on his library-table.

⁶⁷ In a deed dated December 5, 1855, Edmund Trowbridge Dana gave the land bounded by Magazine Street, Lawrence (formerly Brook) Street, Niagara (formerly Warren) Street, and Lake Street, to the city of Cambridge.

⁶⁸ Longfellow autograph letter, October 26, 1860.

The elder Richard Henry Dana was fond of the sea — but still more fond of his library table. Once, on the old road to Gloucester, he heard the sea pounding on a beach out of sight beyond the forest. Leaving the road, he made his way toward the sound. The spot where he got the first view of the ocean, he christened "Prima Vista"; another still more beautiful view from among the pines, "Buona Vista." He was so enchanted that he decided to buy the whole beach and the island beyond, which have been since then called "Dana Beach" and "Dana Island."

This region was a part of what was called Manchester, but this Richard Henry Dana probably never knew that his great-great-grandfather, Richard Dana, had come from Manchester in England. An enthusiastic description of Dana Beach at this Manchester-by-the-Sea in New England is given by Richard Henry Dana, Jr., the son of the poet:

"It is inexpressibly beautiful. There is no such place. The grand and ever-changing sea, the islands and light-houses and indented coast, the beach at high tide, the beach at low tide, the rocks, the woods and their smells, the unbroken quiet and the full moon on the waters!"⁶⁹

The elder Dana loved the ocean — as seen from the land. It was not he, but his son, who was to set sail before the mast.

A portrait by William Morris Hunt represents Richard Henry Dana, Sr., at a time when melancholy was settling down upon him and has been said to make him look like "a dyspeptic Uncle Sam." An entry in his grandson's journal offers us an accidentally revealing remark:

"Today Grandfather was not more despondent than usual."

In his extreme old age, the elderly Dana came to look curiously like Titian's Portrait of an Old Man. He continued to give lectures on Shakespeare, which were said to be so profound that no one understood them and which have never been published, though they have been preserved in manuscript. William Henry Channing, after visiting the aged poet at Manchester-by-the-Sea, wrote:

"As I entered, the sun fell over his long silvery locks and beard, hanging down upon his shoulders and breast, and gave him a look of almost transparent spirituality as he smiled on me with his soft blue eyes, and extended his white hand in welcome."

⁶⁹ Charles Francis Adams, *Richard Henry Dana: A Biography*, Boston, 1890. Vol. II. p. 149.

When he died, in 1779, in the 92nd year of his life, he was buried among the other Danas in the Old Burying Ground between the two church towers, the "Sentinel" and the "Nun," in the midst of the slowly falling snow.

In the old churchyard of his native town,
And in the ancestral tomb beside the wall,
We laid him in the sleep that comes to all,
And left him to his rest and his renown.
The snow was falling, as if Heaven dropped down
White flowers of Paradise to strew his pall; —
The dead around him seemed to wake, and call
His name, as worthy of so white a crown.⁷⁰

RICHARD HENRY DANA, 2ND (1815-1882)

The oldest son of this Richard Henry Dana, the poet, was Richard Henry Dana, Jr., the author of *Two Years Before the Mast*. He had been born at the far end of Green Street [No. 9 on the map] in lower Cambridgeport within a block of what is now Lafayette Square. Later on, some of the citizens of this same Cambridgeport used to call him an "aristocrat," mock him as "the duke of Cambridge," and accuse the Dana family of having come from what has been called "Cambridge Preferred" — in other words something beyond "Cambridge Common." Yet it is well to remember that this second Richard Henry Dana had been born in the heart of Cambridgeport, as was his only son after him. Indeed, all three Richard Henry Danas were born to the East of what might be called the "Trowbridge-Ellery Line."

In the life of Richard Henry Dana, Jr., several early traits show a tendency to break away from the shut-in and morose aloofness into which his father had sunk, and to seek a rougher and sturdier life and to sympathize with oppressed sailors and negroes — traits which were to characterize the later life of this author of *Two Years Before the Mast*.

In his journal he tells us of his earliest recollections of his childhood in that Cambridgeport house:

⁷⁰ See *Memoir of William Henry Channing* by O. B. Frothingham, Boston, 1886, p. 404; and Longfellow's sonnet, "The Burial of the Poet," written February 10, 1879.

"The very earliest I have been able to summon up is, upon recovery from the croup, being held up at the window & having the hens & chickens pointed out to me as they were walking about apparently in perfect health, bare-footed, in the open air."

Apparently it was a discovery that it was possible to go in perfect health barefooted in the open air and he longed to be permitted to do so himself. Of his boyhood, he tells us in his journal a little later:

"I went where I was told not to go, played with boys whom I was warned against as vulgar, was always found out & wondered how people got their knowledge of my doings. . . . I was a noted wanderer; was frequently picked up at incredible distances from home."

After living in four different houses in Cambridgeport, including half of a little brick house at the corner of Columbia Street and Broadway, the family moved to the old 17th Century Wigglesworth House in the Harvard Yard, one of the few houses still standing then in Cambridge of those that had been there when his ancestor, the pioneer settler, had come in 1640. It was in that picturesque old house that his mother died when young Richard was six years old and of this he writes:

"I remember the scene of her taking leave of us. It was in the East chamber of the old Wigglesworth House. I remember only the bed, the pale face and white robe. I was probably just too young to remember the words."

After his mother's death and that of his baby sister, killed by a fall, the family moved from this gloomy old dilapidated house into a new house that had recently been built nearby on the rising bit of land in the corner of the Harvard Yard on Quincy Street [No. 10 on the map]. It was in this spacious Dana House, with its veranda supported by a row of columns, that Richard passed the impressionable years of his life from seven to seventeen.⁷¹ There was no mother to look after him

⁷¹ It was this Dana House at 11 Quincy Street that was later used as the first Harvard Observatory with a revolving turret added on the top of the house. Professor Felton used to say that old Professor Bond, the astronomer who lived there, was paid "for keeping watch on the stars," adding:

"There is a caboose set up on the house, with a telescope that commands an unobstructed view of all the chambers in the neighborhood."

here and there was a certain grim New England stoicism with which his solemn father sent his son forth from this house to his first school, uttering by way of parting words merely this foreboding admonition: "Put your bones to it, my boy!"⁷²

Young Richard did put his bones to it! At the school to which he was sent in Cambridgeport there was much to test the boy's fibre. An angry teacher pulled his ear so hard that the skin connecting it with the head was torn and his face became covered with blood. At another school an evil-tempered teacher used regularly to flog the boys and at that early age Dana developed that dislike for flogging which he was to feel later when he saw his fellow sailors flogged by the ship's captain.

From such schools, it was something of a relief to be transferred to a new private school which had been opened in Cambridge under no less a person than Ralph Waldo Emerson, who, far from being a strict disciplinarian, seemed to be carrying out the principle of his oft-quoted remark:

"Send your son to school and the boys will teach him."

At one of these Cambridgeport schools, among the students five or six years older than the Dana boy, was Margaret Fuller and also Oliver Wendell Holmes, who describes him at that time as "a little rosy-faced sturdy boy."⁷³

A later schoolmate, in this case some four years younger than himself, was James Russell Lowell, who looked up to Richard with admiration and who, in his "Cambridge Thirty Years Ago," recalls

"Those first essays at navigation on the Winthrop Duck-pond, of the plucky boy who was afterwards to serve two famous years before the mast."

(Letter of Cornelius Conway Felton to Francis Bowen, December 27, 1839.) Later Felton himself came to live here, and James Russell Lowell, in the suppressed passage from *The Biglow Papers*, refers to this as the house

Where Felton puns in English or in Greek,
And shakes with laughter until the timbers creak.

The house was later the home of Professor Andrew Preston Peabody and still later of Professor George Herbert Palmer. Today this house, the first one which a prospective Harvard student sees as he comes from Boston to the Harvard Yard, is appropriately occupied by the Chairman of the Committee on Admission to Harvard.

⁷²Richard Henry Dana, Jr., *Speeches in Stirring Times*, Boston, 1910, pp. 10-12.

⁷³*Proceedings of the Massachusetts Historical Society*, January, 1882, Vol. XIX, p. 198.

In a passage, which was unfortunately omitted from the published version of *The Biglow Papers*, Lowell again tells how

On the green duck-pond's sea, where water fails
In droughty times, replenished then with pails,
Richard the Second from their moorings cast
His shingle fleets, and served before the mast.⁷⁴

In this same rejected passage, Lowell relates the almost incredible story of riding on the back of his shaggy Shetland pony through the front door of the Dana House on Quincy Street and almost up the stairs. The elder Dana, who seems to have rather encouraged than prevented this prank, speaks of his own son and the "hearty, frankly-sounding laugh which he had when a mere boy." He was apparently anxious that his son should escape from the fatal futility of his own morbid introspection; and urged him as much as possible to an active out-of-door life. Once, when one of Richard's playmates, with whom he had been swimming in the Charles River, was drowned, he asked his father whether he should go back and swim in the same spot, to which the father replied grimly: "Why not?" Little Richard never knew how anxiously the father walked the floor of his study back and forth until his son's safe return.

In his journal he relates another incident:

"One holiday I heard a little black boy complaining that a big white boy had taken his money from him, & I was so much overcome by thinking of it that my father was obliged to turn back, walk a long distance, hunt the boy up & give him some money, before I could be comforted."

Here you can find, if you wish, a foretaste of the sympathy which he was later to show for the Negro slaves and the indignation which he was to feel for racial injustice.

At times Richard used to visit the house of his uncle Barney Smith on Milton Hill, where, he says in his journal,

"Many of the happiest days of my life were spent. Looking through the great telescope that stood in the hall at the shipping in the harbour

⁷⁴ Lines omitted from James Russell Lowell's *The Biglow Papers*, but printed in Horace Elisha Scudder, *James Russell Lowell: A Biography*, Boston, 1901, Vol. I.

and watching the sentries at the fort opened a new world to my young mind.”⁷⁵

He already longed to set sail some day before the mast.

At the age of sixteen he entered Harvard College. During his Freshman year he became implicated in one of the College “Riots,” as his father and uncle had before him. As a point of honor, he refused to tell on the classmate who was really guilty of the disturbance, thereby letting the blame fall upon himself. In the record of a Meeting of the Harvard Overseers on March 5, 1832, we read:

“Voted that Dana, being concerned in making noises in chapel on Friday evening the 2^d instant, be suspended and be directed to pursue his studies, in some place out of the limits of the town of Cambridge.”

After a period of “rustication” at Andover, Dana was at length allowed to return to Cambridge.

During one of the College vacations, he took, what he had so much longed for, a sailing trip, of which he shows his delight in a letter written home. This trip was only as far as Plymouth, but it served to whet his appetite for a longer voyage. While on this trip to Plymouth, he caught the measles and was left with eyesight too weakened to pursue his college studies. Here was his opportunity.

His uncle Edmund, when expelled from Harvard, had set sail as a midshipman on the frigate “Congress,” when she encountered a storm in which a lieutenant and five men were lost.⁷⁶ Nothing daunted, young Richard wanted to sail as a common sailor before the mast and at length a berth was found for him on a brig bound for California. He jumped at this chance to get away from the stifling atmosphere of that Cambridge to which his father had for all his life been confined. The transformation which he underwent he describes as:

⁷⁵ The mother of the author of *Two Years Before the Mast* had been a Ruth Charlotte Smith, one of whose uncles was this Barney Smith, while another was the Abiel Smith who founded the Smith Professorship of Belles Lettres, which was later held by Professor Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

⁷⁶ Another midshipman on board the “Congress” at the time of this same disaster was Henry Wadsworth, who was killed a few years later in the Siege of Tripoli in 1804. These two midshipmen probably little realized that the great-nephew of one would later come to marry the great-niece of the other.

"The change from the tight frock coat, silk hat, and kid gloves of an undergraduate at Harvard to the loose duck trousers, checked shirt, and tarpaulin hat of a sailor."⁷⁷

It was in this new garb that he said farewell to his father who had by this time moved to a house on Brattle Street on the corner of Church Street [No. 11 on the map]. It was from this house that, when he was only 19 years old, he left to sail two years before the mast.⁷⁸

It was on August 14, 1834, that Dana set sail from Boston Harbor on the small brig of only 180 tons called the "Pilgrim." During the very first night out, the wind stiffened and there was a heavy head sea beating against the bows of the boat. The Harvard student had not yet got his "sea legs on" and he was dreadfully seasick. Nevertheless when he was ordered aloft in the pitch darkness to reef the topsails, he climbed up as best he could and "laid out" on the topsail yard, holding on with all his strength and, as he says, "making wild vomits into the black night." He stuck it out there until he had made all snug aloft, before he descended again to the deck.

Some three months later, on November 9th, in rounding Cape Horn, their tiny brig struck a tremendous storm which made it necessary to take in their jib. While the rest of the crew hesitated, it was young Dana who had the pluck to spring past them and, with one other sailor, laid out on the bowsprit in snow, hail, and sleet. While the vessel was diving into one huge wave after another, plunging him into the icy water up to his chin, he held on for dear life until they had finally succeeded in furling the jib. This was the ice bath in which his body and soul were tempered for life.

After reaching California in January of the next year, it was Dana again who led the other sailors in carrying the hides on his head through the surf and risking his life to climb down the cliffs at San Juan Capistrano to retrieve some of the hides that had become lodged half way down.⁷⁹

⁷⁷ For this and the following quotations, see *Two Years Before the Mast*, Chapters I, V, XIV, XV, XXIV, XXXIII, XXXVI.

⁷⁸ This house at 47 Brattle Street had been built in 1817 by a Jacob Hill Bates for his daughter Mary, who married Horatio Cook Meriam. Later it was occupied by Dr. Francis Dana until his death in 1872. For a time it served as the office of the Harvard Medical Inspector and the Harvard Law School Club "Lincoln's Inn" had a club table there until the house was unfortunately torn down in 1927 and an Economy grocery store built in its place.

⁷⁹ Little did he realize that that cliff would come to be called "Dana Point" or that, almost a century later, a great-grandson, Peter Dana, would fly over that point many times in an

The episode, however, which seems to have made the deepest impression on him was that of the flogging of his fellow sailors by the captain. Like the flogging of his fellow schoolboys by the teacher some years before, this aroused his resentment. As he said:

"I vowed that, if God should give me the means, I would do something to redress the grievances and relieve the sufferings of that class of beings with whom my lot had so long been cast."

He resolved to devote himself to helping to do away with flogging, either in school or on board ship, once and for all and for ever.

In the very account that he gives of this flogging, there is a detail that shows how he associated the flogging of sailors at sea with whipping of slaves on land. He represents the captain, swelling with rage, treating his white sailors much as a slave driver might treat his Negro slaves and shouting:

"You've got a driver over you! Yes, a *slave-driver*, — a *nigger-driver*! I'll see who'll tell me he isn't a **NIGGER** slave!"

Here, again, we can find a premonition of the way in which Dana was later to take up the cudgels, not only for the maltreated sailors, but also for the oppressed Negroes.

On the return voyage from California, there were again storms and other hardships to be encountered. But in contrast to all these there was one night in the tropics when the light trade-wind was gently and steadily breathing from astern. Young Dana went out to the end of the flying-jib-boom and from there looked back upon the ship as at a separate vessel. He saw the sails spread out, wide and high, like a pyramid of canvas, while above the dark blue sky was studded with the tropical stars. So still was the sea and so steady the breeze, that if these sails had been sculptured marble they could not have been more motionless:

"How quietly they do their work!"

They doubled the Horn once more and finally, after more than two years had passed, young Dana was approaching once more the rock-bound

aeroplane in preparation for his record flight from California to Massachusetts in May, 1935, at the age of 19; the same age at which the author of *Two Years Before the Mast* had set sail on his trip.

coast of New England, from which he had sailed in the tiny brig "Pilgrim" and to which he was now returning in the larger 398 ton ship called the "Alert."

The very names of the two vessels, the "Pilgrim" and the "Alert," seem symbolic of the spirit in which he had undertaken this voyage. In contrast to the home-loving and inactive spirit of his father, his was the spirit of the early Pilgrim who had set sail from Plymouth in England two centuries before. In contrast to the dreamy aloofness and oblivion of his father, he was keenly "alert" to all that was going on.

He arrived back in Boston Harbor on September 20, 1836, a very different man from the pale, frail youth who had sailed away from there two years before. He was now, as he himself put it,

"A 'rough-alley' looking fellow, with duck trousers and red shirt, long hair, and face burnt as dark as an Indian's."

While on this voyage, which influenced all his later life, Dana had carefully kept a brief log and also a longer journal, in which he had written out in detail his impressions during those two years at sea. In the excitement of his return home, the trunk containing the longer journal was lost. With the help of the small log, however, he was able to reconstruct once more the fuller account. In this process of re-writing, only the most vivid scenes were recalled: so that the loss of the more detailed journal may really have proved a blessing in disguise and may have been a part of the secret of the success of his book.

During the time when young Dana was preparing the story of his voyage for publication, he met and fell in love with a Miss Sarah Watson: so that that period was for them both filled with an atmosphere of romance. On June 2, 1840, he sent her an engagement ring of an emerald set in gold, saying:

"It is the color of the sea, & among all the precious stones always represents the sea. Whenever you look at it remember whatever associations you may have attached to the ocean, & among them if you call to mind one who wandered over it, then unknown to you, why — it will be one reason for which I gave it to you."

For her, his two years' voyage had been purely one of romance. For him, too, the sea had at first been full of nothing but romance; but in his letter

of January 18, 1839, he had tried to explain to her how his voyage had brought him in touch with reality and altered his feelings towards the sea:

"The enthusiasm you express for the sea. I can understand it all & felt it all, before I made a sailor of myself, & sometimes think that I can now; yet I assure you that habit & familiarity wear away all the romance. Such was my feeling, & such associations had I with it, that it became almost sacred, & I thought that being out of the sight of land — blue above & blue below — sun rising & setting in the water — the solitude, grandeur, & change, must impress themselves upon the whole character; yet I do not know that I was ever in a more completely matter-of-fact, humdrum, state of mind than when on a long voyage. I have been months without seeing land or sail, nothing but sea & sky, & yet not realized in the least that I was in a peculiar or romantic situation; & I assure you that in a storm I thought more of a wet jacket, & losing a nice sleep, than I did of the sublimity of the scene. Perhaps it may be different with passengers, & those who have nothing to do but to be romantic.

Again, on August 20, 1840, he contrasted romantic outbursts by Byron and Wordsworth about the ocean with the realism of his own experience:

"Shall we never be together on the sea shore, & alone? How could I sit with you there for hours & days & give ourselves up to all those thoughts & feelings which it would excite in both of us, & listen to its music, & feel its breath, & 'lay our hand upon its mane,' & 'hear its mighty waters rolling evermore.' This is the romance of the sea, my dear child, & all you will ever have to know of it. Its reality, with the exception of a few moments — *few* & far between — of high excitement & new, strange feelings, — is privation, hardship, tyranny, & irksome & disgusting details."

This twenty-five year old youth, then, was not trying to romanticize the ocean as his father had, but was merely trying to give in his prose account a straightforward record of actual happenings on a real voyage. It is perhaps for that reason that his book has come to be a more permanent contribution than most of the romantic literary efforts of his father and other writers of that period. He was not trying to be "literary," and that perhaps is just why his book proved to be literature.

It was in 1840, two hundred years after the first Dana had landed in America, and a hundred years ago today, that his re-written account first appeared in print. It was entitled *Two Years Before the Mast. A Per-*

sonal Narrative of Life at Sea. No name of the author appeared on the title page, though the introductory chapter was signed "R. H. D., Jr." It was a very unpretentious small volume bound in tan cloth and on the cover the words "HARPERS' FAMILY LIBRARY. No. CVI" were printed in larger type than the name of the book. The book published in this same series just before this had been *Travels of Mungo Park*; and the book just after it, *Parry's Voyages*. For his manuscript, the publishers gave Dana the lump sum of \$250, and refused to grant him any royalties.

The book became popular almost immediately. It revealed the two great powers which Mr. Adams says that Dana possessed:

"His faculty of seeing things clearly himself, and then making others see them as he saw them."⁸⁰

This realism, or perhaps we should say reality, came as something of a novelty in the American literature of that time. Compared with his father's misty and romantic poem of a ship at sea, *The Buccaneer*, with its phantoms and spectres, this truthful prose narrative of *Two Years Before the Mast* seemed to bring to the readers the real tang of salt spray and the actual talk of the seamen's forecastle. Young Dana's book marked in 1840 a revolt from Romanticism to Realism, much as his father's earlier poem had marked the revolt of Romanticism from Classicism. Like Dumas, *père* and *fils*, in France, the Danas, father and son, in America, represented the transition from the Romanticism of the early 19th Century to the Realism of the middle of the century.⁸¹

Coming at a time when the public were getting tired of the Romanticism that had told them life was but an empty dream, the public were glad to turn to something which showed them that life is real, life is earnest, that they should not be sunk in a dead past, but be "up and doing."⁸²

⁸⁰ Charles Francis Adams, *Richard Henry Dana: A Biography*, Boston, 1890, Vol. II, p. 138.

⁸¹ Some have been shocked in our day by what seemed to them the daring novelty of the realism in Eugene O'Neill's "Hairy Ape" and other plays on the life of sailors. Yet a hundred years ago, in the Early Victorian Era, we find in *Two Years Before the Mast* a similar realistic transcript of the talk of the forecastle, including an unblushing reference to calling a sailor "a son of a bitch."

⁸² These are of course the popular slogans of that day from Longfellow's "Psalm of Life," which had been published in *Voices of the Night* in December, 1839, only a few months earlier than *Two Years Before the Mast*.

Two Years Before the Mast, giving a realistic account of action in the living present, achieved a popularity that was almost embarrassing to the author and especially to his father. The elder Dana writes on December 10, 1840, to his son's bride to tell her how everyone is congratulating him on the success of his son's book — a success which none of his own writings had ever gained. He says that young people ask about the author and "wonder whether he looks like Robinson Crusoe." In families where the boys have read *Two Years Before the Mast*, there are no longer "puddings" on table — "all the puddings are duff with them now." The young author himself writes his fiancée on January 30, 1841:

"This matter of the book is getting to be perfectly absurd. I literally cannot move without hearing of it. The other day a man was taken up for stealing it, & the jailer & his family, the turnkeys & all had read the book before it was returned to the owner, & the jailer stopped me to know where he could get some copies. The young ladies inquire after the handsome 'Bill Jackson,' & those who are more intellectual ask what I have heard of 'Tom Harris.' &c. &c."

During the hundred years that have passed since this book was first published in its modest form, innumerable other editions have appeared, ranging from paper covered editions at ten cents to elaborate editions de luxe for ten dollars or more. In the late 1840's, *Two Years Before the Mast* served as a sort of guide to California for the "forty-niners" at the time of the gold rush, and to later generations has proved a constant stimulus for a strenuous life and a spirit of adventure.

When the book had first appeared, a Miss Frances Appleton of Boston sent a copy to England, to her sister who had recently married an Englishman. She could scarcely have guessed then that a daughter of hers would later marry the author's son. The British publisher, Moxon, immediately got out a London edition, voluntarily offering the author far more than the American publishers had. The book had a remarkable reception in England. Dickens, Samuel Rogers, Bulwer, and others praised it to the sky. It was even quoted in the House of Lords, an honor at that time usually reserved for Horace or Virgil or other Classics. For years all English battleships were required to have a copy in the ship's library. Some of these British editions bore the sub-title *A Voice from the Forecastle. Being a Sailor's Life at Sea. An Authentic Narrative;*

interpolated sailors' songs and chanties that were not in the original; and added an appendix on "Glimpses of a Life of a Sailor" which was not written by Dana.

Because of its clarity and absence of long words, extracts from the original text of *Two Years Before the Mast* were used by oculists and are still to be found printed on cards devised with different sizes of type to test the eyesight. Perhaps the most curious indication of the popularity of the book, however, is the way in which other authors tried to vie with *Two Years Before the Mast* by publishing books called *Five Years Before the Mast*, *Twenty-five Years Before the Mast*, *Thirty Years Before the Mast*, etc., hoping to surpass the original book, if not in its quality, at least in the quantity of years purported to have been spent before the mast.

Dana himself had followed up the success of his *Two Years Before the Mast* by putting out in the following year, 1841, a companion book entitled *The Seaman's Friend: Containing a Treatise on Practical Seamanship, with Plates; A Dictionary of Sea Terms; Customs and Usages of the Merchant Service; Laws Relating to the Practical Duties of Master and Mariners*. This was published in England under the title of *The Seaman's Manual*. In a review, written probably by Edgar Allan Poe, of *The Seaman's Friend*, it was pointed out that *Two Years Before the Mast* had given "all the racy spirit, as this present volume conveys the exact letter of the sea."⁸²

Meanwhile Richard Henry Dana, Jr., had graduated at the head of his class in Harvard College, had passed through the Harvard Law School, and had been admitted to the bar. He had not, however, lost contact with his fellow sailors among the crew of the "Pilgrim" and the "Alert." Proving that he was, true to the title of his book, the "seaman's friend," whenever any of them turned up in the port of Boston, he did not wait for them to come to him, but energetically looked them up himself. Even Harvard had not made him less democratic.

His first publication, printed even earlier than *Two Years Before the Mast*, was a pamphlet called *Cruelty to Seamen*, in which he took up the cudgels for the oppressed sailors, refuting the arguments of his law professor, Judge Story. When he opened his law office, he often took up for small fees the cases of seamen against the rich ship owners and mer-

⁸² *Graham's Magazine*, December, 1841, p. 306.

chants. Naturally this did not make the young lawyer popular with the rich merchants and ship owners.⁸⁴ As Charles Francis Adams wrote:

"His office was apt to be crowded with unkempt, roughly dressed seamen, and it smelled on such occasions much like a forecastle."⁸⁵

A little later, after the passing of the Fugitive Slave Law, Dana took up without pay the cases of several of the fugitive slaves and still further antagonized the rich Boston cotton manufacturers, who at this time sympathized with the owners of the southern cotton plantations. Indeed, after the attempted rescue of Anthony Burns, in which one man was killed and Thomas Wentworth Higginson wounded with a cutlass, Mr. Dana, who had defended the fugitive slave in court, was on his way home after dark, when he was set upon by thugs hired by one of the agents of the slave owners, struck down and nearly killed. Here is a clipping from a newspaper of the time:

**THE BOSTON SLAVE CASE,
ATTEMPT TO ASSASSINATE
RICHARD H. DANA.**

Boston, Saturday, June 3, 1854.

Richard H. Dana, one of the counsel for Anthony Burns, was knocked down in the street last night with a slung shot and badly hurt.⁸⁶

Like his friend Charles Sumner, he took upon his own head the blows meant for the negro slaves.⁸⁷

With all his supposed aristocratic or patrician tendencies, in the acid test his sympathies were with the underdogs — the oppressed seamen or the fugitive slaves. As was finely said of him:

⁸⁴ As an indication of the hostility of the rich Boston merchants to Dana as a lawyer, see the series of articles attacking Dana and advising others not to employ him as a lawyer, signed "By a Son of a Merchant," and published in the *Daily Commonwealth*, June 5 and 16, and in the *Weekly Messenger*, July 30, 1851.

⁸⁵ Charles Francis Adams, *Richard Henry Dana: A Biography*, Boston, 1890, Vol. I, p. 27.

⁸⁶ *New York Daily Tribune*, June 5, 1854.

⁸⁷ Less than two years later, on May 22, 1856, Charles Sumner was struck down in the Senate Chamber by a Southern sympathizer. See Longfellow's poem on Charles Sumner:

"He took
 Into his manly breast
The sheaf of hostile spears, and broke
 A path for the oppressed."

"With Dana, the world was God's great ship, and his place was always 'before the mast.'" ⁸⁸

To these law cases Dana devoted himself with a zest for hard work which Charles Francis Adams, who worked in Dana's law office, refers to as "cheerful drudgery."⁸⁹

We are told that

"In Harvard Square, promptly at eight o'clock every morning, one saw Dana, green bag in hand, waiting for the Boston omnibus."⁹⁰

He did not return from his office in Boston to his house in Cambridge until after dark. After a "heavy tea" with his family "Dana would disappear into his library, the green bag would be emptied of its papers, and the lawyer would be immersed in the study of his case."⁹¹

Charles Francis Adams speaks with particular enthusiasm of the rôle which Richard Henry Dana, Jr., played in the Fugitive Slave Cases of 1853-1854:

"His connection with those cases was the one great professional and political act of his life. It was simply superb. There is nothing fairer or nobler in the long, rich archives of the law; and the man who holds that record in his hand may stand with head erect at the bar of final judgment itself."

Later, perhaps unwisely, he was persuaded to run for Congress against the popular, if unscrupulous, Ben Butler. When all other arguments failed, Dana's opponent tried to stir up prejudice against him by calling him "one of those damn literary fellers"⁹² and making much of his "aristocracy." To this charge of being an aristocrat, Dana retorted as follows:

"Aristocracy which goes to sea before the mast; aristocracy which lives in ships' forecastles; aristocracy which cures hides in vats, and takes them on its head through the surf to the boats, and is paid for its two years' service at five dollars a month; aristocracy that, in the legal profession,

⁸⁸ *The Watchman Examiner*, July 14, 1921.

⁸⁹ Charles Francis Adams, *Richard Henry Dana: A Biography*, Boston, 1890, Vol. II, p. 135.

⁹⁰ Van Wyck Brooks, *The Flowering of New England*, New York, 1936, p. 310.

⁹¹ Charles Francis Adams, *Richard Henry Dana: A Biography*, Boston, 1890, Vol. II, pp. 136-137. For the quotation which follows see Vol. I, pp. 132-133.

⁹² Charles Francis Adams, *Richard Henry Dana: A Biography*, Boston, 1890, Vol. II, p. 376.

devotes its earliest labors to the cause of seamen against the wealthy and influential owners and masters; aristocracy that takes up the cause of Negro slaves, and gave its best years, in a small and poor minority, to a contest against the only oligarchy this nation ever saw; aristocracy that goes afoot, and has not a dollar it did not earn; let me simply suggest to you, that such aristocracy is not dangerous to American liberties.”⁹³

Such remarks seemed only to arouse feeling against him all the more and he was defeated at the polls. No doubt this failure in politics hurt him more than he let anyone know. Yet the very day after the election, he briskly entered the court room to take up a new case as though nothing had happened. As Adams said of him: “He did not know when he was beaten.”

Still later, when he was appointed Minister to England, his political and legal opponents brought charges against him at a secret session of the Senate Committee on Foreign Affairs. When he was urged to go to Washington to defend himself against such charges, he somewhat stubbornly refused, saying that he would rather

“Go down with flags flying and guns firing. . . . I have made many mistakes in life, but this is not one of them.”⁹⁴

To his son, Richard Henry Dana, 3rd, he wrote:

“I cannot do it; my father could not do it; my grandfather could not have done it; nor his father; and my son would not have done it.”⁹⁵

He was right: the Richard Dana who was a Magistrate at the time of the Stamp Act, Francis Dana at the court of Catherine the Great, and the other Danas would rather have been thought “wrong” than defend themselves from charges such as these.

To his son again, who had suffered at about this same time a series of exasperating defeats, he wrote with tenderness but with stern New England stoicism, saying:

“My dear boy, it may be better for you in the end, not to have been victorious. It is a discipline to your moral character.”

⁹³ Speech of October 26, 1868, at Middleton, Massachusetts. Printed in Supplement to the *Salem Gazette* of October 30, 1868.

⁹⁴ Letter to his son Richard written in March, 1876.

⁹⁵ *Ibid.*

The author of *Two Years Before the Mast* knew this discipline of disappointment; but he would not allow his rejection by the United States Senate to embitter him or to dim his patriotism towards the government. To his son who took this action of the Senate much to heart he wrote:

"Don't let this make you any less patriotic. It only shows you how much more the country needs the services of good men, — how much the rising generation has to do for their state."⁹⁶

Perhaps the finest tribute to his own courage under adversity was that paid to him by his former law partner, who wrote of Mr. Dana after his death:

"Baffled as he had been for more than twenty years, disappointed in every high ambition of his life, fallen on evil times and evil tongues, how bravely he kept his courage!"⁹⁷

What Dana once wrote in his journal for July 22, 1842, was true in more senses than one:

"The worse the weather the better I felt."

Before long Richard Henry Dana, Jr., sailed abroad again. In every great crisis of his life he seemed to get consolation and a new impetus from a sea voyage. If, in Greek mythology, the giant Antaeus gained fresh strength by each renewed contact with his mother earth, so Dana was always revigorated by renewed contacts with the water which he had learned to love as a boy of nineteen on his long voyage. Indeed he wrote on one occasion:

"I believe I was made for the sea, and that all my life on shore is a mistake."⁹⁸

On April 22, 1873, he wrote in retrospect:

"I have done a good deal in life. But nevertheless, my life has been a failure compared to what I might and ought to have done. My great success — my book — was a boy's work, done before I came to the Bar."

⁹⁶ Letter written to his son Richard in April, 1876.

⁹⁷ Letter from Francis Edward Parker written after Dana's death in January, 1882.

⁹⁸ Letter to his wife written from Manchester-by-the-Sea on September 3, 1854.

He took up his abode at Rome in Italy and there, in the Eternal City, the center of so much of the world's history, he undertook the gigantic task of writing an entirely new book on International Law which he hoped would be the crowning work of his life. This might have obliterated the painful copyright controversy over his Notes on Wheaton and given to the world an original masterpiece of Dana's own. Yet in this, too, he was to be defeated; and he died there in Rome before the work was finished. He was buried in the Protestant Cemetery on the outskirts of Rome, in a spot not far from the tombs of the English poets, Shelley and Keats, in a place so beautiful that it would almost make one "in love with death" — a "spot where one would wish to lie forever."

One of his sisters became a convert to Roman Catholicism. This sister, Ruth Charlotte Dana, was a truly remarkable character. She received an extraordinary series of fourteen letters about the Catholic Faith, written to her by none other than Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table. Miss R. C. Dana had come to seem so much the personification of the Roman Catholic church, that to some of her nephews and nieces her very initials, "R.C." seemed to stand for "Roman Catholic." When she died, the good Irish Catholic priest pronounced a eulogy on her in which he paid the ultimate tribute from what has become the dominating group in our community to the Dana family, telling his faithful Catholic congregation that Miss Dana had come from a family that was "respectable though Protestant."⁹⁹

RICHARD HENRY DANA, 3RD (1851-1931)

When the only son of the author of *Two Years Before the Mast* was born in 1851, he was duly christened Richard Henry Dana, 3rd. When his grandfather and father, Richard Henry Dana, 1st, and Richard Henry Dana, 2nd, had signed the register at the Church of the Advent, the Episcopal Rector exclaimed superbly:

"May there ever be a Richard Henry Dana to stand before the Lord!"¹⁰⁰

This prophecy of nearly ninety years ago has been well carried out to

⁹⁹ Bliss Perry, *Richard Henry Dana: 1851-1931*, Boston, 1933, p. 28.

¹⁰⁰ *Ibid.*, p. 2.

the present day and bids fair to be so in the future. Already for five generations in succession, the eldest son has been called Richard Henry Dana and one is tempted to cry out:

“What, will the line stretch out to the crack of doom?”

Perhaps, in the world chaos of today, it may be the crack of doom that will come first.

The third Richard Henry Dana became conscious of the record of his ancestors in the long history of the struggle for freedom in America. Later he wrote: “I found myself a member of a family with a tradition of service and sacrifice.” “Service and sacrifice,” however, did not mean being a “patrician” or “aristocrat.” On the contrary, in his case, “service” meant giving himself to public service for innumerable worthy causes; and “sacrifice” meant the sacrifice which that involved of any chances for individual eminence for himself.

Like his father before him, Richard Henry Dana was born in Cambridgeport and so, like him, was by birth a “Port Chuck.” The house [No. 12 on the map] was one, where his family was for a time living with their aunt, Mrs. Washington Allston, on Auburn Street, near the corner of Magazine Street. For years his parents had lived in small houses or half-houses in Cambridgeport or in rooms in small hotels or boarding-houses. At last, however, they had saved up enough money to build a house of their own [No. 13 on the map] in Cambridge. This stood at the end of Phillips Place, upon which it originally opened. It was only later, when a new street had been put through to Craigie Street and named at his father’s suggestion after the philosopher Berkeley, that the entrance was put on that side, and the house became No. 2 Berkeley Street. It was really a very simple house, yet during the seventeen years that the family lived there the father had become so fond of it that he wrote to his wife saying “it is a beautiful house” and speaking of “our seventeen years there when our children were infants and little girls and we were almost young.”¹⁰¹

The rear of the Dana land on Berkeley Street almost adjoined the grounds behind the nearby Craigie House and the Danas’ first visitor in their new house was Mr. Longfellow. In the grounds between the two

¹⁰¹ Letter to his wife written on Christmas Eve, 1871.

houses the Dana and Longfellow children played together and at the time of Mrs. Longfellow's tragic death, Mrs. Dana invited the two younger Longfellow children to stay overnight in the nearby Dana House.¹⁰² On Sundays the children could see Charles Sumner in his long black coat, coming from the Longfellow House where he had taken dinner, passing through the little gate at the back of the grounds, and dropping in for a cup of tea with Mr. Dana, his ever-flowing stream of oratory shifting from the realm of poetry into the field of politics.¹⁰³ Sometimes the Dana children contributed to *The Secret*, a manuscript magazine edited in 1865-1866 by Edith Longfellow with occasional contributions from her father.

Then, of course, there were theatricals in which the children of both families took part. There has been preserved an amusing picture made by one of the children of their performance of *Margery Daw* acted at the Craigie House in the winter of 1866-1867. For this occasion, the poet of the Craigie House wrote a Prologue, hitherto unpublished, beginning:

Our life is but a mimic show,
We all are actors here below;
And so our Comedy to-day
Will be a Play within a Play.

In 1862, "Scenes from Dickens" were presented, in which young Dick Dana, then eleven years old, acted the part of young David Copperfield. Apparently the makers of the program had overlooked the half-forgotten grandfather, for the boy's name was entered as "R. H. Dana, Jr.," instead of "R. H. Dana, 3rd."

This Richard the 3rd, however, soon came into his own in Shakespeare's *Richard III*, which was acted by the Dana and Longfellow children in 1866. In the final scene, at the Battle of Bosworth Field, Edith Longfellow entered as King Richard's enemy, the Earl of Richmond. Fighting with a clash of wooden swords, Richard III cried excitedly:

"A horse! A horse! My kingdom for a horse! . . .
I think there be six Richmonds in the field!"

¹⁰² Henrietta Dana Skinner, *An Echo From Parnassus: Being Girlhood Memories of Longfellow and His Friends*, New York, 1928, pp. 8-17.

¹⁰³ Charles Francis Adams, *Richard Henry Dana: A Biography*, Boston, 1890, Vol. I, p. 214.

Thereupon Edith slew her Richard, but she was a generous conqueror, and cried:

“We will unite the white rose with the red.”

And twelve years later they were happily married.

After his marriage in 1878, Richard Henry Dana, 3rd, lived for several years at 33 Mt. Vernon Street in Boston, under the shadow of the dome of the State House. In 1887, his mother, the widow of the author of *Two Years Before the Mast*, built a house at 152 Brattle Street in Cambridge [No. 14 on the map] and in the same year, Mr. Dana moved to the house [No. 15 on the map] which he had built on the land belonging to his wife, next to the Longfellow House in Cambridge. Here Mr. Dana was not far away from the little old house [No. 16 on the map] at 15 Appian Way, to which his sister Miss Elizabeth Ellery Dana moved in 1908. In Mr. Dana's house on Thanksgiving and Christmas and Easter each year, his cousins and sisters and aunts were all invited to take part in the large family dinners and entertainments, not to mention the children and grandchildren and great-grandchildren of this Richard Henry Dana, 3rd, down to his death in 1931.

In 1940, his house at 113 Brattle Street was sold, passing into excellent hands, but out of the hands of the Dana family. With it went the last remaining bit of land that at one time or another had belonged to the Dana family in Cambridge: land that had been acquired in the 17th Century in Little Cambridge, in the 18th Century in Cambridgeport, and in the 19th Century in Old Cambridge. This passing of the last Dana house and land out of the family in 1940, just 300 years after the coming of the first Dana to Cambridge, marks the close of the three centuries when the various Danas and Dana houses played a not unimportant part in Cambridge life.

THE DANA SAGA

So ends the three-hundred-year long story of the Dana Family in Cambridge: out of the darkness of history a young Englishman emerging, RICHARD DANA, never so English as when shaking the dust of England forever from his feet, turning his face towards the west, crossing an ocean to find a newer and freer world in America, mowing hay along the

salt marshes of the River Charles, building his farm facing westward towards the sunset beyond Nonantum Hill, garnering the produce of these fields into his barn, raising a large family, rising to positions of importance in the New England colony, signing petitions to preserve the liberties of these colonists, and dying of a fall from the scaffold in his barn; — his son, DANIEL DANA, training in the early colonial militia, giving land for a school, laying out roads among the Newton Hills, roads that led ultimately farther and farther west across the continent; — his son, a “Son of Liberty,” RICHARD DANA, defending Anglo-Saxon rights against an English king, forcing a Stamp Act to be repealed, flinging the facts of a Boston Massacre in the face of his fellow Englishmen in England, dying on the eve of an American Revolution; — his son, FRANCIS DANA, again a “Son of Liberty,” in the midst of this Revolution seeking help in England from English Revolutionists, returning to America to urge a Declaration of Independence, visiting Washington during the darkest days at Valley Forge, championing him when others were attacking him in the Continental Congress, seeking recognition for revolutionary America in reactionary Russia, pleading with a reluctant Massachusetts Legislature for support of the American Constitution and the Bill of Rights, gathering his library of books in the Dana Mansion on Dana Hill, and dying there among his books almost forgotten; — RICHARD HENRY DANA, brought up among those books, leading a literary revolution for Romanticism in American Poetry, seated aloof at his library table, loving the melancholy and the mystery of the sea; — his son, RICHARD HENRY DANA, Jr. learning the reality of that sea, sailing as a common seaman two years before the mast, defending the oppressed sailors and the fugitive slaves, sacrificing a lucrative legal career, championing in a skeptical New England the presidency of Abraham Lincoln, as his grandfather had championed George Washington, planning in Rome a masterpiece on international law, and buried among the cypresses of the Protestant Cemetery at Rome; — his son, RICHARD HENRY DANA, 3rd, conscious of having less literary ability than his father or grandfather, devoting himself to advocating fundamental reforms, the reform of the ballot system so as to make elections democratic, the reform of the civil service so as to make democracy efficient, sacrificing his own chances for personal eminence by giving himself in countless worthy causes to the public service of the community at large; — his

children and grandchildren, in turn, shaking the dust of Cambridge from their feet, following the roads that lead westward to Connecticut and New York and California, raising families, building houses and schools, building the world's largest bridges, driving automobiles and flying aeroplanes far afield from Canada to Mexico and from the Atlantic to the Pacific, leaving lingering behind the last of the Cambridge Danas, childless, in this harsh world drawing his breath in pain to tell their story.

Such is the Saga of the Cambridge Danas. Like Galsworthy's *Forsyte Saga* or Eugene O'Neill's *Tale of the Possessors Self-Dispossessed*, the Dana Saga is, from the material point of view, a story of the rise of the Man of Property, the story of the accumulation and the gradual loss of that property. From another angle, however, it is the story of a series of men struggling against almost insurmountable difficulties, seeking to bring about order and justice and intelligence in a world filled with confusion and inequality and ignorance — a series of men baffled and disappointed in their highest ambitions, but bravely keeping their courage.

The story of this gradually disappearing race of Cambridge Danas is set against the background of a rapidly increasing new Cambridge. Something has been charmingly written of the art of "being little in Cambridge when everyone else was big."¹⁰⁴ In this survey of three centuries of the Dana Family in Cambridge, we have passed from the time when the Danas were big people in Little Cambridge, down to the time when we are — all — little people in what has become a Big Cambridge.¹⁰⁵

¹⁰⁴ Eleanor Hallowell Abbott, *Being Little in Cambridge When Everyone Else Was Big*, New York, 1936.

¹⁰⁵ My indebtedness in this paper to my aunt, Miss Elizabeth Ellery Dana, will be obvious to all who know her devoted and painstaking work on Dana Genealogy. Beginning some seventy-five years ago, as a girl of nineteen, by making corrections and additions on the margins and interleaved pages of the *Memoranda of Some of the Descendants of Richard Dana*, which was published in 1865, she continued throughout her life accumulating more and more masses of genealogical data. It was a life-long labor of love. Finally, shortly before her death, in 1939, in the 93rd year of her life, she asked me to complete the work for her. It will now soon be published as a large book of over 600 pages, to be entitled *The Dana Family in America*, and will include pictures of old Dana houses, old portraits, maps, charts, and an index of over 10,000 Dana descendants of whom accounts are given. Miss Dana left to me to write for her the first part of the book (about the pioneer ancestor in America) and the last part (about her own immediate family). It is these parts that form the basis of the present paper; but among the innumerable branches of the Dana Family, it has been possible to follow here only a single line of descent, threading its way like a narrow stream through a vast plain, — a line of descent that may be indicated by the following table:

d'Aunay? (From Aunay in Normandy, France?)

fl.1332 John Daunay (Kendal Parish, England).

fl.1369 William Daunay (Kendal Parish, England).

1535-1611 Edward Dawney (Kendal Parish, England).

1571-1644 Robert Dawney [Dana] (Tanner in Manchester, England) m. Elizabeth Barlowe.

1617-1690 RICHARD DANA (Came to America 1640) m. Anne Bullard.

1664-1749 DANIEL DANA (Farmer in Little Cambridge) m. Naomi Croswell.

1700-1772 RICHARD DANA (Magistrate abolishing Stamp Act) m. Lydia Trowbridge.

1743-1811 FRANCIS DANA (Chief Justice of Massachusetts) m. Elizabeth Ellery.

1787-1879 RICHARD HENRY DANA, 1st. (Poet and Essayist) m. Ruth Charlotte Smith.

1815-1882 RICHARD HENRY DANA, 2nd. (Author and Lawyer) m. Sarah Watson.

1851-1931 RICHARD HENRY DANA, 3rd. (Civil Service Reformer) m. Edith Longfellow.

1879-1933 RICHARD HENRY DANA, 4th. (Architect) m. Ethel Nathalie Smith.

1912- RICHARD HENRY DANA, 5th. (Publisher: Music Press).

ANNUAL REPORTS

REPORT OF THE COUNCIL AND OF THE SECRETARY FOR THE CALENDAR YEAR 1939

DURING THE PAST YEAR there have been four meetings of the Society: January 24, 1939, the Annual Meeting, at the residence of Rev. and Mrs. C. Leslie Glenn; April 25, 1939, at the residence of Mrs. C. J. Enebuske, 55 Garden Street; June 13, 1939, at the residence of Mrs. Henry D. Tudor, 22 Larch Road; and October 31, 1939, at the residence of Prof. and Mrs. George P. Baker, Jr., 10 Coolidge Hill Road.

At the Annual Meeting, Mrs. James L. Moore read a paper on the Fayerweather House. At the April Meeting, Mrs. Claes J. Enebuske, introduced by Miss Lois Lilley Howe, read a paper on Charles Folsom and the McKans, Mrs. Enebuske's grandparents. At the June Meeting, at which members of the Lexington Historical Society were guests, Dr. Samuel A. Eliot conducted an interesting examination into Cambridge history after the manner of "Information! Please." At the October Meeting, Miss Lois Lilley Howe read an account of the life of her father, Dr. Estes Howe. Owing to a conflict between the date set for the celebration of the Fiftieth Anniversary of the Cambridge Social Dramatic Club, and that of the regular October meeting of this Society, the October meeting was transferred from October 24th to October 31st.

To all of the speakers and to the hosts and hostesses at these meetings, the Society is greatly indebted.

There have been six meetings of the Council during the past year, at which only routine business was transacted.

A gift of \$20.00 in memory of Miss Maria Bowen, in accordance

with the vote of the Society at the Annual Meeting, was made to the Community Fund.

The following deaths of members of the Society have been reported to the Secretary:

Mrs. Claes J. Enebuske
Miss Elizabeth E. Dana
Miss Elizabeth Harris
Mrs. Archibald M. Howe

The following resignations were accepted with regret:

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Blackall
Mr. and Mrs. Philip G. Carleton
Mr. and Mrs. Arthur M. Schlesinger
Mrs. Wallace M. Scudder
Mrs. William W. Swan

Mrs. Paul Faude, having returned to Cambridge, was transferred from associate to regular membership. Mrs. Williston Lincoln and Rev. Harold B. Sedgwick, having removed from Cambridge, were transferred from regular to associate membership.

The following were elected to membership in the Society:

Mr. and Mrs. Paul R. Corcoran
Mr. George Milbank Hersey
Mr. and Mrs. Donald Menzel
Mrs. Lucian Rogers
Mr. and Mrs. Edgar V. Seeler

There are 186 regular members of the Society, 7 associate members, and 5 life members.

Respectfully submitted,

ELDON R. JAMES

Secretary

**ANNUAL REPORT OF THE TREASURER
FOR THE YEAR 1939**

RECEIPTS

Cash on Hand, January 1, 1939	\$399.88
Dues and Initiation Fees:	
185 Members @ \$3.00	\$555.00
8 Associate Members @ \$2.00	16.00
8 Initiation Fees @ \$2.00	16.00
4 Back Dues @ \$3.00	12.00
	<hr/>
Overpayment of Dues	3.00
Sale of Proceedings	1.50
Sale of Proceedings	3.00
Sale of Proceedings	1.00
	<hr/>
<i>Total Receipts</i>	<i>\$1,007.38</i>
	<hr/>

EXPENDITURES

Printing	\$ 62.74
Court House Work	48.52
Clerical Work and Supplies	55.29
Additions to and work on Society's Collections	135.39
Community Federation of Boston	20.00
Washington Allston Portrait	24.50
Cost of Publishing Vol. 25, Proceedings	533.42
Miscellaneous	13.25
	<hr/>
<i>Total Expenditures</i>	<i>893.11</i>
	<hr/>
Cash on Hand, December 31, 1939	114.27
	<hr/>
	<i>\$1,007.38</i>
	<hr/>

MARIA BOWEN FUND

	<i>Investments Cost</i>	<i>Cash Income Received</i>	<i>Account Credited</i>
U. S. Savings Bonds	\$5,250.00	0	0
Cambridge Savings Bank	2,241.32	59.68	C. Sav. Bank
Cambridgeport Savings Bank .	1,500.00	37.80	C'port Sav. Bank
East Cambridge Savings Bank .	1,500.00	38.10	E. Camb. Sav. Bank
50 shs 1st Nat'l Bank (Boston)	1,868.75	100.00	Camb. Sav. Bank
5 " State Street Trust Co. .	1,295.00	40.00	" " "
5 " Merchants Nat'l Bank ..	1,715.00	60.00	" " "
	<u><u>\$15,370.07</u></u>	<u><u>\$335.58</u></u>	

GEORGE G. WRIGHT FUND

Balance, Cambridge Savings Bank, when a/c opened — 1/29/38	\$200.00
Interest credited to account 1938	2.50
Interest credited to account 1939	5.09
Balance, Cambridge Savings Bank, 12/31/39	207.59

LIFE MEMBERSHIP FUND

Balance, Cambridge Savings Bank, 12/31/37	772.15
Balance, Cambridge Savings Bank, 12/31/38	783.73
1939 Dividends	19.70
Balance, Cambridge Savings Bank, 12/31/39	803.43

Respectfully submitted,

GEORGE A. MACOMBER

Treasurer

January 23, 1940

AUDITOR'S REPORT

I have audited the account of George A. Macomber, Treasurer of the Cambridge Historical Society, for the year ending December 31st, 1939. All entries were found correct. The balance of One Hundred Fourteen Dollars and Twenty-seven Cents (\$114.27) was verified by the bank statement.

The balance of Eight Hundred Three Dollars and Forty-three Cents (\$803.43) as of December 31st, 1939 in the LIFE MEMBERSHIP FUND was verified by pass book of the Cambridge Savings Bank.

The balance of Two Hundred Seven Dollars and Fifty-nine Cents (\$207.59) in the GEORGE G. WRIGHT FUND was verified by pass book of the Cambridge Savings Bank.

The total cost of the MARIA BOWEN FUND investments amounts to Fifteen Thousand Three Hundred Seventy Dollars and Seven Cents (\$15,370.07), and the Cash Income for the year amounts to Three Hundred Thirty-five Dollars and Fifty-eight Cents (\$335.58). These balances have been verified by the respective pass books.

Respectfully submitted,

EDWARD INGRAHAM

Auditor

January 23, 1940

LIST OF MEMBERS

ACTIVE MEMBERS

Marion Stanley Abbot
Annie Elizabeth Allen
Glover Morrill Allen
Sarah Cushing (Mrs. G. M.) Allen
Mary Almy
Dwight Hayward Andrews
Helen Diman (Mrs. I. W.) Bailey
Mary Emory Batchelder (L)
Elizabeth Chadwick Beale
Joseph Henry Beale
Mabel Anzonella (Mrs. S.) Bell
Stoughton Bell
Annie Whitney (Mrs. J. C.) Bennett
Alexander Harvey Bill
Caroline Eliza Bill
Marion Edgerly (Mrs. A. H.) Bill
Albert Henry Blevins
Beatrice (Mrs. A. H.) Blevins
Walter Benjamin Briggs
Mary Frances (Mrs. E. H.) Bright
Jessie Waterman (Mrs. Wm. F.) Brooks
Joseph Frank Brown
Martha Thacher Brown
Josephine Freeman Bumstead
Bertha Close (Mrs. G. H.) Bunton
George Herbert Bunton
David Eugene Burr
Eleanor Sheridan (Mrs. D. E.) Burr
Carroll Luther Chase
Louise Fletcher (Mrs. C. L.) Chase
Philip Putnam Chase
Margaret Elizabeth Cogswell
Ada Louise Comstock
Frank Gaylord Cook
Paul Reid Corcoran
Mrs. Paul R. Corcoran
Fannie Elizabeth Corne
J. Linda Corne
Elizabeth Bent (Mrs. G. W.) Cram
Sally Adams (Mrs. C. F.) Cushman
Henry Wadsworth Longfellow Dana (L)
Mary Deane Dexter
Laura Howland Dudley
Frances Hopkinson (Mrs. S. A.) Eliot
Samuel Atkins Eliot
Emmons Raymond Ellis
Frances White (Mrs. Wm.) Emerson
William Emerson
Pearl Brock Fabrney
Claire (Mrs. P.) Faude
Charles Norman Fay
Lillian Hale (Mrs. C. N.) Fay
Eunice Whitney (Mrs. C. C.) Felton

[L indicates Life Member]

*Allyn Bailey Forbes
 Lois Whitney (Mrs. A. B.) Forbes
 Edward Waldo Forbes
 Worthington Chauncey Ford
 Frances Fowler
 Mary Hamilton Frye
 Dana Taylor Gallup
 Alice Howland (Mrs. H. G.) Garrett
 Jane Bowler (Mrs. R.) Gilman
 Roger Gilman
 Charles Leslie Glenn
 Mrs. C. Leslie Glenn
 Louis Lawrence Green
 Virginia Tanner (Mrs. L. L.) Green
 Lillian Helen Hadley
 Charles Lane Hanson
 Albert Bushnell Hart
 Henry Melvin Hart, Jr.
 Jeannette M. Hart
 Mary White (Mrs. H. M.) Hart
 Mary Davis (Mrs. F. B.) Hawley
 Florence Wilhelmina (Mrs. N.) Heard
 Nathan Heard
 Frank Wilson Cheney Hersey
 George Milbank Hersey
 Stanley Barbour Hildreth
 Leslie White Hopkinson
 Lois Lilley Howe
 Eda Woolson (Mrs. B. S.) Hurlbut
 Edward Ingraham
 Elsie Powell (Mrs. E.) Ingraham
 Pauline Fay (Mrs. A. L.) Jackson
 Eldon Revare James
 Phila Smith (Mrs. E. R.) James
 James Richard Jewett
 Ethel Robinson (Mrs. W. S.) Jones
 Mabel Augusta Jones
 Wallace St. Clair Jones
 Albert Guy Keith
 Edith Seavey (Mrs. A. G.) Keith
 Justine Frances (Mrs. F. S.) Kershaw
 Abbott Lawrence Lowell
 Edward Francis McClennen
 Mary Crane (Mrs. E. F.) McClennen
 Elizabeth MacFarlane
 Ethel May MacLeod
 Ella Sewell Slingluff (Mrs. G. A.) Macomber
 George Arthur Macomber
 Winifred Smith (Mrs. M. W.) Mather
 Donald Howard Menzel
 Florence K (Mrs. D. H.) Menzel
 Louis Joseph Alexandre Mercier
 Helen Bonney (Mrs. H.) Montgomery
 Hugh Montgomery, Jr.
 James Buell Munn
 Ruth C. Hanford (Mrs. J. B.) Munn
 Henry Allison Nealley
 Mary Liscomb (Mrs. H. A.) Nealley
 Arthur Boylston Nichols
 Emily Alan Smith (Mrs. J. T. G.) Nichols
 Gertrude Fuller (Mrs. A. B.) Nichols
 John Taylor Gilman Nichols
 Albert Perley Norris
 Grace Wyeth (Mrs. A. P.) Norris
 Margaret Norton
 James Atkins Noyes
 Penelope Barker Noyes
 Mary Woolson (Mrs. J. L.) Paine
 Frederica Watson (Mrs. Wm. L.) Payson
 William Lincoln Payson
 Fanny Carleton (Mrs. Wm. H.) Pear
 William Hesseltine Pear
 Bradford Hendrick Peirce (L)
 Elizabeth Entwistle (Mrs. L. T.) Pennington
 Leslie Talbot Pennington*

Elizabeth Bridge Piper
Bremer Whidden Pond
Lucy Kingsley (Mrs. A. K.) Porter
David Thomas Pottinger
Mildred Clark (Mrs. D. T.) Pottinger
Lucy Berry (Mrs. R.) Pound
Roscoe Pound
Alice Edmonds Putnam
Harry Seaton Rand
Mabel Mawhinney (Mrs. H. S.) Rand
Edward Harry Redstone
Harriette Byron Taber (Mrs. F. A.) Richardson
Fred Norris Robinson
Katharine Wetherill (Mrs. L.) Rogers
Clyde Orval Ruggles
Frances Holmes (Mrs. C. O.) Ruggles
Gertrude (Mrs. J. C.) Runkle
John Cornelius Runkle
Paul Joseph Sachs
Mary Ware (Mrs. R. deW.) Sampson
Frank Berry Sanborn
Grace Cobb (Mrs. F. B.) Sanborn
Francis Bowes Sayre, Jr.
Eric Schroeder
Gilbert Campbell Scoggins
Susan Child (Mrs. G. C.) Scoggins
Edgar Viguers Seeler, Jr.
Katherine Per Lee (Mrs. E. V.) Seeler
Martha Sever
Eugenia Jackson (Mrs. P. P.) Sharples
Philip Price Sharples
Katherine Vosburgh Spencer
Willard Hatch Sprague

Dora Stewart
Eliza Ware (Mrs. Wm. R.) Thayer
Alice Allegra Thorp
Alfred Martin Tozzer
Eleanor Gray (Mrs. H. D.) Tudor (L)
Kenneth Shaw Usher
Mary Wellington (Mrs. K. S.) Usher
Bertha Hallowell Vaughan
Maude Batchelder (Mrs. C. P.) Vosburgh
Mary Richardson (Mrs. R.) Walcott
Robert Walcott
Grace Reed (Mrs. J. H.) Walden
Frank De Witt Washburn
Henry Bradford Washburn
Olive Ely Allen (Mrs. F. D.) Washburn
Frederica Davis (Mrs. T. R.) Watson
Jenny Chamberlain Watts
Kenneth Grant Tremayne Webster
Alice Maud (Mrs. M. P.) White (L)
Alice Babson (Mrs. W. S.) Whittemore
William Stewart Whittemore
Olive Swan (Mrs. J. B.) Williams
Samuel Williston
Grace Davenport (Mrs. H. J.) Winslow
Henry Joshua Winslow
Grace A. Wood
John William Wood, Jr.
Charles Henry Conrad Wright
Elizabeth Woodman (Mrs. C. H. C.) Wright

ASSOCIATE MEMBERS

Winifred Campbell (Mrs. H. R.) Bailey
Annabel Perry (Mrs. C. H.) Bonney
Harold Clarke Durrell

Francis Apthorp Foster
Helen Wood (Mrs. W.) Lincoln
Bertram Kimball Little
Nina Fletcher (Mrs. B. K.) Little

Harold Bend Sedgwick

BY-LAWS

As adopted June 17, 1905, with amendments to date.

I. CORPORATE NAME

The name of this corporation shall be "The Cambridge Historical Society."

II. OBJECT

The Corporation is constituted for the purpose of collecting and preserving Books, Manuscripts, and other Memorials, of procuring the publication and distribution of the same, and generally of promoting interest and research, in relation to the history of Cambridge in said Commonwealth.

III. REGULAR MEMBERSHIP

Any resident of, or person having a usual place of business in, the City of Cambridge, Massachusetts, shall be eligible for regular membership in this Society. Nominations for such membership shall be made in writing to any member of the Council, and the persons so nominated may be elected at any meeting of the Council by a vote of two-thirds of the members present and voting. Persons so elected shall become members upon signing the By-laws and paying the fees therein prescribed.

Amended, October 27, 1925.

IV. LIMIT OF REGULAR MEMBERSHIP

The regular membership of this Society shall be limited to two hundred and twenty-five.

Amended, April 24, 1928.

V. HONORARY MEMBERSHIP

Any person nominated by the Council may be elected an honorary member at any meeting of the Society by a vote of two-thirds of the members present and voting. Honorary members shall be exempt from paying any fees, shall not be eligible for office, and shall have no interest in the property of the Society and no right to vote.

VI. ASSOCIATE MEMBERSHIP

Any person who is neither a resident of, nor has a usual place of business in, the City of Cambridge, Massachusetts, but is either a native, or formerly had a residence or a usual place of business there for at least five years, shall be eligible to associate membership in the Society. Nominations for such membership shall be made in writing to any member of the Council and the persons so nominated may be elected at any meeting of the Council by a vote of two-thirds of the members present and voting. Associate members shall be liable for an annual assessment of two dollars each payable in advance at the annual meeting, but shall be liable for no other fees or assessments, and shall not be eligible for office and shall have no interest in the property of the Society and no right to vote.

Adopted, April 24, 1906; amended, October 22, 1907; amended, October 27, 1925.

VII. SEAL

The seal of the Society shall be: Within a circle bearing the name of the Society and the date 1905, a shield bearing a representation of the Daye Printing Press and crest of two books surmounted by a Greek lamp, with a representation of Massachusetts Hall on the dexter and a representation of the fourth meeting house of the First Church in Cambridge on the sinister, and, underneath, a scroll bearing the words *Scripta Manent*.

Adopted, April 24, 1906.

VIII. OFFICERS

The officers of this Corporation shall be a Council of thirteen members, having the powers of directors, elected by the Society, and a President, three Vice-Presidents, a Secretary with the powers of Clerk, a Treasurer, an Editor, and a Curator, elected out of the Council by the Society. All the above officers shall be chosen by ballot at the Annual Meeting, and shall hold office for the term of one year and until their successors shall be elected and qualified. The Council shall have power to fill all vacancies.

Amended, January 24, 1939.

IX. DUTY OF PRESIDENT AND VICE-PRESIDENT

The President shall preside at all meetings of the Society and shall be Chairman of the Council. In case of the death, absence or incapacity of the President, his powers shall be exercised by the Vice-Presidents, respectively, in the order of their election.

X. DUTY OF SECRETARY

The Secretary shall keep the records and conduct the correspondence of the Society and of the Council. He shall give to each member of the Society written notice of its meetings. He shall also present a written report of the year at each Annual Meeting.

XI. DUTY OF TREASURER

The Treasurer shall have charge of the funds and securities, and shall keep in proper books the accounts of the Corporation. He shall receive and collect all fees and other dues owing to it, and all donations and testamentary gifts made to it. He shall make all investments and disbursements of its funds, but only with the approval of the Council. He shall give the Society a bond, in amount and with sureties satisfactory to the Council, conditioned for the proper performance of his duties. He shall make a written report at each Annual Meeting. Such report shall be audited prior to the Annual Meeting by one or more auditors appointed by the Council.

XII. DUTY OF EDITOR

The Editor shall have charge, under the direction of the Council, of the preparation for the press of the Society's proceedings and of their printing, publication and distribution, as well as of the printing and distribution of other pamphlets and books issued by the Society for general circulation.

Adopted, January 24, 1939.

XIII. DUTY OF CURATOR

The Curator shall have charge, under the direction of the Council, of all Books, Manuscripts, and other Memorials of the Society, except the records and books kept by the Secretary and Treasurer. He shall present a written report at each Annual Meeting.

XIV. DUTY OF COUNCIL

The Council shall have the general management of the property and affairs of the Society, shall arrange for the meetings, and shall present for election from time to time the names of persons deemed qualified for honorary membership. The Council shall present a written report of the year at each Annual Meeting.

XV. MEETINGS

The Annual Meeting shall be held on the fourth Tuesday in January in each year. Other regular meetings shall be held on the fourth Tuesdays of April and October of each year, unless the President otherwise directs. Special meetings may be called by the President or by the Council.

Amended, April 24, 1906; amended, October 31, 1922.

XVI. QUORUM

At meetings of the Society ten members and at meetings of the Council four members shall constitute a quorum.

Amended, January 23, 1912.

XVII. FEES

The fee of initiation shall be two dollars. There shall also be an annual assessment of three dollars, payable in advance at the Annual Meeting; but any Regular member shall be exempted from the annual payment if at any time after his admission, he shall pay into the Treasury Fifty dollars in addition to his previous payments; and any Associate member shall be similarly exempted on payment of Twenty-five dollars. All commutations shall be and remain permanently funded, the interest only to be used for current expenses.

Amended, October 22, 1907; amended, October 26, 1909.

XVIII. RESIGNATION OF MEMBERSHIP

All resignations of membership must be in writing, provided, however, that failure to pay the annual assessment within six months after the Annual Meeting may, in the discretion of the Council, be considered a resignation of membership.

XIX. DISSOLUTION

If at any time the active membership falls below ten, this Society may be dissolved at the written request of three members, according to the laws and statutes of this Commonwealth.

Adopted, October 27, 1925.

XX. DISPOSITION OF PROPERTY UPON DISSOLUTION

Upon dissolution of the Society, the books, manuscripts, collections, the invested and other funds of the Society, and such other property as it may have, shall be transferred to such institution or institutions doing similar work as may seem best to the members of the Society.

Adopted, October 27, 1925; amended, January 24, 1939.

XXI. AMENDMENT OF BY-LAWS

These By-laws may be amended at any meeting by a vote of two-thirds of the members present and voting, provided that the substance of the proposed amendment shall have been inserted in the call for such meeting.

CAMBRIDGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

PUBLICATIONS, VOLUME 27

Proceedings for the Year 1941



CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS
PUBLISHED BY THE SOCIETY

1942



Andrew Craigie

CAMBRIDGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

PUBLICATIONS, VOLUME 27

Proceedings for the Year 1941



CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS
PUBLISHED BY THE SOCIETY
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PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

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THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

PROCEEDINGS FOR THE YEAR 1941

ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-FIFTH MEETING

THIRTY-SIXTH ANNUAL MEETING

THE THIRTY-SIXTH ANNUAL MEETING OF THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY was held January 28, 1941, at the residence of Professor and Mrs. James B. Munn, 58 Garden Street.

President Walcott called on Miss Howe for a report on the activities of the Tercentennial Committee on Historic Houses.

The Secretary then presented his report for 1940 and that of the Council, which were received and ordered filed.

The Treasurer then presented his report together with that of Mr. Edward Ingraham, Auditor. This report showed a balance of \$407.31 in the Society's checking account in the Harvard Trust Company.

The income of the Maria Bowen Fund for 1940 was \$340.03, which having been added to the Fund, makes the total amount as of December 31, 1940, \$16,175.05.

The total amount of the George White Fund, the Life Membership Fund, the Historic Houses Fund, and the Elizabeth E. Dana Fund, on December 31, 1940, was \$3,415.79.

The reports of the Treasurer and of the Auditor were received and ordered filed.

Before calling for the report of the Nominating Committee, the President mentioned the fact that Mr. David T. Pottinger was retiring as Editor of the Society's publications after eleven years of efficient and

highly successful service. The Society is greatly indebted to Mr. Pottinger, who has brought the publication of the Society's Proceedings up to date, a record not approached in some of the leading historical societies of the country. Fortunately, Mr. Pottinger has kindly consented to see the volume of Proceedings for the past year through the press.

It was voted that the Society regrets the retirement of Mr. Pottinger and that he be given a vote of thanks for the valuable services rendered by him as Editor.

The Secretary then read the report of the Nominating Committee — Alexander H. Bill, Allyn B. Forbes and Edward F. McClenen — who nominated the following:

For President	HON. ROBERT WALCOTT
For Vice-Presidents	{ JOSEPH H. BEALE FRANK GAYLORD COOK MISS LOIS LILLEY HOWE
For Secretary	ELDON R. JAMES
For Treasurer	JOHN T. GILMAN NICHOLS
For Curator	WALTER B. BRIGGS
For Editor	CHARLES LANE HANSON
For Members of Council: the foregoing and	
REV. SAMUEL A. ELIOT	MISS ELIZABETH B. PIPER
REV. LESLIE T. PENNINGTON	MRS. CHARLES P. VOSBURGH
ROGER GILMAN	

There being no further nominations, it was unanimously voted that the Secretary cast one ballot for those named by the Committee. Upon the report by the Secretary that he had cast a ballot for those nominated, they were accordingly declared elected officers of the Cambridge Historical Society for the ensuing year.

The President then presented Professor Julian L. Coolidge, who read a very interesting paper on Washington in New England.*

After extending the thanks of the Society to Professor Coolidge and Professor and Mrs. Munn, the meeting adjourned for refreshments.

* The paper was printed in April, 1941, in Vol. XLIX, No. 2, of "The Virginia Magazine of History and Biography" by The Virginia Historical Society, Richmond, Va.

ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-SIXTH MEETING

THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY met on April 22, 1941, at the Fogg Art Museum, Quincy Street, as the guests of Miss Laura H. Dudley and Miss Elizabeth B. Piper. There were more than ninety in attendance.

The meeting was called to order by President Walcott shortly after 8:00 P.M.

The minutes of the previous meeting were read and approved.

The Secretary then read the following resolution, passage of which had been recommended to the Society by the Council:

"Whereas at the last meeting of this Society, its Editor, Mr. David T. Pottinger, retired from office after many years of devoted and efficient service, and

"Whereas with diligence and care he has brought to date the publications of the Proceedings of this Society, and in his current issue has arranged and presented a new format of rare excellence — a high standard for future publications,

"Now therefore be it resolved that the thanks of the Society be tendered to Mr. Pottinger for the care, zeal, taste, and skill that he has expended out of his strenuous business life in the unselfish service of this Society, and that this resolution be spread upon the records of the Society, and that the Secretary be requested to send a copy to Mr. Pottinger."

Upon motion, the resolution was unanimously adopted.

The President then introduced Mr. Edward W. Forbes, Director of the Fogg Art Museum, who spoke most interestingly on the Beginnings of the Art Department and the Fogg Museum of Art at Harvard. The address was illustrated with a number of interesting lantern slides.

After voting the thanks of the Society to Mr. Forbes, Miss Dudley and Miss Piper, the meeting adjourned to the Naumberg Room for refreshments.

ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-SEVENTH MEETING

THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY met at Elmwood on June 3, 1941, for its June Meeting and Garden Party, as the guests of Mrs. A. Kingsley Porter. There were more than ninety members and guests present.

The meeting, which was held in the Music Room, was called to order by President Walcott shortly after four o'clock, P.M.

The minutes of the previous meeting were read and approved.

The Curator, Mr. Briggs, made a short report as to gifts received and also reported the purchase of a Warrant of the Town of Cambridge which, among other matters, proposed a committee to visit General Washington to ascertain what lands he planned to use for military operations during the coming year.

The President then introduced Mr. Walter B. Briggs, the Curator of the Society, and formerly Associate Librarian of the Harvard College Library, who had considerable difficulty in finding a satisfactory position from which to speak, in the search for which he was ably assisted by various members of the audience. Mr. Briggs spoke most entertainingly of his experiences in the Harvard College Library from 1886 to 1936. Photographs of Elmwood in James Russell Lowell's time, and also of distinguished personages associated with the Harvard College Library, gathered by Mr. Briggs from the collections of the Library, were displayed.

After votes of thanks to Mrs. Porter and Mr. Briggs, the afternoon being fine, the Society adjourned to the lawn for refreshments.

ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-EIGHTH MEETING

THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY met on October 28, 1941, at the Craigie House as the guests of Mr. H. W. L. Dana. The meeting was called to order by President Walcott promptly at 8:00 o'clock P.M.

There were more than one hundred members and guests present.

The minutes of the previous meeting were read and approved.

The President announced the appointment of the following as a Nominating Committee to nominate officers of the Society for 1942: Mr. Alexander H. Bill, Chairman; Miss Mary Deane Dexter; Hon. Franklin T. Hammond.

The President then introduced Dr. Frederick Haven Pratt, who read a delightfully interesting paper entitled "The Craigies," transcribing many of the letters of Mary (Polly) Allen, the unacknowledged daughter of Andrew Craigie.

There was a very extensive exhibition of Craigie memorabilia, contributed for the occasion by various persons and organizations. Attention was called to this exhibition by Mr. H. W. L. Dana.

The thanks of the Society were voted to Dr. Pratt, to those who had so kindly contributed the articles and photographs exhibited, and to Mr. Dana. The meeting then adjourned for refreshments.

PAPERS READ DURING THE YEAR 1941

THE BEGINNINGS OF THE ART DEPARTMENT AND OF THE FOGG MUSEUM OF ART AT HARVARD

BY EDWARD W. FORBES

Read April 22, 1941

AN INTERESTING FACT in the history of the Fogg Museum of Art at Harvard University is that certain families, through different generations, have been associated with its development. Charles Eliot Norton, the first professor of Fine Arts at Harvard, his son Richard, and President Eliot, a first cousin of Professor Norton's, all played an important part in the Museum's history. In later years Professor Norton's sister, Miss Grace Norton, two of his daughters, Miss Elizabeth Norton and Miss Margaret Norton, and his nephew, Francis Bullard of the class of 1886, a distinguished print collector, have been benefactors of the Museum.

In the Museum's early history the Prichard family of Concord played an important role and the Randall family also played a part. Associated with them in one way or another were the Emerson and Hoar families. The family of the vigorous old Squire Hoar of Concord intermarried with the Prichard family. His daughter Elizabeth was engaged to Charles Chauncy Emerson, but he died before their marriage. Judge William Emerson, the older brother of Charles, was a partner of William M. Prichard of the class of 1833. They practised law in New York. William Prichard was the first man to bequeath a sum of money to Harvard, the whole income from which was to be used for the purchase of works of art. It is said moreover that this same William Prichard advised the

widow of William Hayes Fogg, whose lawyer he was, to leave her money to Harvard for an art museum to be known as the William Hayes Fogg Art Museum.

Langdon Warner of the Fogg Museum is a nephew of members of the Prichard and Hoar families, and I am a nephew of William Prichard's partner, so the connection continues to the present day.

Dr. John Witt Randall of Boston of the Harvard class of 1834 was a friend of the Emersons and doubtless of the Prichards. His sister, Belinda Randall, was a great friend of Elizabeth Hoar's. Dr. Randall made a notable collection of prints which he left to the Fogg Museum. I have recently been reading letters of Ralph Waldo Emerson in which he mentioned his pleasure in looking over, at his house in Concord, the engravings belonging to Dr. Randall.

The first benefactor of the Museum was Francis Calley Gray of the class of 1807, who built up a distinguished collection of prints and engravings and was the first person to leave an important collection of works of art to Harvard.

The famous Professor Louis Agassiz came from Switzerland to America. Soon after his arrival he married Elizabeth Cary and lived on Oxford Street, Cambridge. Later, some time between 1851 and 1857, while Alexander, his son by his first wife, was a student at Harvard, he moved to the corner of Quincy Street and Broadway, where a part of the present Fogg Museum stands. Louis Agassiz and his son, it is hardly necessary to say, demonstrated the fact than an individual, starting with nothing, can build up a great university museum.

James Russell Lowell, the poet, lived in Elmwood, the beautiful colonial mansion. A. Kingsley Porter, the distinguished professor of mediaeval art, who was appointed to the Harvard Fine Arts Department in 1920, lived there a few years and then bought it, in 1925, and placed in the house his important collection of books, papers, and photographs, and some valuable works of art. He bequeathed the house and collections to the University, subject to the life estate of his widow, who now lives there and carries on his work.

The brother of James Russell Lowell lived on Quincy Street in the wooden house which still stands between the Faculty Club and the Fogg Museum. A member of the Lowell family married George Putnam, and I remember when I was in college going into that house as the guest of

the Putnams. Later, Professor Farlow, the famous botanist, occupied the house. The Corporation of Harvard has given the Directors of the Museum to understand that if and when the present Fogg Museum is so enlarged that more land is needed, we may expect to be allowed to expand with an arcade running along Prescott Street to the old Lowell House, through the new wing which will be placed on this site and along Quincy Street, back to join the present building, leaving the open garden enclosed by the Museum buildings and arcade. We have already had our architect make plans for this proposed development, which will make a reality of a dream I used to have during the two years when I was a student at Oxford — that some day Harvard should have at least one enclosed garden adjoining one of the University buildings.

To return to the Lowells: A. Lawrence Lowell was the President of Harvard during whose administration the present Fogg Museum was built and who allowed us to make these plans for expansion.

Referring to the Agassizs: Mr. and Mrs. Louis Agassiz started a school for girls in their Quincy Street house, I suppose about 1855 or 1856. This became popular with girls from Boston, and some came from Concord, including the two Emerson sisters. One of them was my Mother. In October, 1858, she journeyed from Concord every day to attend the school, but soon after she came to board with Mrs. Lowell on Quincy Street, about one hundred yards from her school. So now I sit in my office in the building on the site of the schoolhouse and look out of my window at the house where my Mother, the pupil, lived. Once my Mother told me that not infrequently early in the morning from her chamber window on Quincy Street she saw my Father, then a Harvard undergraduate, on his way to Chapel. Whether he thought that Quincy Street was included in the straight line from Holworthy Hall to the recently built Appleton Chapel is not known.

Mrs. Agassiz, as is well known, was one of the important forces in the building up of Radcliffe College, whose many students are today familiar figures in the Fogg Museum. The elder daughter, Ida Agassiz, married Henry L. Higginson, the great benefactor of Harvard and of the Boston Symphony Orchestra; the younger daughter, Pauline, married Quincy Shaw, who made the famous collection of Millets and other works of art now in the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston.

Members of these families, the Gray, the Lowell, the Agassiz, in different generations, have been good friends to the Museum.

It would take too long even to try to give a history of the beginning of the interest in art in the Puritan community of Boston, the city in which Copley and Stuart painted, but it is known that Washington Allston, of the class of 1800, a magnetic and fascinating personality who had studied art in Europe, succeeded in arousing a lively interest here in the early years of the nineteenth century. A few of the well-to-do Bostonians, like George Ticknor, as well as Francis Calley Gray and Dr. John Witt Randall, began to collect works of art.

Winslow Homer was a Cambridge boy, born in 1836. As an artist, however, he did not concern himself with Cambridge, but we are fortunate in having some of his fine paintings in the Museum.

William Morris Hunt was a versatile man of great charm, and an artist to his finger tips; he sang delightfully with his guitar. He was born in 1820 and started to study at Harvard but did not find academic work wholly to his taste. His Mother took him and the rest of her family to Europe for a number of years. Hunt stayed on and worked in Paris with Couture, and later at Barbizon with Jean François Millet. It was he who recommended the work of Millet, before he was famous in France, to Quincy Shaw and others when they started collecting works of art. Hunt started a school of art for young ladies in Boston, and about forty joined the class, of whom my Mother was one. He was not especially interested in the Museum School when it opened later; it was too academic for his sensitive and imaginative nature. His brother, Richard Hunt, was the architect of the original Fogg Museum.

In 1870 two important events took place in the museum world. On February 4 the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston was incorporated. About two months later, on April 13, the Metropolitan Museum of Art was founded in New York. But they were not the earliest museums in the United States. The Wadsworth Atheneum of Hartford, Connecticut, was incorporated in 1842 and the gallery was opened to the public in 1844.

The Boston Athenaeum, founded in 1807, like the Wadsworth Atheneum was an example of the combination of Library and Museum which had grown up in various parts of the country in earlier days.

Professor Charles Eliot Norton was the great pioneer in the teach-

ing of art in America. In 1874 he was appointed by the Corporation Lecturer on the History of the Fine Arts as Connected with Literature.

"There was already in the University an instructor in freehand drawing and water color, Charles Herbert Moore, who had been appointed in 1871; but until 1874 he had taught in the Lawrence Scientific School exclusively, and the instruction which he offered was not open to undergraduates in Harvard College. Norton immediately saw the desirability of coöperating with Moore, thus establishing from the very beginning a principle which has ever since been followed by the Division, namely, that instruction in the history of art should be accompanied by instruction in theory and principles, that the training of eye and hand is no less important than the training of memory."*

I have often heard it said that if you should ask almost any Harvard graduate of the classes between 1875 and 1895 from which course he got the most in college, he would be pretty sure to say "Professor Norton's course," and this response would come from doctors, lawyers, and men engaged in business and other affairs.

Dr. Chase ** says of him, "He never hesitated to turn aside from the subject in hand to comment on current events and matters of public or academic interest, so that his courses covered a much wider range than is suggested by their titles. Many a graduate of the last quarter of the nineteenth century recalls his attendance on Norton's lectures as an experience which opened to him a new world."

His lectures were given with practically no visual illustration. I took his classical course in 1892-1893 and was deeply interested. The only visual impression that I remember having received was from a visit to the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston, where I went one day obeying his instructions. All that sticks in my mind is a long dismal row of plaster casts of Greek and Roman heads. But at the end of the year I went over with a younger brother to join the rest of my family in England. Our family had been separated for a year. On the first afternoon in London one of my older brothers invited his three younger brothers to go to Paul Boynton's World Wide Water Show. I said "No, thank you. I cannot wait a minute longer," and took a hansom cab to the British

* Dr. George H. Chase in the "Development of Harvard University, 1869-1929" edited by Samuel Eliot Morison, pages 130 and 131.

** See page 131 of the above reference.

Museum to see the Parthenon marbles. The others went to the World Wide Water Show.

In 1894-1895 I took Professor Norton's Mediaeval and Renaissance course with profit and pleasure. It was given in Sanders Theatre, the only hall in the University large enough to hold the large number that gathered to attend the course. Norton said, when he saw the sea of faces looking up at him on the first day of the course, "This is a sad sight," for he well knew that many of the students were there because they thought the course would be a "snap." But it was a case of "those who came to scoff remained to pray." Thousands of such young scapegraces who listened to Norton over a period of twenty years, even though they were occasionally annoyed at his attacks on the crudeness of our civilization, lived to feel that he gave them one of the great experiences of their lives — a lasting interest in art.

Several of his pupils attained distinction in the field of art; one turned to the Orient, another to Classical Art, others to Renaissance or Modern Art, for he had struck the spark that started the fire. This great teacher finally gave up his famous Fine Arts courses in 1898, three years after the first Fogg Museum was opened.

William Hayes Fogg was born in Berwick, Maine, in 1817. He became a successful manufacturer, travelled with his wife, and bought a few works of art. He died in 1884, and, as I have already stated, his widow, at the advice of William Prichard, left her money to establish the Fogg Museum of Art. She died in 1891.

The story is that the Corporation of Harvard found this bequest a little embarrassing. A Committee of two was appointed to plan the Museum. Those two men were both Trustees of the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston and both firmly believed that there was room for only one art museum in an American city of the size of Boston in the 1890's. So they were confronted with a problem. As honourable Trustees of course they had to do the best that they could with the money at their disposal. It is interesting to note that even so short a time ago, these two men, both lovers of art, could not foresee to what an extent the interest in the Fine Arts would grow in the college of which they were graduates. They were both sensitive collectors and one of them showed the delicacy of his perceptions by making an exquisite collection of Blakes.

Richard Hunt, the brother of William Morris Hunt, as I have said,

was employed as architect of the proposed museum. It was the consensus of opinion that a university art museum should contain a lecture hall, a large hall on the main floor for casts, a room on the second floor for photographs, and a few small rooms for various purposes and offices.

We wonder today whether future generations will criticize us for the inadequacy of our plans for the Museum of 1927.

The first building is familiar to you all. It was the Fogg Museum from 1895 to 1927 and now it is known as Hunt Hall and is used by the Architectural Department. It had a pediment on the back part of the building which you could see over the front part from across Kirkland Street, but as you approached the building it vanished. So the Museum was spoken of as the building with the disappearing pediment.

Professor Norton, it seems, was not consulted by the Committee of the Corporation. He did not think the building was suited for its purpose and wrote a vigorous note of protest, but in vain. It was said that he once remarked that the only merit that the Fogg Museum had was that it hid *some* of the horrors of Appleton Chapel. Later the students called it Norton's Pet, not because he was fond of it but because he got into a pet at the very sound of its name.

The Fogg Museum was opened in the autumn of 1895. It was the headquarters of the work of the Fine Arts Department and has continued to be so ever since. When Professor Norton gave up teaching in 1898 Professor Edward Robinson took over his course on Ancient Art, and Professor Charles H. Moore his course on Mediaeval and Renaissance Art. In 1902 Robinson resigned and became Director of the Museum of Fine Arts and Dr. George H. Chase began his long career as teacher of Classical Art in place of Robinson. Professor Moore continued to give his course until 1909, when he retired from the Department. Meanwhile Dr. Denman Waldo Ross gave a course in the theory of Design, primarily for the students in the Architectural School. Martin Mower and Arthur Pope, of the class of 1901, were Professor Moore's assistants in these early days; in 1905 Mr. Pope gave his first course on Landscape Painting, and in 1909 he and Chandler Post of the class of 1904 gave a course on Italian Painting together. Thus the group of younger men gradually began to take the place of the older generation.

As for the Museum, the original bequest of \$220,000 was used as follows: \$150,000 for the building itself; \$20,000 for the furniture, in-

cluding plaster casts; \$50,000 as the principal of the Fogg Fund, to be kept for the maintenance of the building.

Professor Charles H. Moore, the first Director, began to work on the problem of getting the Gray and Randall Collections of prints, numbering together nearly 28,000, into the Fogg Museum. When the bequests were originally made the Gray Collection was placed in old Gore Hall, the Harvard College Library of that day, as the only suitable place in which to keep it. In 1870 one of the arguments for the need of a museum in Boston used by those who started the Boston Museum was the existence of the Gray Collection stored in the Harvard Library in such a way that the prints could not be properly exhibited to the public. So when the Boston Museum was built, this collection was transferred there, and I believe that it contained some of the most distinguished works of art in the Boston Museum of those days. The Randall Collection, on the death of Dr. Randall in 1892, was placed in the Boston Museum. Naturally the Trustees of the Museum of Fine Arts were not eager to have the collections taken away from them, but in 1897 Professor Moore won his battle and persuaded the Corporation of Harvard to have them brought back to Cambridge and placed in the Fogg Museum. Other collections were soon started. Edward P. Warren of the class of 1883 lent some Greek vases, and in 1897-1898 Professor Norton and Professor Moore purchased a drawing by Prout and a water colour by William Hunt, the English artist.

In 1899 I began to lend Italian paintings and Greek sculpture to the Museum. It came about in this way. I had taken little interest in art until I was about twenty years old. I enjoyed the pictures of William Morris Hunt which hung in the houses of our family, for he was a great friend of my Grandfather and Grandmother and frequently visited them. One of my earliest recollections is sitting opposite this elderly white-bearded man when I was four or five years old on one occasion when he came to lunch at my Father's house. At the age of twenty I began to sketch and in 1895 became interested in the Barbizon masters and even more so in Murillo. In the autumn of 1898 I had a great desire to go to Italy. As I had taken Professor Norton's courses and heard so much about Italian art I was eager to spend a winter in Italy studying the language, literature, and art of that country. In Florence I was deeply impressed with the beauty of the works of the Florentine mas-

ters, and, when later I went to Rome and introduced myself to Richard Norton, who was then a Professor at the American Academy in Rome, I asked him why none of these early Italian pictures were in America, for I had never heard of the Jarves Collection which was at Yale at that time and I did not know that Mrs. Gardner had already begun to collect. Norton replied that the pictures were there, in Italy, and that it was only necessary to buy them. My Father had died the previous year and as I lived with my Mother my expenses were very small. So, when I found that good Italian pictures could be bought for very low prices — prices that now seem microscopic in comparison with the fabulous amounts paid for pictures in recent years — it occurred to me that I might try to bring some to America. I began therefore by getting three or four inexpensive pictures that first year and persuaded members of my family to help me out by getting one or two more. Then the question was, what to do with them. There was no room for them in my Mother's house and I told Norton that I planned to offer to lend them to the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston. He said, "Why lend them there? They will be lost in a mess of second-rate pictures," for in those days the Boston Museum contained little of distinction. He said, "Why not start fresh in the Fogg Museum?" I had never been in the Fogg Museum, for it had opened three or four months after I was graduated from College. So I wrote to Professor Moore and asked him if he would care to accept the pictures as loans; he replied that he would. For the next seven or eight years I made it my pleasure to buy what I could afford, perhaps one or two pictures a year, to lend to the Museum, although I have not been able to continue this practice. During those years I never bought anything without the advice of Richard Norton. He was my guide, philosopher, and friend, for he knew where and how to find the good works of art that were for sale at reasonable prices and understood the art of bargaining and getting them.

Meanwhile a change was taking place in me. In college my principal interest was history; — gradually it swung towards literature, in which I became so much interested that I went to Oxford for two years, 1900—1902, to study English literature. In 1903—1904 I tried teaching literature at the Middlesex School. But I was by degrees becoming more and more absorbed in art and in 1904 I started to make art my principal study.

One year when I was in London Richard Norton invited me to lunch with James Loeb, who was a great admirer of Professor Norton and well known for his particular interest in Classical Art. Richard Norton was at that time trying to persuade Loeb to do for the Fogg Museum in Classical Art what I was doing in Renaissance Art. Loeb became interested and lent to the Museum some fine fragments of Arretine pottery, which Dr. George H. Chase published, three valuable Greek bronze tripods, some Peruvian gold, and other objects. This fine collection remained in the Fogg Museum for eight or nine years, and then, unfortunately, Loeb moved to Munich and carried his collection with him.

During these early years Walter M. Cabot of the class of 1894, at one time Curator of the Oriental Department of the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston, thought it would be advisable to have Oriental Art represented in the Fogg Museum also, so he volunteered to lend his choice collection of Japanese objects, which was placed in the Museum. Richard Norton's hand was again seen in the gift to the Museum from C. Fairfax Murray, an Englishman, of a fine Turner water colour drawing which had once belonged to Ruskin. Murray was a friend and disciple of Ruskin's. Later I studied with him the methods and materials used in Italian painting. Other gifts and loans slowly began to come in.

In May, 1904, President Eliot appointed a Committee on the Fogg Museum corresponding to the Committee of the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston. Dr. Arthur T. Cabot of the Harvard Corporation, and Trustee of the Museum of Fine Arts, was the Chairman and a warm friend of the Museum for many years. Professor Moore, Dr. Denman Waldo Ross, Professor Herbert L. Warren, Francis Bullard, the nephew of Professor Norton, Professor John H. Wright, and I were the other members of the Committee. In 1909 when Professor Moore retired, two positions were left vacant: the Chairmanship of the Fine Arts Department and the Directorship of the Museum. Professor Chase was appointed Chairman of the Department and I was asked by President Eliot to be Director of the Museum.

So when I came back to Cambridge after fourteen years' absence, I found the new generation in charge. Dr. Ross was the Nestor of the Department, and Messrs. Chase, Pope, Post, Mower, and Fitzpatrick were the younger generation of teachers who carried on the greater

part of the work of the Department. When I came to the Museum as Director in 1909, it seemed to me a pretty sad place. The building, though in many ways attractive, had very definite faults. The acoustics were poor and the lighting was none too good. On the walls of the main gallery was a great mass of framed photographs, and the few Italian pictures which had penetrated into this gallery extended as far as they would go in to the mass of photographs. At one end was the Print Room, the best thing in the building, with good cases to house the engravings and with exhibition cases on the walls and in the middle of the room. At the other end of the building were the small working quarters, with a handful of books which we called our Library, the great cases containing the photograph collection, and limited space for the three women workers to sit at their desks crowded together, while the students did the best they could to find a chance to work around the tables which filled up practically the whole floor space in this room. Adjoining this was my office, with no room for a stenographer, and on the ground floor was the hall, filled with casts and one or two cases of Greek vases standing around in the background. The finest among the very few original objects, which had come to the Museum in 1899, was placed in a conspicuous position near the foot of the stairs among the plaster casts. This was the noble Greek statue of Meleager, lent to the Museum and later bequeathed to it by Edith Forbes Webster. On the east side of the ground floor there was a small room for Walter Cabot's Oriental Collection; on the northwest corner was the Loeb room with his Classical Collection; the original Fogg Collection was in another small room on the west side.

When I say the original Fogg Collection, I mean such part of it as was on exhibition in 1909. I am told that a great many more objects from the collection, including an old family bed, among other things, were exhibited in the first year that the Museum opened. Then these objects, one by one, began to be retired to the basement and put in storage. After a while some members of the Fogg family came to the Museum and protested that they did not see the bed on exhibition. At last an arrangement satisfactory to both sides was made. The bed was returned to the Fogg family.

The staff then consisted of three women, a janitor, and an errand boy. Miss Laura H. Dudley was in charge of the large and valuable

print collection and was fast becoming one of the best scholars in the field of prints in the United States. She has the record for length of service in the Fogg Museum. She was graduated from Radcliffe in 1895. I think that your president, Judge Walcott, will agree with Miss Dudley and me that 1895 was a very fine year in which to be graduated! She became a member of the Fogg Museum staff in 1897 and retired in 1939 after forty-two years of admirable and scholarly service. Miss Eliza P. Huntington had charge of the photographs and Miss Alice M. Wood was the assistant.

The janitor was Edward Broderick. He was a faithful worker. I happen to remember that once when we were having a special exhibition, I persuaded the University authorities to send over a night watchman to add to the protection of the valuable objects we had borrowed. When I saw the strange face of this night watchman appear in the building, I drew Broderick aside and asked him if he thought this man was all right. He replied, "I do not think he will take anything that he cannot lay his hands on." Thus comforted I departed.

The building was so bad for its purposes and had such a bad reputation, largely on account of its acoustics perhaps, that arousing interest in the public proved to be at first heavy sledding and I felt as if I were bumping my head into a stone wall for some years.

I adopted two cardinal principles: one, that the Museum must have original works of art to arouse enthusiasm (it would have been too optimistic to hope for another Professor Norton who could arouse enthusiasm without originals); two, that it must have several loan exhibitions each year to keep the students awake and to make them and the public come in. I started by removing the photographs from the main gallery and replacing them by a series of loan exhibitions, by acquiring new works of art as fast as possible, and by getting temporary loans from friends, so that before long it was not difficult to keep the gallery filled with original works of art. At the same time the casts were removed from the entrance hall and the space was given over to the original Greek marbles which then included not only the Meleager but also a few other fine sculptures.

In 1912 the defects of the building became so trying that Professor Pope's uncle, Alfred Pope of Farmington, Connecticut, came to our rescue and paid for remodelling the ground floor. We reduced the size

of the lecture hall, which improved its acoustics and gave us a semi-circular corridor around it which we could use for exhibitions.

In 1913 Mrs. Edward M. Cary of Milton and others made it possible to remodel the top floor; this gave us more light, a non-leaking roof, less heat in summer, a room for my stenographer, and working space in the attic. These changes improved the building so much that we lived in relative comfort for some years, though the collections were slowly but steadily growing.

This same year the society known as The Friends of the Fogg Museum (now called The Friends of Art, Archaeology, and Music at Harvard) was started and has given us valuable help ever since.

In 1915 Paul J. Sachs, who had been the Chairman of the Visiting Committee, decided to cast his lot with us and came to the Museum as Assistant Director. The results of his presence soon became noticeable. With the help of his dynamic energy and great enthusiasm, the Museum has grown steadily. In the autumn of 1916 he was asked to give a course of lectures at Wellesley College. These proved to be so successful that the next year he was invited to give lectures at Harvard and rose from the rank of assistant professor to full professor; now for some years he has been the chairman of the Department of Fine Arts as well as the Associate Director of the Museum.

I have used up most of my time in telling you about the ancient history of the Museum, because comparatively little is known about the early days and such things are easily forgotten.

However, at this point it is fitting to mention by name a few of the principal benefactors of the Museum in the old days. Besides Mrs. William Hayes Fogg, Dr. John Witt Randall, William M. Prichard, Francis Calley Gray, Professor Charles Eliot Norton, Richard Norton, James Loeb, Edward Warren, Mrs. Edward M. Cary, Alfred Pope, and Walter M. Cabot already referred to, the following names should be mentioned: Dr. Denman Waldo Ross, famous as a teacher and as a great benefactor of the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston, took a lively interest in the Fogg Museum and gave a large amount of study material to us; Hervey E. Wetzel of the class of 1911 became interested in art and took a Fine Arts course at Harvard in 1911-12. Afterwards he had the rare opportunity of going around the world with Dr. Ross and his cousin Miss Louise Nathurst. Young Wetzel, being a man of great taste, took ad-

vantage of the knowledge of his stimulating friend and teacher and began collecting objects of Oriental Art. On his return, he bought a house in Louisburg Square which he made into a small private museum. When the United States went into the war in 1917 he volunteered to go into the Army. On account of his very frail and delicate physique he was not accepted, but he succeeded later in getting a position in the Red Cross and went over to Paris to work there.

Before leaving he came to me and asked if I would let him have one of the rooms in the Fogg Museum to do with as he liked in arranging an exhibition of some of his fine objects. I readily agreed; he took over the northwest room and had special cases built which he arranged himself. Each object shown was beautiful; the arrangement of each case was a masterpiece; the room as a whole was made a distinguished work of art. Wetzel died of pneumonia in Paris in October, 1918. I heard afterwards that when he wanted to arrange his room in the Museum he had a premonition that he would never come back. He bequeathed \$100,000 to the Fogg Museum, the principal to be spent in the purchase of works of art. We bought some of our finest works with this bequest. After his death the objects in the cases which he had arranged in the Museum were divided among his family, the Boston Museum, and the Fogg Museum, so with great regret we had to give up the idea of perpetuating his memory by the beautiful room which he had himself arranged.

We received temporary loans and indefinite loans and gifts from various other friends too numerous to mention.

Perhaps a few landmarks in the course of this development are worth noting. By 1923 we began to feel like a fifteen-year-old boy in a ten-year-old's suit of clothes, bursting out at elbow and knee. We discussed many ways of expanding. One was to build out a wing from the original museum building towards Holworthy Hall and a series of wings on the other side until we had actually connected with Robinson Hall, the Architectural School, our nearest neighbor on the east.

But we finally ended as you all know by making plans for a new building and selecting the lot on Quincy Street where we are now, opposite Sever Hall. We had to tear down four houses to make room for the present building. Mr. Agassiz's house had already disappeared years before and a temporary building was in its place. Dean Hurlbut

was occupying one of the houses which had to come down, and I remember that when I met him after we committed this crime he would look ruefully at me and say "Oh, desolator of homes!"

Mr. Sachs and Felix Warburg, then Chairman of the Visiting Committee, started the ball rolling at the meeting of the Visiting Committee in the spring of 1923 when I was in Europe, and I believe that three gifts of \$100,000 from individuals or groups of people were announced at that meeting.

But we ran into difficulties soon, because we found that the Corporation felt that a new Chemical Laboratory was the greatest need of the University, and three million dollars was wanted for that; and that the next greatest need was for the School of Business Administration, for which five million dollars was wanted. Bishop Lawrence, a member of the Corporation at that time, was asked to take charge of the money-raising campaign; Dean Wallace Donham of the Business School was his right-hand man. Mr. Sachs and I persuaded them that we could pull our weight in the boat, and we managed to bring about a campaign for ten million dollars with two million dollars allotted to the Fogg Museum.

Mr. Sachs became Mr. Donham's assistant. We worked hard for two years and at last the money was raised.

Then came the planning of the building. Charles A. Coolidge and his able partner, Henry Shepley, were the architects, and Meyric Rogers, a graduate of the Harvard Architectural School, who had specialized in small museums, acted as liaison officer, and met with our Committee, composed principally of Professors Pope, Sachs and myself, to work out the plan. We were supposed to have one million dollars for the building and one million dollars for the endowment, but we spent one million three hundred thousand dollars for the building and raised additional funds to add to the endowment later.

With the campaign for the new building and even before other benefactors came to the front, Mr. Sachs's Father and Mother and other members of his family were generous friends and played an important part in the Museum's development. Felix M. Warburg's services were so great and his gifts so generous that we named the sculpture hall at the west end of the building Warburg Hall in his honor. Many friends have helped us in later years through gifts and loans. I cannot mention all of their names here, but we owe a special debt of gratitude to John

D. Rockefeller, Jr. and the General Education Board, the Carnegie Corporation, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Woods Bliss, Henry S. Bowers, John Nicholas Brown, Miss Helen C. Frick, Charles B. Hoyt, Samuel Kress, the Lehman family, J. P. Morgan, Chauncey Stillman, William A. White, Grenville L. Winthrop, Mrs. Harold I. Pratt and Mrs. T. O. Richardson. Mrs. Pratt has been particularly interested in the garden, and her friend, Mrs. Charles W. McKelvey, made the plans for its development. It may be worth while to note that I made my first visit to Mrs. Richardson when she was living in her villa on the slope of Fiesole, north of Florence. This villa formerly belonged to Walter Savage Landor and my Grandfather visited him there in 1833.

The Museum's collections have grown and the Museum's activities have spread into many fields.

Mr. Sachs has helped greatly in the organization and growth of the Museum. In the old building we seemed more like a family party; our quarters were so crowded that we were continually almost treading on each other's toes. At the present time there are approximately fifty members of the Fogg Museum Staff, not including Rex, the dog, who patrols the gallery at night with our watchman.

Mr. Sachs, since 1923-1924, has given his course in Museum Work and Problems to train museum officials; graduates of the course now hold positions throughout the country.

Many teachers and professors — both men and women — have been provided for other institutions by the greatly enlarged teaching staff of the Department, which now numbers about thirty, counting professors, instructors, tutors, assistants, and section men.

One of the special fields in which we have spent a great deal of effort has been the technical study of pictures. Problems of distinguishing between original works of art and forgeries and of the care and restoration of valuable works of art by combining history, science, and art have been developed by the Department of Conservation, headed by George L. Stout. A Department of X-ray and a valuable collection of shadowgraphs have been built up by Alan Burroughs.

We have sent out exploring and excavating expeditions into other lands under these leaders: Mr. Langdon Warren in China; Professors Edward Chiera and Robert Pfeiffer and Dr. Richard F. S. Starr suc-

cessively in Mesopotamia; Dr. Hetty Goldman in Greece, and Sir Aurel Stein in Persia.

We have been connected in one way or another with various institutions. Mr. Thomas Whittemore of the Byzantine Institute, who is doing a splendid piece of work in uncovering the great early Christian mosaics in Hagia Sophia, Istanbul, has associated himself with the Museum and has lent us his fine collection of Byzantine seals and coins. During the last three years Mr. Prentice Duell has been working at the Fogg Museum on his new book on the notable Etruscan fifth century frescoes at Tarquinia. For some years we were affiliated with Dumbarton Oaks, the estate of Honorable and Mrs. Robert Woods Bliss in Washington. In November, 1940, they gave their house in its beautiful surroundings with their fine collection of Byzantine and other early Christian works of art and their Library to Harvard to be maintained as part of Harvard University, closely affiliated with the Fogg Museum, and to be known as the Dumbarton Oaks Research Library and Collection. So the Museum has continued to grow and increase its activities through the years.

SUNDRY OBSERVATIONS UPON FOUR DECADES OF HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY

BY WALTER B. BRIGGS

Read June 2, 1942

THIS PAPER is compiled from the notes gathered for the rambling talk with which the writer endeavored to entertain, as well as to inform, a mixed audience, at a Lawn Party at Elmwood, on a drowsy day in June. His ambition was to be able to hold the attention of his hearers, all consciously or unconsciously affected by Lowell's lines suggesting that a perfect day in June should be spent out-of-doors listening to the voice of Nature, not indoors to that of a librarian.

To put his remarks in any acceptable form for publication has not been an easy task. His aim here is to challenge attention to a great library by recounting some of its past history and by emphasizing certain important events during the four decades.

The period with which the paper is concerned covers, in fact, fifty years, from 1886 to 1936. These dates are important in the history of Harvard College, marking as they do the celebrations of the 250th and the 300th anniversaries of the founding of the College. During this time, with the exception of the years 1904 to 1915, the writer was a member of the staff of the College Library.

Before dealing with this period let us glance at the oft-told but always interesting story of the beginnings of the Library.

If New England has had leadership in the field of education, it is due in part to her early and continuing interest in and encouragement of the printing of books, and the gathering and preservation of books in libraries.

Of the one hundred printing presses in the colonies at the time of the Revolution, it is said that fifty were in New England. The story of the first printing press in British North America is a familiar one to a Cambridge audience, but the scattered facts in regard to its history have but

recently been fully assembled and correctly interpreted by Professor S. E. Morison in "The Founding of Harvard College," the first volume of his scholarly and definitive "History of Harvard College and University, 1636-1896." Let me attempt to rephrase, in a few words, some of these facts.

In 1638 Rev. Jose Glover embarked on the ship "John of London" for Boston, with his wife, five children, Stephen Day and his two sons, a printing press and a font of type. Mr. Glover died "on the way hitherward," so Winthrop writes. The widow with her considerable property, — and the press, — found favor in the sight of the struggling President of Harvard College, one Henry Dunster, a bachelor of thirty-eight years. He acquired both and controlled — the press — for some years. Upon this press was printed, in 1640, under Stephen Day, the Bay Psalm Book, the first book printed in the English colonies.

The colonists had brought a goodly number of books with them. In "The Flowering of New England" Van Wyck Brooks writes, "There had been books on the slope of Beacon Hill when the wolves still howled on the summit," referring doubtless to the 186 volumes in the library of William Blackstone (Blaxton) who dwelt in 1625 somewhere on the west slope of Beacon Hill, not far from what are now Beacon and Spruce streets. He is said to have been the first white settler to live on land where Boston now stands.

In 1638 John Harvard, "a godly Gentleman and a lover of Learning," bequeathed to the College in Cambridge "one half of his Estate and all his Library." The 400 volumes received by this bequest formed the nucleus of what has come to be a collection of 4,000,000 volumes.

Thus, within two years after their arrival, the Puritan settlers of Massachusetts Bay Colony had a printing press and a college library. Kinglake, in his book "Eothen," states, "Religion, with the Puritans, was a cause and a controversy, well smitten and well defended." I suggest that their weapon was the printing press and their ammunition the facts supplied by the books in the libraries.

A word about the various homes of the Library. From 1642 to 1676 the books were kept in "The Old College," the name Professor Morison adopts for "the first building to be constructed especially for the college." In 1676 they were moved to the first Harvard Hall. In 1764 this,

with all its contents, was destroyed by fire. Of the 5000 volumes in the library but 404 volumes were saved. That the collection was largely theological and classical we gather from the detailed account of the fire and of the Library in the *Massachusetts Gazette* for February 2, 1764. The present Harvard Hall was finished in 1766, and in it were placed the 4350 volumes which, by the generous donation of books and of money, the College authorities had been enabled to collect in the two years.

Here the books remained until the erection in 1841 of Gore Hall, the first separate library building. In exterior design, it followed the lines of King's College Chapel, Cambridge. President Quincy described it "as a very pure specimen of the Gothic style of the fourteenth century." A modern librarian would call it a very "poor" design for the use of a Library. That it was considered the finest building of the College is shown by the fact that when in 1846 Cambridge was incorporated as a city, it selected Gore Hall to appear on its seal, where it has remained to this day.

In 1877 and again in 1895 additions were made to Gore Hall. In 1915 the present building was erected. It was made possible by the generous gift of Mrs. George D. Widener of Philadelphia, in memory of her son, Harry Elkins Widener, '07, who lost his life in the "Titanic" tragedy in April 1912. While in college he had begun collecting a library of rare books, and in the short period of nine years had selected some three thousand volumes. He had expressed the wish that these books should be given to Harvard, and they were placed in the dignified and beautiful room in the centre of the new building.

The building was criticised by a few persons as not conforming to surrounding buildings, but it has proved to be one of the most intelligently and successfully planned library buildings. It has dignity and beauty, with some of the finest features almost unnoticed. A case in point is the beautiful ceiling in the Delivery Rooms to which Mrs. Widener gave much personal attention. The Sienna marble monoliths in the same room are particularly fine.

Over two million volumes are now shelved in the stack. With the 300 chairs in the main reading room, the smaller seminar rooms, the studies for officers and the stalls in the stack, there is a seating capacity, in the whole building, for a thousand readers.

While comparison with other college library buildings might not be in the best of taste, if publicly made by a Harvard official, one may be permitted to repeat the comment of a Yale professor, temporarily lecturing at Harvard, while the new building for the Yale library was being erected. "Do you know, Mr. Briggs," he said, "that some of us at New Haven fear that the Yale authorities are changing the spelling of the word 'lux' in our motto, to 'looks.' " But as has been stated above, some Harvard men criticised the Harvard building.

Only one book from John Harvard's library survived the burning of Harvard Hall in 1764. It was a large folio by John Downame, entitled "The Christian Warfare against the Devil, World and Flesh." When Director Coolidge first formally entered the new building he bore in his hands this book, referring to it as the Queen Bee, about which have swarmed all the later volumes. From the outside, the building does have the appearance of a great hive. At every window, at their desks in the 300 reading stalls, students are working like bees, extracting, and perhaps producing, honey. The "stack" is open to officers of the University and to graduate students and certain upperclassmen recommended by their instructors. For the first few months the name "cubicle" was used for these reading stalls, but the signal for closing the library was the turning off of the electric lights for a few seconds, just before ten o'clock. In a few cases where students were evidently asleep at their desk this signal was not effective. The authorities then awoke to the fact that "cubiculum" meant a small sleeping space and the name was changed to "stall," with good results.

Also the new building provided sixty small separate studies for officers. Professor Coolidge would never allow them to be used for offices or called "offices." The requests for these exceeded the number available, and in numerous cases two officers were assigned to the same study. In a few cases, the association of names brought joy to the staff. The Greene-Pease study was the common name of that occupied by two members of the Classical department. But the study assigned to Professors Hopper and Gras brought the happiest juxtaposition. Of course it became known as the Grass-Hopper study.

As was stated at the beginning of this paper, 1886 was an important year for the University. The anniversary exercises were honored and graced by the presence of President and Mrs. Cleveland. James Russell

Lowell was the orator, and Oliver Wendell Holmes, the poet. The procession formed in Gore Hall, with Colonel Henry Lee as Chief Marshall, and S. A. Eliot, '84, as one of the aides.

It was also an important year for the writer as it marked his first connection with the Library. Not, however, his first connection with the College. For two years he had been serving the College, in what might be considered a semi-professional capacity, as a member of the Appleton Chapel Choir. He cannot claim to have been the leading alto, although he once sang a short alto lead in an anthem. For their services at morning chapel and at Sunday Vespers, the boys received twenty-five cents a week. But the permanent worth of the training under Warren A. Locke, the gracious friendship of Professor F. G. Peabody, and the happy association with the boys and the student members of the choir can never be forgotten or overvalued. You will see what a goodly company it was as I call the names of some of them. First the boys: Elliot H. Goodwin, Arthur L. Jackson, F. A. and J. F. Vaughan, George L. Smith, George and Bob Wrenn, Fred Jouett, Nelson Metcalf, G. E., C. E. and W. B. Briggs. Some of the men: E. R. Shippen, F. B. Lund, B. S. Hurlbut, R. C. Cabot, S. A. Eliot, Eugene and Herbert Darling, and William A. Baldwin.

This training in the choir perhaps led Mr. Kiernan, the Superintendent of Circulation in the Library, to offer the new boy fifty cents more a week than a page usually received. But he soon earned it, as one of his duties was to raise his voice and shout, "Libraree Clo-osed," at the end of the day. Until 1895 there were no lights in the building, and the closing time varied, affected by the short days of winter and by storms in summer. He never said "liberry," for singing teaches good pronunciation.

In the fourth edition (1934) of Mr. Potter's "The Library of Harvard University; descriptive and historical notes" and in Mr. Lane's chapter on the Library in Professor Morison's "The Development of Harvard University, 1869-1929," can be found the history and the statistics that I need not repeat here.

The good old days are wittily recaptured by the old grad who wrote the editorial in the Boston *Transcript* of June 22, 1939. It might well be the year 1886 he is regretting. Here is the article, entitled "Harvard Nostalgia."

"‘Harvard indifference,’ if there is such a thing, takes a holiday at Commencement time. Lampoon’s hoary paraphrase, ‘I don’t care if I do,’ comes nearer to catching the state of mind of the old grads who are roaming nostalgically about the Yard this week. For after 10, 25, 50 years away from Cambridge, Harvard men find that old memories and traditions set up a magnetic field more potent in its rallying power than the cry of ‘Rhinehart!’

“Time has changed Harvard and for the worse, naturally. The square has become a hubbub and a headache. The tussock moth and the hurricane have thinned the trees in the Yard. The undergraduates are callow and spiritless. Copey, most persistent of all traditions, has forsaken Cambridge for the country. The lamplight in Hollis 15 has blinked out. Kitty no longer stamps the boards in Harvard Hall. Santayana and James, Briggs, Wendell, Baker, Royce, Palmer, Perry, and Channing have all vanished. But there is still shade on Brattle street and sunlight on the Charles. There is still cheer at Locke’s and Wirth’s. ‘Mem’ still clings to its island and the nose on ‘Lampy’ still shines red. During these June days ‘Prexy’ Lowell may still be seen ‘sprinting’ out of University Hall and the warm breeze still lifts the Hart whiskers.

“For the older graduates it takes no great coaxing in Commencement week to evoke the spirit of the always ghostly Professor Norton at Shady Hill. Longfellow, Lowell, Agassiz, and the Olympian Sophocles continue to haunt Craigie House and Elmwood. John the Orangeman, whose wit and citrus fruit served Harvard for 50 years lives in spirit if not, indeed, to ‘ate the chicken’ that scratches on his grave.”

As Mr. Lane’s article well describes the officials of the Library and their particular services and contributions, I shall mention but a few. I do desire, however, to pay a tribute to Mr. Lane. His wide educational preparation and his quiet but efficient ability made him, in my opinion, almost the ideal head of a college library, which happily does not require the self-assertive type of person. To Mr. Lane, for his example and advice and for his friendship, I owe more than to any other one person in the library profession.

From 1881 to 1889 Mr. Winsor, in addition to his duties as librarian, was engaged in editing the eight volumes of the “Narrative and Critical History of America,” covering the history of North and South America, from 1492 to the middle of the nineteenth century, emphasizing especially the earlier period. He was assisted in planning the work and in

selecting the thirty-nine writers of the monographs "most entitled to be heard," by an advisory committee of the Massachusetts Historical Society, consisting of Robert C. Winthrop, George E. Ellis, Charles Deane, Henry W. Torrey and Francis Parkman.

Mr. Winsor's important contribution was his treatment of historical geography in the form of essays on the original sources and the bibliography of the topics, his full and learned notes on cartography, and the selection of the many contemporary maps, portraits, and autographs, which add greatly to the value of the work. Although fifty years have passed since its publication, his notes on cartography and to some extent on bibliography remain the best authority in their fields.

In 1892-93, soon after the work was completed, Mr. Winsor offered a course, open to seniors and graduate students, on "Geographical discovery in North America and its cartographical relations." The writer, among his other duties at the time, was in charge of the valuable map collection in the Library and attended the course. Some eight students elected to attend. When the examination schedule came out, History 23 was assigned to a room in Sever Hall, with students in another small course. When the appointed hour came, no examination papers were on hand. Mr. Winsor was hunted up by the authorities and came to Sever, met his eight students in the hall, asked one question of each and turned in a report that all had passed. Some of the students, in need of a high mark, claimed an "A." The Office compromised by giving them the average grade based on what they had received in their other courses. While "History 23" was given for two more years, the authorities added this note to the description of the course: "There will be no examinations in Course 23, and it cannot be counted for a degree."

This brings to mind James Russell Lowell's attitude toward examinations. It is told by Barrett Wendell in his essay on "Mr. Lowell as a Teacher," published in his "Stelligeri and other Essays concerning America." I quote the entire paragraph as we also get Mr. Wendell's personal opinion of examinations.

"Yet, faithful as his work was in spirit, he hated the details of it, and sometimes treated them with a whimsical disregard that whoever did not appreciate how thoroughly it put them where they belonged might have deemed cynically indifferent. I remember an example of this in connection with an examination — I believe the first he gave us. There

are few things less favourable to literary culture than written examinations; they are almost unmitigated, if quite necessary, evils. Perhaps from unwillingness to degrade the text of Dante to such use, Mr. Lowell set us, when we had read the Inferno and part of the Purgatorio, a paper consisting of nothing but a long passage from Massimo d'Azeglio, which we had three hours to translate. This task we performed as best we might. Weeks passed, and no news came of our marks. At last one of the class, who was not quite at ease concerning his academic standing, ventured, at the close of a recitation, to ask if Mr. Lowell had assigned him a mark. Mr. Lowell looked at the youth very gravely, and inquired what he really thought his work deserved. The student rather diffidently said that he hoped it was worth sixty per cent. 'You may take it,' said Mr. Lowell; 'and I shan't have the bother of reading your book.'"

Although a Cambridge University librarian is quoted as saying that he would be just as glad to know the weight of the books in a library as the number, there is a certain interest in knowing the size of a library and its relation to other libraries. Some years ago a French authority named the five largest libraries in the world, in the following order: Bibliothèque Nationale, British Museum, Library of Congress, New York Public Library, Harvard University Library. For a certain period some years ago three of these five had as directors graduates of Harvard: Herbert Putnam, '83, of the Library of Congress; Harry M. Lydenberg, '96, of the New York Public Library; and Archibald Cary Coolidge, '87, of the Harvard College Library. I am not aware that Harvard has ever tried to get control of the Bibliothèque Nationale or of the British Museum, but I have just learned that the present director of the Bibliothèque Nationale attended Harvard in 1919-20, and has an A.M. degree. These institutions would have been fortunate to have had as able and brilliant a head as Professor Coolidge, Director of Harvard University Library 1910-1928. Prior to 1910, he was Chairman of the Harvard University Library Council. Certainly no library has ever been served with greater intelligence, generosity and honorable acquisitiveness.

The following list of the more important purchases made while he was Director will show the world-wide scope of his vision and the unlimited length of his reach. These were made possible, in part with available library funds, but generously augmented by him and other friends of the Library, among whom should be mentioned James Byrne,

'77, Thomas Barbour, '96, John B. Stetson, Jr., '06, Leonard Hay, '08.

The collections of Count Boulay de la Meurthe and of Alphonse Aulard, both historians of the French Revolution. The library of Paul Riant, of the French Academy, on the Crusades, and the Ottoman Empire.

The private libraries of Konrad von Maurer, of Munich, of Rodolphe Reuss, and of the Princes of Stollberg at Wernigerode, the latter reigning members of the Holy Roman Empire.

From Italy, the great collection made by H. Nelson Gay, A.M. '96, on the history of Italy, 1815-1871.

From Portugal, the 6750 volumes of Portuguese history and literature, the library of Fernando Palha, of the Lisbon Academy of Sciences.

From England, the Copinger collection of the "Imitatio Christi" of Thomas à Kempis, 2400 volumes.

From Latin America, the private libraries of the following: Louis Montt, long librarian of Chile's Biblioteca Nacional; Blas Garay of Paraguay; Manual Segundo Sánchez of Venezuela; Donato Lanza y Lanza of Bolivia; José Augusto Escoto, librarian of the Provincial Library at Matanzas, Cuba.

From Salt Lake City, the Mormon collection of E. H. Pierce.

Mr. Lane, in his article above quoted, names the following notable gifts that enriched the Library during the four decades.

The libraries, entire or in part, of James Russell Lowell, Charles Eliot Norton, Longfellow, Sophocles, Felton, Ezra Abbot, Gurney, Ticknor, Bôcher, Palmer, William James, Morris H. Morgan, and other professors in the University.

The Francis Parkman bequest of early Canadian history.

The Amy Lowell bequest of her Keats collection and many other first editions, in all some 3700 volumes.

The two Lincoln collections, one given by W. W. Nolen, the other by Alonzo Rothschild.

The Frederick L. Gay bequest of English Civil War tracts.

The Bowie library of classics and early printed books, given by Mrs. E. D. Brandegee.

The Lewis Carroll books, manuscripts and drawings, given by Harcourt Amory.

The unrivalled John Gay collection, made by Ernest L. Gay, and presented by his nephew, George Henry Gay.

A collection of Utopias gathered and presented by Francis G. Peabody.

A Kipling collection made and given by Mrs. Flora V. Livingston.

The Jeanne d'Arc collection bequeathed by Francis Cabot Lowell, '76.

John B. Stetson, Jr.'s repeated gifts to build up the collection of Portuguese history and literature.

A. C. Coolidge's numberless gifts, continuing over a period of thirty years.

Mr. Lane also makes particular mention of three great gifts which signalized the entry into the new Widener Library Building: Harry Elkins Widener's distinguished collection of rare and early editions of English literature, association books, authors' manuscripts, extra-illustrated books, and color-prints; the 11,500 volumes on angling, fisheries, and fish culture, gathered and presented by Daniel B. Fearing; Robert Gould Shaw's great collection of theatrical books, playbills, autographs, prints and photographs, with Evart J. Wendell's bequest received soon after, followed by gifts from Frank E. Chase, Winthrop Ames, John Craig and others.

In the Class Day number of the *Harvard Crimson*, June 18, 1929, Mr. George P. Winship contributes "A summary account of a few of the gifts received in 1928-1929." He writes, "the money value of the College Library has increased in the past twelve months more than a million dollars." Over half of this amount was in the eighty-eight Shakespere quartos bequeathed by William A. White, '63, appraised for his estate for \$435,000, and in subsequent gifts from members of Mr. White's family.

In the report of the Acting Librarian for the year 1936-37 may be found a list of the gifts that came to the Library through the interest aroused by the Tercentenary celebration. They range from a copy of the letter of Columbus, printed in Paris in 1493, presented by the Bodleian Library, to a "baby shirt worn by President Holyoke," given by Edward H. Sherburne. John Masefield presented the holygraph copy of his poem, "Lines on the Tercentenary of Harvard College in America," in addition to a typed copy, and four different printed editions of the poem.

From 1893 to his retirement in 1936, even while performing all the

many duties of the librarian, Mr. Potter's special responsibility and interest was the Ordering Department. That buying current books and subscribing to serials is a big business is shown by the fact that during the year 1939-1940 the Library paid bills in forty different currencies. At the end of this paper will be found a list of these currencies.

It is unnecessary to call attention to the value of a great library, but the durability of books is emphasized by Bacon in the following paragraph from his "Advancement of Learning." It is of special interest in this horrid time of destruction, and truer today than when written. He writes,

"We see then how far the monuments of wit and learning are more durable than the monuments of power and the hands. For have not the verses of Homer continued twenty-five hundred years or more, without the loss of a syllable or letter; during which time infinite palaces, temples, castles, cities, have been decayed and demolished? It is not possible to have the true pictures or statues of Cyrus, Alexander, Caesar, no nor of the kings or great personages of much later years; for the originals cannot last, and the copies cannot but leese of the life and truth. But the images of men's wits and knowledges remain in books, exempted from the wrong of time and capable of perpetual renovation. Neither are they fitly to be called images, because they generate still, and cast their seeds in the minds of others, provoking and causing infinite actions and opinions in succeeding ages."

Harvard's history proves it realizes its responsibility in gathering and preserving the "monuments of wit and learning," but the high cost of maintaining the Library is an ever present problem. Mr. Metcalf in his report as Director of the University Library for 1939-40 states that "between two and three miles of new shelving must be provided annually in order to keep pace with the rapid growth of the University Library." The University Library includes, in addition to the College Library in the Widener Building, seventy-five departmental and special libraries serving all departments of the University.*

That this financial burden is constantly in the minds of the authorities is shown by a recent incident. A member of one of the important govern-

* In President Conant's report for 1940-41, he calls attention to Mr. Metcalf's partial solution of this problem of space by the erection of the deposit library, on University land near the Business School, where the less-used books will be stored.

ing boards of the University, referring to the new Houghton Library, then in process of erection, said to the writer that he couldn't become enthusiastic over first editions and expensive rare books of an association interest. Then, in parting, he was frank enough to say, "But I must confess, Mr. Briggs, that I am a collector of perfumery bottles."

CURRENCIES IN WHICH THE LIBRARY PAID BILLS DURING THE YEAR ENDING
DECEMBER, 1940

<i>Monetary Units</i>	<i>Country</i>	<i>Latest Quotation</i>
Anna	India (equals $\frac{1}{2}$ rupee)	
Argentine dollar	Argentina	.236
Austrian Shilling	Austria	.167
Australian Pound	Australia	3.35
Belga	Belgium	.1690
Danish Crown	Denmark	.195
Dinarae	Yugoslavia	.0275
Drachma	Greece	
Escudo	Portugal	.042
Florin	(The Dutch Gulden)	.532
Franc	France	.0201
Finmark	Finland	.0208
Guilder	Holland	.5309
Czechish crown	Czechoslovakia	.036
Pound	Great Britain	4.04
Lei	Rumania	.01
Levas	Bulgaria	.0106
Lire	Italy	.0505
Lat	Latvia	
Norwegian Kronen	Norway	.239
Pengo	Hungary	.2050
Peso	Mexico	.22
Peseta	Spain	.10
Reis	Brazil	.0307
Reichsmark	Germany	.4030
Ruble	Russia	
Rupee	Br. India	.3050
Shanghai dollar	China	.067
Swedish Crown	Sweden	.24
Swiss Franc	Switzerland	.233

<i>Monetary Units</i>	<i>Country</i>	<i>Latest Quotation</i>
Sol	Peru	
Yen	Japan	.24
Zloty	Poland	.19
Uruguay Oro	Uruguay	
Baht (Siam)		.40
China dollar		.0680
Piastre	Egypt	.0373
Canadian dollar		.88
Pound	Palestine	4.03

THE CRAIGIES

BY FREDERICK HAVEN PRATT

Read October 28, 1941

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THE CRAIGIE STORY is a saga of the American Revolution. With beginnings on the Viking coasts of Orkney, the farms of pioneer Cape Ann and windswept moors of Nantucket, its threads converge as the struggle of the Colonies approaches. The detached entries of town and parish clerks are now interwoven with narrative of the common life. Here lurk the perplexities of reminiscence and tradition; yet not without the counter-charm of letters, to bless the hands that stayed the fires of their generation.

Heaven first taught letters for some wretch's aid,
Some banish'd lover, or some captive maid.¹

A youth of twenty-one attends the wounded at Bunker's Hill. Fast-growing responsibility in commissariat and hospital brings rank, honorable recognition and the friendship of comrades destined to high place in the young nation. The dawn of peace opens the perilous road to fortune.

In soil lately stirred by the vortex of war, spread the intricate roots of a new aristocracy of wealth — which flourishes and perishes like the leaves of the cankered elms that for a space survive it; with one valiant figure, once beauty's image, to bear alone into the years an unswerving vital flame.

But other leaves there are that fall — pages that flutter from darkness and oblivion — and the half-revealing lines of one whose star was loyalty; who faced a world of inexorable frustration, unembittered and unafraid.

¹ Alexander Pope: *Eloisa to Abelard*. Lines 51, 52. As with other dark allusions on this page, light should dawn as the reader perseveres. What this paper owes to generations that refrained from burning their letters will be more than evident.

I. ORIGINS

From the lofty headquarters of the Boston Marine Society the eye delights in a sweeping view of harbor and waterfront. The place is fascinating to any lover of the sea — full of models and trophies from old shipping days, the walls lined with paintings of ships and portraits of their skippers. Here are preserved the records of a “loving and friendly society,” the oldest marine society in the world, founded two centuries ago as the *Fellowship Club* and incorporated under its present name in 1754.² On the committee petitioning for incorporation before Governor Shirley was a shipmaster named Andrew Craigie, a native of the Orkney Isles, who is said to have been “cast away” at Nantucket.³ We know that he there married a daughter of the Island⁴ and settled in Boston as a merchant-mariner, whence his calling took him for many years to the high seas between Boston and London.⁵

In one of the Society’s well-worn record books of meetings held at the British Coffee House on “King” Street, we find Captain Craigie in 1764 appointed warden of the Port of Boston; and Captain Christopher Gardner, warden of the hardly less important Port of Nantucket. On January first of the following year, Captain Craigie heads a committee of four “to present a petition to the Gen^l Court to Obtain Liberty to Erect a Light on Nantucket” — a project, the Great Point Light, not

² *Manual of the Boston Marine Society*, Boston, 1938. Also *Gleanings from the records etc., 1742 to 1842*. Comp. by Nath'l Spooner. Boston: Publ. by the Society, 1879.

³ From a genealogical fragment found among Haven papers, owned by F. H. P., which adds: “The author of *Discipline* writes letters to her Aunt Cragie of the Orkney Isles.” Through the kindness of Sir William A. Craigie (himself not of Orkney origin) and of Hugh Marwick, Esq. of Kirkwall, the following information is provided by a chart drawn by the latter from many obscure records:

The “Aunt Cragie” of Mary (Balfour) Brunton (1778–1818), the novelist (author of *Discipline*), had married in 1791 Lieut. George Craigie of Saviskail, a descendant of the 16th-century “Magnus Craigie in Skaill (Rousay, Orkney).” Half-way down this line of descent there appear Craigie grandchildren of an *Andrew Corner*, all of whom would be contemporaries of the senior Andrew Craigie (1703–1766). The old Norse flavor of names and places is vividly reminiscent of Scott’s *Pirate*. The Andrew Craigie connection, it must be seen, is purely hypothetical though not without promise.

⁴ Nantucket Vital Records.

⁵ Journal of Dr. Benjamin Waterhouse, entry of May 10, 1841. W. R. Thayer, *Proc. Cambridge Hist. Soc.*, Jan. 26–Oct. 26, 1909 (p. 35). — Two centuries ago John Still Winthrop, March 16, 1742, “sailed from Boston, in New England, on board the John Galley, Capt. Andrew Craigie, bound for London.” *Proc. Mass. Hist. Soc.*, Feb., 1874 (p. 250).

accomplished until nineteen years later. In November, 1764, he is elected treasurer, and for over a year the accounts are entered and signed by his hand. But at the following August meeting, dues are paid to "Cap^t Will^m Patten, Cap^t Craigie being Sick." Craigie's name appears but once again. It is in the entry of a meeting, Nov. 4, 1766, where dues are paid "for Attendance for the Evening and Cap Craigie Funeral."⁶ Boston papers, shortly after his death on October 18th, supply the two sides of the Captain's vocation. One calls him "a noted Sea Commander"; the other, "a noted Shopkeeper in this Town, and a Gentleman well respected among us — being, *An honest Man.*"⁷

From the Marine Society on Broad Street it is not a long walk through Franklin and School streets to King's Chapel and the old burying place. Near the Winthrop tomb is a mutilated stone whose weather-scarred lines were once curiously misread; for in *Memorials of the Dead in Boston*⁸ they are indexed and transcribed as of Captain Andrew "Graigte," aged sixty-three. The stone is quite visible from Tremont Street. At the top where the familiar death's-head would have leered is a great V-shaped gap, in which death is swallowed up in victory. Even the sombre epitaph, *Dies tenebrarum memento* (Be thou reminded of the day of shadows!), is now mercifully below the level of the sod.

If the Captain was an occupant of that pew in King's Chapel reserved for "masters of Vessels," it is still to be known.⁹ The Craigies, at least on the wife's side, were of Puritan persuasion. However, the parish records show that the Wardens and Vestry, in 1749, received an important letter "w^{ch} came by Cap. Craigie from his Grace the Lord Bishop of London."¹⁰

Records of Nantucket shipwrecks fail as yet to enlighten us on the casting-away of a young sailor from Orkney: such evidence could have perished in Nantucket's tragic fire of 1846. As a later petitioner for a lighthouse, the Captain might have felt a personal interest in the erection

⁶ Boston Marine Society: *Records, 1762-1780.*

⁷ (1) *Mass. Gaz. and Bost. News-Letter*, Oct. 23, 1766. — (2) *Bost.-Gaz. and County Jour.*, Oct. 20, 1766.

⁸ Thomas Bridgman: *Memorials of the dead in Boston*, King's Chapel Burying Ground. Boston, Benj. B. Mussey & Co., 1853 (p. 75).

⁹ Nellie Urner Wallington: *Historic Churches of America*. New York, Duffield & Co., 1907 (p. 26).

¹⁰ Henry Wilder Foote: *Annals of King's Chapel*, vol. 2 (p. 104). Boston, 1896.

of a structure the lack of which on Great Point perhaps determined his abrupt advent to our shores (and hence the entire basis of this paper, including its reader).

Elizabeth Gardner of Nantucket, who had the goodness to marry the Orcadian castaway, through a line of three John Gardners was a descendant of the Cape Ann pioneer, Thomas Gardner. Like Roger Conant, Gardner had helped to preserve the farming industries of the Bay before Endicott's arrival under a new charter; and two of his sons, Richard and John, were among the early settlers of Nantucket.¹¹ The great feud of many years between John Gardner and Tristram Coffin is a familiar episode in the Island's history — both of them men of high civic responsibility, but of pugnacious and obstinate temperament. Yet it is recorded that the feud ended in Shakespearean fashion, though not as a tragedy, when Tristram's grandson, Jethro, fell in love with John's daughter, Mary. And the Jethro Coffin home — the "Horseshoe House," Nantucket's oldest — still celebrates that happy consummation.¹²

In this house was born Priscilla Coffin, mother of our Elizabeth Gardner. Like her Grandmother Coffin's portrait that hangs there, Elizabeth's miniature, as you will see, is dour and forbidding. But at this stage let us picture each in her sunny youth, framed by the Island's blue skies and dimpling sea; for when we return to Nantucket, age and a new generation must claim recognition.

Captain and Elizabeth Gardner Craigie, married in 1737, were soon after admitted inhabitants of Boston. Beside his membership in the Marine Society, the Captain is known to have early joined the Fire Society. As already intimated, he was often on the high seas between here and England, and eventually retired to a static life as a shopkeeper. There were five children — Elizabeth, Andrew, Mary, *Andrew*, and John. Of the infant Andrew, born in 1746, nothing is known except that some early genealogist, lacking patience or interest to pursue the record, set the fashion of assigning his date to the later son: hence the accepted picture of the crabbed old Cambridge plutocrat with the tender young wife of his declining years. So at the outset we must understand

¹¹ Frank A. Gardner: Thomas Gardner, planter, and some of his descendants. *Essex Inst. Hist. Collections*, vols. 37-40, 1901-1904.

¹² William O. Stevens: *Nantucket the far-away island*. New York, Dodd, Mead & Co., 1936 (pp. 20, 189-191). William F. Macy: *The Horseshoe House: Nantucket*, 1929.

that Andrew Craigie Jr., born February 22, 1754, was married at the age of thirty-nine — old, but not too old — and died at sixty-five, as indeed is stated in contemporary press notices.¹³

Three years before his father's death, Andrew was sent at the age of nine to the Boston Latin School, followed in a year by his brother John. The Latin School of that day was presided over by a personage whose rod, if not of iron, was one well exercised. Probably he instilled much Latin grammar into his charges: certainly much execration came due him in after years.¹⁴ The roster of Andrew's schoolmates is significant; for here were formed lifelong ties with names of later prominence, as attested in the voluminous Craigie correspondence. Here listed are William Eustis, Nathaniel Appleton, Christopher Gore, William Scollay, and others whose affectionate regard is expressed during and after the welding experiences of war. The tradition that Craigie was an uneducated man is scotched almost at the outset. The Captain's will, in fact, provides for the thorough education of his sons.¹⁵

II. THE MEDICAL SERVICE

That Andrew continued at school after his father's death is uncertain; nor have we as yet any clue to his activities between Latin School and the hostilities of 1775. If, as it appears, he entered the service trained in pharmacy, he would naturally have been apprenticed to some apothecary; and this, in accord with custom, must have meant not a little medical and surgical experience.

If you were to enter today any small-town or "neighborhood" drug-store and address the proprietor as "Doc," he would not turn a hair. It is a traditional prerogative. To call the late colonial pharmacist "Doctor" was no mere pleasantry, and always more than a courtesy; for nearly

¹³ "Andrew Craigie." *Mass. Colonial Soc. Publications*, Boston, 1905, vol. 7 (pp. 403-407). In this communication, by Mr. S. Lothrop Thorndike, of John Holmes' entertaining but confessedly "legendary" account of Craigie events the reader may contrast the traditional picture with the factual. The editorial notes and citations (probably by Messrs. Henry H. Edes and Albert Matthews) are rigorously authentic, and supply the necessary corrections. Singularly, the Cambridge Vital Records note the marriage but not the death of Andrew Craigie.

¹⁴ *Catalogue of the Boston Public Latin School*, established in 1635. With an historical sketch, prepared by Henry F. Jenks, Boston: published by the Boston Latin School Association, 1886 (p. 35 and footnote).

¹⁵ Suffolk Probate Records, 1766, vol. 65 (p. 407, Oct. 31).

every physician had his apothecary shop. His apprentices both compounded and administered medicines and learned the simple surgical technique of the day, especially that of blood-letting. The background of medicine was in transition.¹⁶ In the seventeenth century the Puritan governors and clergy had been the physicians of repute. Cotton Mather's surest claim to immortality is his stout defense of the one sound principle in the medicine of his time — that of inoculation. In Craigie's day few "doctors" possessed the doctorate: Boston, even Harvard, had no M.D. to give. Philadelphia, under the leadership of John Morgan and William Shippen, had only lately instituted a medical school. It is natural, therefore, that the bulk of earlier correspondence addressed to Andrew Craigie bears the title "Doctor" — a title that did not yield wholly to "Esquire" until his progress to Church (or Tory) Row.¹⁷ As long as he is accorded the title by his contemporaries, by a colleague such as John Warren, one can hardly demur.

We must not dwell unduly upon the military career of Andrew Craigie. His biographer in the *Dictionary of American Biography* has written a separate memoir, derived from national records and other sources, giving a chronological picture of Craigie's appointments and activities in Washington's Army. As the "First Apothecary General of the United States," his career proves of major importance in the history of pharmacy and of the medical service in the Revolution.¹⁸

As already hinted, we see the young Dr. Craigie in the field at Bunker Hill. When the medical service was organized two months earlier, Craigie was placed in charge of medical stores. The supply of medicines was deplorably low, only a few scattered medicine-chests being available. When the Tory widow of Henry Vassall found it necessary to abandon her home, the Government, while acceding to her request to be permitted to keep other personal belongings, forbade the removal of her

¹⁶ Henry R. Viets: *A brief history of medicine in Massachusetts*. Boston and N. Y., Houghton Mifflin Co., 1930.

¹⁷ Craigie MSS, Library of the Am. Antiquarian Society, Worcester, Mass.

¹⁸ Lyman F. Kebler: Andrew Craigie, the first apothecary general of the United States. *Jour. Am. Pharmaceutical Assoc.*, 1928, vol. 17 (pp. 63-74, 167-178). A recent critic, in reference to historical novels of the Revolutionary period, has said that, given the whole range of American history, his preference would be to find himself aged twenty-one, at Bunker Hill. (Radio broadcast, Jan. 21, 1941.) Andrew Craigie had this luck — twenty-one in the year 1775, and on the anniversary of General Washington's birth!

medicine-chest. So the chest remained for duty in a house which became an important unit of the hospital service. This house — the later home of the Fosters, just below us in Brattle Street — is famously tragic. There as a culprit, Benjamin Church, ranking medical officer and Craigie's department superior, carved his name as a prisoner convicted of traitorous communication with the enemy.¹⁹ Grandson of a hero of King Philip's War, with a distinguished record as a Continental patriot, Church was the last man to be suspected of disloyalty. At the time, the attitude of the patriot cause toward the mother-country was complex and not wholly clear, and there is reason to believe that the case against Church may yet be open to revision.

Care of the Medical Department came now into the hands of the able but fractious Dr. Morgan of Philadelphia, pioneer in American medical education. The story of army medical administration, first centering in Cambridge, is unhappily an unsavory one. Jealousies, recriminations and shifting of tenure mar these days, as well as subsequent months and years, here and in the farther reaches of the conflict. Incompetence, dishonesty and graft would seem to have been from time to time rampant. Suspicion reigned, detection was the order of the day, and retribution was not light. These things are mentioned for the reason that they throw into relief what an appraisal of credentials has emphasized — the confidence felt by comrades and superiors (including the Commander-in-Chief) in the integrity of Lieutenant-Colonel Andrew Craigie, Apothecary General, who as a soldier appears to have inherited his father's reputation of "An honest Man." It was in 1780 that Dr. Benjamin Rush wrote of "Dr." Craigie as "a gentleman whose character cannot be increased by anything I can say in favor of his merits as a man, as a public officer, and as a whig . . ."²⁰

The archives in Washington and the letters at Worcester testify to the wide territory covered by Craigie in his various posts. In the dark days of Germantown and Valley Forge, the Apothecary General's stores were the responsible center of medical commissariat.²¹ Now, as later,

¹⁹ Mary I. J. Gozzaldi: in *An historic guide to Cambridge*. Cambridge, 1907 (pp. 96-98).

²⁰ *Pennsylvania Packet*, Dec. 16, 1780. Quoted by Lyman F. Kebler (p. 168). See note 18.

²¹ William S. Middleton: Medicine at Valley Forge. *Annals of Med. Hist.*, 1941, 3d ser., vol. 3 (pp. 476, 477). Anyone harboring the Cambridge tradition that Craigie was "uneducated" is invited to compare his letter on the pages cited with a remarkable one by Washington on page 481.

Craigie's associates were a remarkable group. Added to his early friends and schoolmates were correspondents from all sections of the army's activities, including Dr. William Shippen, Dr. David Jackson, and Dr. James Craik, lifelong friend of Washington, whom the Commander-in-Chief, after his presidency, requisitioned as his personal physician.

In spite of the scant medical enlightenment of the Revolutionary period, unstinted physical attention was given the sick and wounded by devoted practitioners and non-combatant friends of the cause. This was true especially of the numerous Pennsylvania Dutch, where so many were enjoined by religion from all belligerency. When Dr. Shippen informed the Moravian Brethren at Bethlehem that their house must be requisitioned as an army hospital, and hundreds of sufferers quartered within these already historic walls, the Brothers not only welcomed them but gave their services as attendants under the dangerous and revolting conditions there prevailing.²²

In view of Craigie's close association with the Pennsylvania field of service in the mid-period of the war, it would be strange if his name were not among those who put up in Bethlehem at its famous and still active Sun Inn, where both Washington and Lafayette were guests. And just down the street were the Sisters' and Brothers' houses — the latter a crowded military hospital. Nearly opposite the hospital was the early building of the Moravian girls' school, whose later location includes that very hospital ward.²³ The young Apothecary General, now in his twenty-fifth year, had every chance to know a spot that he could not have wildly imagined was to claim a precious place in his coming life.

III. THE BOSTON CLAN

And now, later in the war and after, how fares the family Craigie back in Boston? All told, it is a small group; for death has left sad gaps. The widow, Elizabeth Gardner Craigie (always affectionately called

²² ". . . so long as the history of our country's struggle shall be told . . . the kindly spirit of the Moravian Community who cared for the sick of the Continental troops and provided liberally for the welfare of the American patriots will be gratefully remembered." — Nellie Urner Wallington: *Historic Churches of America*. N. Y., Duffield & Co., 1907 (p. 221).

²³ William Cornelius Reichel: *The Old Sun Inn, at Bethlehem, Pa., 1758*, etc. Doylestown, Pa., W. W. H. Davis, Printer, 1873. John W. Jordan: The military hospitals at Bethlehem and Lititz during the Revolution. *Penn. Mag. of Hist. and Biog.*, vol. 20, pp. 137-157, 1896. Includes a fine description of Community buildings.

"Mama" by Andrew in his letters), is still alive. But of her four children, only two survive — Andrew and his second sister, Mary. The youngest, John, has left but three records — birth, Latin School, and death at the age of nineteen, just before the opening of the war. His trade, indicated by the death notice, was "chaise maker."²⁴ Would that we knew more of this young man — this potential Revolutionary patriot — like so many in all generations, so soon forgotten!

The eldest of the Craigie children, Elizabeth, shortly after her father's death had married a descendant of Edward Foster of Scituate — Bossenger, son of a Boston pewterer, Thomas Foster, whom the Haven genealogical fragment calls, with characteristic dry humor, "the tinman." Bossenger, named after his grandmother's family, was not only the son of a pewterer, but by the children of his descendants was ever inseparably linked with *porringers* (though not of pewter). Elizabeth, his first wife, bore a son and a daughter, Bossenger and Elizabeth, Junior. After their mother's death, these two children became the special concern of their Uncle Andrew; indeed the child "Betsy" seems in later, Cambridge years to have taken the place almost of an adopted daughter up to the time of her marriage into the Haven family of Dedham.²⁵

Without some conception of the Foster relationship, it is impossible to form a picture of the family environment of the Craigies. Bossenger, after his wife Elizabeth Craigie had been laid to rest beside her father at King's Chapel,²⁶ lost little time in marrying her sister, Mary Craigie, Andrew's next-elder. So now, in the years during and after the war, this Boston family came to include not only the aged grandmother, "Mama Craigie," the Nantucketer, and her dead elder daughter's two children, but a growing brood of new Fosters, the children of Mary Craigie Foster, the second wife. Letters to Andrew from this sister tell of daily affairs and retail much neighborhood gossip.²⁷ It seems to have been a happy and harmonious group. Edward Dowse, an old friend of Andrew's, visits the Fosters and from their home writes enthusiastically to London of this "little elisium" — and the salubrious Boston climate.

²⁴ *Massachusetts Gazette*, Monday, May 9, 1774 (p. 3).

²⁵ Craigie Estate papers of Judge Samuel Haven, in the writer's collection.

²⁶ See note 8 (p. 95 of work cited).

²⁷ This correspondence is fully abstracted in the card index to the Craigie Papers, Am. Antiquarian Society.

Boston 27th Septembre 1787

Dear Sir

The change of air and agreeable society which this place affords, has restored me to a tolerable degree of health again. Mamma Craigie is very well, as is also your amiable sister [Mary (C.) Foster] and her little boys [Andrew, John, Thomas, James]. I find the family to be a little elisium. Miss ["Betsy"] Foster touches the Piano Forte with such delicacy and skill as gives me some idea of celestial harmony. I was there the other day, when the French Consul and several gentlemen were attending to her music with delight, while her brother [Bossenger Jr.] accompanied her with the violin. You must have found it difficult to get away from this charming family, at your last visit, so soon as you did. — Matrimony is such a lottery, I could almost wish you to continue single, for the sake of such endearing connections — Young Bos is one of the finest young fellows I know of — I recollect hearing you often picture to yourself (in your plan of happiness) a situation upon Fort-Hill, in some small house of your own, to pass the remainder of your days in the tranquil possession of competence & leisure — and truly I can conceive that no man's portion of felicity would be greater — that you may accomplish it, is my sincere wish — and (if I might) I would have a hut likewise upon the same hill.

I shall return to New York in the course of a week [-] nothing material hath occurred in the short interval of my absence — on my arrival I shall expect to receive letters from you, if the packet is got in —

I inclose you the doings of the Convention which is (as far as I can learn) universally well received, and will no doubt meet the adoption of the States.

With great esteem, I remain, Dear Sir

— Your very affectionate humble Servant

Edward Dowse

Andrew Craigie Esq.

A month later, another letter to London reflects the same visit from the family's point of view. This is from Andrew's much beloved niece, Betsy Foster, seventeen years old (destined wife of Judge Haven) — she of the "celestial harmony":

. . . Bossenger, and my self, have lately taken a tour to Nantucket, and I assure you, I never spent Six weeks, more agreeably; aunt Gardner accompanied me here and desires, I would not forget her Love to you.

Mr. Dowse has lately returned to New York, from Boston, he was here soon after you sailed and did not return till about three weeks ago & he is a great favorite of ours; his being your particular friend, would be recommendation, enough for us to regard him, but I think his own merits is sufficient to insure him the esteem, of all who know him . . .

The fact is, Edward Dowse later did seek a wife on the Hill — not, however, in a hut, but in the Phillips mansion; and the quest succeeded. His own homestead still stands — one of the fine old houses of Dedham.²⁸

IV. SPECULATION AND WORSE

During the period just considered we must conceive of Dr. Andrew Craigie, honorably discharged in 1783 from a post held continuously throughout the war, and an original member of the Society of the Cincinnati, as a New York wholesale apothecary; a man of affairs, associated in Philadelphia with his friend Robert Morris and others in the founding of the Bank of the United States. But even before hostilities had ceased, the following was received from Dr. William Eustis:²⁹

West Point, May 31st: 1782.

Dear Craigie,

I have a disposition to tell you that I am at West Point and to ask you where *you* are to be found. The Dauphin is the subject of our conversation & to make a speech or write a letter without mentioning him would be a glaring disrespect of his father our most illustrious ally whom God long preserve. Are we to love the nation in every other instance as cordially as we manifest in this? No Brat of Britain ever caused such tumult in America. However the *learned* say there is policy in wars.

Pray will you honor me with a letter soon that I may in a more leisure consistent moment say several things to you which cannot be said now, and that I may ask you among other things whether you have a mind to speculate? —

Where is Binney? I desire you to tell him Gods blessing is his if I have any influence, quod censeo quam sit exiguum

²⁸ Hon. Edward Dowse, member of Congress, 1822, was a prominent merchant and ship-owner. He and Major Samuel Shaw married twin daughters of Hon. William Phillips, aunts of President Josiah Quincy. (Cf. notes 41, 42 and 58.) Fine miniatures of Edward and Sarah (Phillips) Dowse have passed through the Quincys to the ownership of F. Russell Nourse, Esq., of Dedham. See Chap. 10 of Eliza Quincy's *Memoir*, cited in note 41.

²⁹ Original in the writer's collection.

This is a harum scarum kind of a thing but really this Dauphin has turned us all topsy turvey.

Adieu & good by,
W Eustis

[Addressed]

Andrew Craigie Esq Apothecary to the Army Philadelphia

Was, then, his old friend and schoolmate Eustis responsible for Craigie's meteoric career as the typical early-American plunger? It is apparent that speculation was the very air breathed by more than one of the circle in which Craigie moved. The obligations of the national government were prime favorites in this field. It seems unlikely that Dr. Craigie took more than a speculator's advantage in his army position. In buying up United States certificates he *might* be collecting paper that was to prove no more than good stout paper. But he bought it wholesale, and advised his brother-in-law Bossenger to do the same. Both prospered — Craigie immensely — and until 1788 his hands, so far as evidence goes, are clean from the technical standpoint of the law. But there comes a situation replete with doubt.

Lands in Ohio, after the war, were disposable by the Government in immense tracts. Many of these were assigned for settlement to the soldiers. Craigie joined a group, headed by William Duer, that bought up great assignments of these lands in the expectation of selling them to immigrant French, undertaking at the same time the expense and responsibility of transportation and general supervision of the settlement.

There now enters the scene an important figure — for the ultimate purport of our story, of an importance not yet to be suspected. This is Joel Barlow, the "Hartford Wit," a rising poet of his time, author of the ponderous American epic, the *Columbiad*. As poet, editor and business man, Barlow, who had been an army chaplain, a friend and almost exact contemporary of Craigie, was chosen by the Scioto group as their emissary to Paris, where, in 1788 and 1789, he succeeded in arousing great interest in the Ohio proposition, sold many home-sites and started a motley crowd of French families and adventurers for our shores. Before his mission was complete, unpleasant rumors followed by worse facts showed him that he was involved in what was at best a miscarriage of plans. Great stretches of Ohio land, thought safely in the basket, had

never been conveyed — tracts paid for but non-existent. Hordes of Frenchmen, promised complete transportation, were held up at points of debarkation. Duer was seen to be badly involved in crooked tactics. Craigie, who would have profited much from the success of the scheme, appears to have been at least negatively acquiescent to a doubtful project; while Barlow stands, apparently, more as an innocent link in the chain of events — innocent in the sense of untutored in the wiles of high land-speculation. One gathers from the interpretations on record³⁰ that Craigie this time left behind him a shaky bridge indeed, and one that he might well have seen fit to burn; yet he seems to have kept on file all his correspondence in the matter, and it may be presumed that he regarded these documents as evidence of justification. It may be added that William Duer's sun was setting. His decline ended, in fact, in the debtors' prison.

Barlow's subsequent career is colorful and highly honorable. With his cultivated and devoted wife, he is seen again in Paris as American plenipotentiary under Madison — perishing finally, in 1812, on a futile mission to Napoleon, in the midst of the first great epic of the snows.³¹

V. MANSIONS AND MINIATURES

Thus far the town of Cambridge has figured only in the early days of the war, when the Henry Vassall house served as an important hospital headquarters. Another Vassall mansion must now have attention — of course the one in which this paper is read, with its history of changing fortune, of joy and sorrow, of long peaceful years.

The war has been over for half a decade. In 1789, Dr. James Craik writes Dr. Craigie on a pharmaceutical business matter. Craigie replies, informing him of the termination of his connection with the drug business — "a business," he writes, "by which I lost very considerably."³² And it is only shortly after, that correspondence begins with his brother-in-law, Bossenger Foster, relative to the purchase of the old hospital

³⁰ Archer B. Hulbert: Andrew Craigie and the Scioto Associates. *Proc. Am. Antiquarian Society*, Oct., 1913.

³¹ Theodore A. Zunder: Joel Barlow. *Dict. of Am. Biog.* (with refs.). John F. Schroeder: *Life and times of Washington*. N. Y., Johnson, Fry & Co., 1857 (vol. 2, pp. 616, 617 — "Joel Barlow"). Barlow's tragic end in its more than tragic setting is worthy of dramatization.

³² His firm was that of Craigie, Wainwright & Co., of New York City. His advent in Cambridge was not that of a Bostonian, but of a prominent New York and Philadelphia financier.

property in Cambridge, once "Harry Vassall's," and the less ancient Major John Vassall estate on the opposite side of the street, where we now are. Both of these properties were in the hands of owners subsequent in date to relinquishment by their original Tory proprietors. The crucial year of the negotiations seems to have been 1791, of which your meeting tonight is the 150th anniversary. The following letter of Col. Harry Jackson to Gen. Knox, March 6, 1791, is quoted by Mr. Longfellow:³³

Yesterday Dr. Andrew Craigie made a purchase of John Vassall's house and farm at Cambridge, including the house & c of Harry Vassall in which W. F. Geyer lives, the whole making about 140 or 150 acres — for which he has given £3750 Lng. [sterling] — it is a great bargain, is 50% under its value.

The same year Archibald Robertson, the miniaturist, a friend of Raeburn and pupil of Benjamin West, came from England in October with a mission to Washington.³⁴ According to the only direct authority, it was he who painted the Craigie-Foster group; but the actual dates and circumstances remain in doubt.³⁵ There have come down to us five likenesses: those of Bossenger and his wife, Mary Craigie; of young Bossenger, called "Bos"; of Andrew himself, and of his mother, "Mama Craigie" — Elizabeth of Nantucket — whom we know as a member of the Foster household. After Andrew's return from his business trip to England a few years earlier, his mother's health failed; and now for many months she had been far from well. The miniature, with its dove-grey eyes, doubtless owes much of the dourness of expression, already mentioned, to the precarious state of the much beloved mother and grandmother, who in the fall of this same year, 1791, died at the age of seventy, on the threshold of the Craigie progress to Church Row. The likeness of her daughter, Mary Foster, is hardly more happy in its effect. It is a rather

³³ H. W. Longfellow: Bound volume of MS. notes on the *Craigie House*. Longfellow House Collections.

³⁴ Harry B. Wehle: *American Miniatures 1730-1850*. Garden City Pub. Co., Garden City, N. Y., 1937 (pp. 100, 101).

³⁵ Correspondence (March 8, 1878) of Dr. Samuel Foster Haven (for many years Librarian of the Am. Antiquarian Society) with Gen. Theo. Francis Rodenbough, recently acquired by the Society, definitely ascribes all the miniatures to this artist. The anachronism of Madame Craigie's death (Sept.) previous to his arrival (Oct.) leaves the whole matter in doubt.

wan type, old beyond its years, yet with a certain delicate charm presaging her consumptive future. Her husband's picture, long since lost, but not before Dr. Haven had secured a photographic copy, is of a dignity commensurate with his extraordinary name. Dr. Haven records the color of Bossenger's coat as sky-blue. It was probably a very fine miniature. Young "Bos," his son by the first Craigie sister, appears as a dandy of the period, with a cast of feature quite different from that of his elders. There is no explanation of the absence from the group of Craigie's favorite niece Elizabeth, sister of young Bossenger.

And finally, Andrew himself. Long years after the painting of this miniature, an aged gentlewoman showed it (and doubtless her own blooming companion-likeness) to a young poet — quite likely in this very room — with a pride that led Mr. Longfellow in after years to remark her apparent greater fondness for the miniature than for the deceased original. "Dull and heavy" were Mr. Longfellow's words in characterizing the portrait.³⁶ Perhaps he was right, as you shall presently judge. But it was a slip, on the part of those later recounting the scene, to apply this description to the subject himself. The likeness is one of reposeful solidity, perhaps; but of the personality behind it, nothing has yet appeared to justify more than inference from reflections seen darkly.

The Craigie menage, however, leaves less to surmise. Letters and inventories show in detail its elaborate appointments; and there is tradition aplenty to supply the picture of a host that entertained without regard to expense, who kept a dozen servants and well stocked stables and wine cellars. We learn of weekly dinners, great garden parties, especially at the Commencement season, and dances, where the beauty and gallantry of the Greater Boston of the time held unprecedented sway.³⁷ It was all the inevitable success of success, but as such was destined to be ruled by the caprice of business cycles before and after the turn of the century.

VI. ROMANCE TO ADVERSITY

At the busy port of Nantucket, in the year 1793, the great whaling industry is fast recovering after the war's depression. Quaker faith and

³⁶ See note 33.

³⁷ Samuel S. Green: The Craigie House, Cambridge. *Proc. Am. Antiquarian Society*, April 25, 1900.

customs still dominate the Island, and the Puritan parish of the First Church holds its own with a rather thin congregation. Over this cure of souls is the Rev. Bezaleel Shaw, a Harvard graduate, reputed a man of scholarly attainment and of liberal theological attitude for his time.³⁸ His daughter Betsy, named for her mother, Elizabeth Hammond, of Rochester on Buzzards Bay, is their only surviving child. Carefully instructed, as the legend goes, in her father's little group of privately tutored boys, Betsy Shaw has become as abundantly intelligent as she is beautiful.

Perhaps it was the Nantucket-Rochester packet that carried Betsy sufficiently often to what more stable islanders have called "America," to give her that worldly poise ascribed by tradition and suggested in her portrait — a poise which may have caused her Quaker island-neighbors to look askance; and did produce, we are told, the reverse effect on at least one of her schoolmates. Betsy Shaw's unhappy romance is well known: lovers separated by demurring parents, the beauty's reign in Boston and at Harvard commencements — finally at the balls and banquets in this great room, newly decorated in Grecian style by the upstart successor to the patrician Vassalls. Whether merely dazzled, or whether led by her own vigorous will (for each motivation has its authority), Betsy Shaw's ultimate union with Andrew Craigie, Esquire, had the emphatic approval of her father. For, in a letter to his brother just after the marriage, the reverend parent not only expresses enthusiasm for his daughter's choice (if we may so call it) but tells of his acquaintance with Andrew from boyhood and his high respect for his abilities and character.³⁹ Hence the added interest of this letter in revealing past contact of the later Craigies with the island-birthplace of the mother.

³⁸ Henry B. Worth: *Proc. Nantucket Hist. Society*, 1910 (p. 50). — Alexander Starbuck: *History of Nantucket*. Boston, C. E. Goodspeed & Co., 1924 (p. 552). From these references, kindly furnished by the Rev. Claude Bond, of Nantucket, we learn that it was during the Shaw pastorate "that the 'Half-way Covenant' was introduced . . . an attempt to bring under the influence of the Church certain 'worthy and exemplary' citizens by admitting them to membership in the Church although they had not fulfilled the orthodox qualification of a prescribed religious experience." In the Old North Cemetery is the pastoral tomb, and beside it the grave of an infant son, his father's namesake.

³⁹ From letter of Rev. Bezaleel Shaw to Rev. Oakes Shaw, of Barnstable, March 19, 1793, quoted by Alice M. Longfellow in her typed *Chronicles*, pp. 28-33 (Longfellow House Collections):

" . . . We think we have great reason to rejoice in this happy event of her matrimonial

And so they were married, this bachelor of thirty-nine and the Nantucket beauty. And ever after they lived, as the story would have it, unhappily indeed. For it must have been one or another of the twelve servants that saw the lady swoon when her banished lover's letter arrived, full of hope renewed. That the husband should on this occasion have taken such umbrage that permanent estrangement under a common roof resulted, is singular; but it is one view we are led to contemplate.⁴⁰ In cross-lights that illuminate without enlightening, one feels that this scene, however good grist for the novelist, must remain historically more than ever in the shadow.

There is a brighter side in the aftermath of this romance. Craigie's marriage, after at best two years of gilded bachelorhood, led to a brief period of added glory. Entertainment and gaiety flourished under a young and charming hostess, and the Craigie coach-and-four was a familiar link between the centers of hospitality and fashion. No shadow at all seems to hover over Mrs. Quincy's account of her reception at the great mansion, where, shortly after her engagement to the future president of Harvard, she came, as Eliza Morton, with her betrothed to dine and dance and to be driven to town for entertainment by lavish hosts.⁴¹ These memories of Eliza Morton Quincy's bear further testimony, we shall find, of crucial importance. Her mother, Maria Kemper (of New Jersey "Pennsylvania Dutch" origin), had married "Handsome Johnny" Morton, a New York merchant. Her Aunt Eliza Kemper's husband was Dr. David Jackson of Philadelphia, concerned with the Bethlehem Hospital in the days of Valley Forge. Introduced by the Jacksons, Dr. Andrew Craigie had been a familiar friend in the Morton home — indeed had been, in Mrs. Quincy's own words, "as intimate as a brother"; and

connection with one whom we esteem to be the best of men, a Person of a very amiable Disposition, and unblemished Character, and one on whom the Hand of Providence has liberally bestowed the good things of this Life. I have been acquainted with him from his early Youth. His Mother was a Native of this Island, and he has an Uncle and Aunt now living here . . ."

⁴⁰ See note 37. Here, in Mr. Green's lively account of the Craigie House of the Craigies, will be found on pages 26 to 29, and especially in its footnote transcript of Miss Longfellow's version, a very fair summary of the local tradition.

⁴¹ Eliza Susan (Morton) Quincy: *Memoir of the life of Eliza S. M. Quincy*. Boston, printed by John Wilson & Son, 1821. Her Kemper grandparents emigrated from Germany in 1741. Her Mother, Maria Kemper, married, 1761, John Morton of the British Commissary Dept. *Her Aunt, Susan Kemper, married, 1779, Dr. David Jackson of Philadelphia and went there to live.*

it is evident that the assiduous attention given the pair before and after their marriage was to an extent in return for the Mortons' early friendship. Eliza Quincy's admiration for the gracious Elizabeth Craigie, and the high respect and cordial remembrance in which she held her husband, are in pleasing contrast to the doubts cast by tradition; while the connection of Craigie, through so happy a circumstance, with the Philadelphia Jacksons proves a priceless confirmatory link with later important evidences.

Beside the genius, fashion — even royalty — that flocked to the castle of the Craigies,⁴² another young girl who danced there must claim attention, for she too has light to throw upon the scene. This is Margaret Graves Cary, later the aunt of Mrs. Louis Agassiz.

The doctrines of Emanuel Swedenborg had, in an isolated way, already reached our shores; but not until 1795 did they begin to take root in and about Boston, when William Hill, a minister of the Church of England, came to preach the new dispensation, and was not only welcomed by the House of Craigie but found a welcome receiver in the Laird himself.⁴³ Craigie, presumably of Puritan upbringing, had conformed to the revived usages of Church Row, and was later for a year Junior Warden of Christ Church. The still newer slant given his religious outlook was not, according to the times, a matter of alienation of faith; for the non-separatist attitude, as in the case of Hill, was a recognized one. Hill had become liberalized not alone in theological interpretation, for when young Margaret Cary entered this room at one of the frequent balls, she saw, to quote her own account, that —

Mr. Hill had come unexpectedly to so large a party, and emptied his coat-pocket of a number of notes in short-hand, which was the way he wrote his sermons, and a Bible, which he always carried about him, on to a window-seat, and then joined the dance . . . and some light and

⁴² See note 37. In his *Craigie House*, Mr. Green summarizes this aspect of the establishment from various sources.

⁴³ Marguerite Beck Block: *The New Church in the New World*. New York, Henry Holt & Co., xi + 464 pp., 1932. In this scholarly study by an outsider, but a sympathetic and judicial writer, it is made plain how one of the first impacts of the New Church movement was focussed on Craigie House (p. 101) — a movement destined to exert much influence, seen and unseen, toward the loosing of New England puritanism. Mrs. Block makes the significant observation (p. 160) "that an unusually large proportion of his [Swedenborg's] early disciples were doctors or pharmacists . . ."

frivolous remarks were made, — such as, that he had come to America to find his partner, &c. This was in the winter of 1794-95 . . .⁴⁴

We would gladly know the attitude of the fair hostess toward the "Heavenly Doctrines"; for it seems certain that her husband never ceased his adherence, in which he came to have the fellowship of many of his time; among them the Worcesters, his friend Edward Dowse,⁴⁵ and his niece's husband, Judge Haven. Margaret Cary herself became a devoted convert, one of many saintly maidens since that day — a line that reaches its peak in the miracle of Helen Keller.⁴⁶

And so, as we make our farewell to the scene (where partners tread out the grave and graceful figures of the minuet, perhaps to the strains of Haydn, perhaps even to those of the boy Mozart's new and delicate creations) the color and the gaiety dissolve into an empty room — empty save for an aged women in a white turban, strumming the old measures upon an outmoded pianoforte.⁴⁷

That Craigie fortunes have been on the top of the wave is to speak more than figuratively; for they run true to the curve expressing the unstable economic status of the new republic. Following the crisis now making in the middle of these 18th-Century gay nineties, Craigie's business agents in New York, Horace and Seth Johnson, become insolvent. Involved in great and ever-growing land holdings, far and near, the Craigie interests are indeed extended; and now, within a few years of the marriage, retrenchment becomes imperative. Craigie writes from New York to his Foster brother-in-law suggesting that he occupy the mansion, and that Mrs. Craigie join her now widowed mother in Roches-

⁴⁴ Miss M. G. Cary: Early recollections of the New Church in Boston. *New Jerusalem Mag.*, Boston, vol. XXX, 1857-58.

⁴⁵ Maurice W. Turner: The Edward Dowse volumes of Swedenborg's works. *New-Church Review* (Boston), vol. 38 (2), pp. 202-207, April, 1931. Dr. Turner quotes a letter from his grandmother, Mrs. Samuel Worcester, in which she speaks of Mr. Dowse (of whom her husband was a Dedham fellow-townsman in 1814) first lending and then giving to young Worcester his various editions of the Works, "who read them with great interest, although for some months he would religiously suspend the reading of them when Sabbath day came round, fearing that they were improper for the holy day." Dowse's own interest proved temporary.

⁴⁶ Helen Keller: *My religion*. Garden City, N. Y., Doubleday, Page & Co., 1927. "When the sun of consciousness first shone upon me, behold a miracle!" (pp. 196, 197).

⁴⁷ Mr. Longfellow's picture of old Mrs. Craigie at the piano, with its extravagant elaboration at the hand of George William Curtis, is given by H. W. L. Dana on page 13 of "The coming of Longfellow." *Proc. of the Cambridge Hist. Society*, 1939.

ter; that for the time it may be necessary to "sing small," and that the wife should be instructed how to meet the possible emergency of facing suits of attachment.⁴⁸

That such crises were for years met and overridden is evident from the continued speculative activity of Craigie for much of his remaining life, of which the great bridge enterprise is the prime example. Correspondence with friends, such as Dr. Eustis, shows that the project was in mind as early as the entrance to the Vassall house.⁴⁹ It took some fifteen years to mature and was fulfilled with true Craigie pomp and circumstance, if we are to believe the testimony of Sophia Shuttleworth, then a young Cambridgeport resident. Opened on Commencement day, August 30, 1809, the completed bridge was honored by a great procession headed by the Craigie coach, with the attendance of Governor Strong, President Webber and notables generally of army and navy, town and gown.⁵⁰ This was but one of the many changes for better or worse engineered by Craigie in the Town of Cambridge. Buying up the greater part of East Cambridge by secret purchases through agents, some of whom one regrets to say were his relatives — a method still hardly peculiar to him — Craigie found himself thus contemptibly in possession of cheap property of immense potential value. Not content with this, he moved much of the civic center, like a set of chessmen, from the old Cambridge to the new, and thereby laid the foundations of a fresh juridical and industrial community. Meanwhile, streets were laid out at the scratch of his pen. Mount Auburn Street was driven (though not near enough to suit this promoter's interests) across the fair acres over which Tory Row had viewed the river beyond the green marshes.⁵¹ We may

⁴⁸ A. Craigie to B. Foster, Aug. 11 and Aug. 19, 1788. *Craigie Papers*, Am. Antiquarian Society, vol. 1, nos. 131, 132.

⁴⁹ To B. Foster, Jan. 31, 1792. To same, Feb. 5, 1792. ". . . written Dr. Eustis on the subject of a bridge . . . & empowered him to act as shall be necessary in the matter . . ." (*Craigie Papers*, A. A. S., vol. 1, nos. 128, 129.)

⁵⁰ Sophia (Shuttleworth) Simpson: *Two hundred years ago*. Boston, Otis Clapp, 1859. Reprinted in *Proc. Cambridge Hist. Society*, April, 1922, pp. 29-68. A memory-book of much interest and many errors. Christopher Gore, schoolmate and old friend of Andrew, actually was governor at the time. On pp. 35 and 36 of the reprint is a vivid encomium on Mrs. Craigie.

⁵¹ Lucius R. Page: *History of Cambridge, Mass.* Boston, H. O. Houghton & Co. New York, Hurd and Houghton. Cambridge: The Riverside Press, 1877 (pp. 183-187). These pages are an authoritative source of material earlier treated by Mrs. Simpson. A model of "sharp practice" here reveals itself. See also Mr. Arthur P. Morley's entertaining sketch,

wonder why old Craigie was not even more unpopular than he seems to have made himself to the average citizen.

And yet the Brattle Street community lived placidly on, judging from the sprightly letters of Susanna Hill. These letters are much to our purpose, for they are contemporary documents unsullied by the lees of reminiscence.⁵²

The Aaron Hill house, opposite the Fosters', was where St. John's now stands. Susanna has much to say of the social life in the scattered country community centering in her father's property and the two old Vassall estates: a dancing party for little Mary Foster, the only Foster offspring born in Cambridge; the visit of a Dedham baby, Samuel Foster Haven; the new house of Deacon Hilliard, nephew of Bossenger; activities of the young men of the Foster family; neighborhood calls of the Craigies, and some of their social movements — no longer, apparently, of any amazing proportions. Susanna never hesitates to pick up nosy bits of gossip. A curious rift in the Deacon Hilliard household is mentioned in passing, but never an intimation of any Craigie estrangement. Craigie and Mrs. Foster are missed at one event. Susanna supposes "he could not spare time from Bridges and roads to go and she would not go without him." In another place, Susanna mentions her cousin Dr. Eustis' declaration that "Mr. Craigie's Bridge speculation will be of no advantage to him, the day it was granted to him in his opinion made him a beggar." May we wonder if Eustis recalled his intimated tip to Andrew so many years before — "that I may ask you . . . whether you have a mind to speculate?"

True to such an omen, these halcyon days were soon past. But the crashing waves of business misfortune must to Craigie have been less heartbreaking than the shadows that for the next decade descended upon his clan. Following the death in 1805 of his brother-in-law and close business associate, the senior Bossenger, the first to succumb after the father was Mary, the youngest Foster, who died in 1811 at the age of

"Andrew Craigie," in *Leaders of Cambridge Industry* (Harvard Trust Co. brochures, Cambridge), as well as Mr. Thomas F. O'Malley's detailed note on Mrs. Simpson's account above (reprint, pp. 88-92).

⁵² Mary I. Gozzaldi: Letters to Mrs. William Jenks, 1806-1813. *Proc. Cambridge Hist. Society*, IX, Jan. 27, 1914-Oct. 27, 1914. Pub. 1915. Also entitled, "Some letters from Tory Row" with introductory remarks in regard to the correspondents."

sixteen; next in order her mother, who was Mary Craigie, in 1815; then Bossenger Junior, 1816; and finally, in the following year, James and George Foster, each on the very eve of his marriage. Dr. Haven, in 1878, writes to General Rodenbough:

James and George died the same week of epidemic dysentery which prevailed at Cambridge. It is just within my memory. They were engaged to be married to Betsey and Sarah Dana, daughters of Chief Justice Dana, and sisters of Richard H. Dana Senr. These ladies always regarded themselves as *widows*, remaining single and wearing black till the close of their long lives.⁵³

So likewise did the Haven children regard them, to whom they always remained the "Aunt Danas." Swept away in the same epidemic were two infant boys, the Fosters' cousins, sons of their neighbor, Deacon Hilliard. Within hardly more than a single decade (which included also the death of Mrs. Shaw in her daughter's home) the Foster family of ten had shrunk to four — Elizabeth, wife of Judge Haven, Drs. Andrew and Thomas, and John Foster, called by his nephew, Dr. Haven, "harmlessly insane," whose amusing eccentricities apparently are recounted by Lowell in *Fireside Travels*.⁵⁴

Of Andrew Craigie's affection for his sister's family there is abundant witness. He writes in 1791, "My love to my dear Polly [his sister Mary] and all the family — each individual of which becomes more and more interesting to me." These letters, too, express frequently an earnest desire for the welfare of his old Nantucket aunt, Priscilla Gard-

⁵³ Samuel Foster Haven to Gen. Theo. F. Rodenbough, March 14, 1878. (See note 35.) Mrs. Rodenbough was a descendant of Dr. Andrew Foster, the only Craigie kin beside the Havens to leave issue.

⁵⁴ Lowell refers to his local characters by initials only, but these are for the most part transparent. Dr. Haven's dry remark (in a Rodenbough letter) helps the identification.

Deacon Hilliard, mentioned often by Susanna Hill, is William Hilliard, pioneer college printer, bookseller and publisher, father-in-law of Catherine (Haven) Hilliard. He was first to use the name "University Press," and in his successive partnerships seems to have been the father of the Greater-Boston publishing industry. His name sponsors many works of the early 19th century, among them the *Proceedings* of the American Academy and *Outre-Mer* (which proved so good a card of introduction for the young Professor Longfellow to the Widow Craigie; see p. 4 of H. W. L. Dana's *Coming of Longfellow*, cited in note 47). Paintings of the Deacon and his wife have hung for many years in his granddaughter's home at Worcester.

The graves of Mrs. Elizabeth (Hammond) Shaw's ancestors are in the ancient Hammond cemetery, Mattapoisett (once a part of Rochester), Mass.

ner, supplied by him through the Fosters with creature-comforts; and of his uncle, the fourth John Gardner, high-sheriff of Nantucket.⁵⁵ His intense love of kin must not be forgotten in any coming appraisal of Andrew Craigie.

Consider the circumstances under which the second decade of the century has placed this man of restless energy, endless undertakings and uncertain opulence. Vast resources there are in town, farm and forest — Craigie's Mills, in what is to be the State of Maine; the township of Belvidere, Vermont; lumber tracts of Western New York, rich lands of the Ohio — all now doubtless imperilled or heavily encumbered; properties galore about his home with obligations to match; the sheriff at last at his gate-post⁵⁶ — and among his kin, the busy and pitiless hand of the Reaper. Now, having seen the greater part carried one by one beneath Colonel John Vassall's stone table in the Old Burying Ground, the head of the clan is himself stricken, and laid beside the rest.

VII. THE HERITAGE OF TORY ROW

In former days, when eleventh-hour wills were the rule, those undelivered from sudden death were prone to die intestate. Andrew Craigie was so numbered. Who were the Craigie Heirs, sentenced in the Year of Our Lord 1819 to take on this huge incapacitated bulk, the Craigie Estate? The widow's dower of one-third left the remaining two-thirds to be divided by lot among the four surviving Fosters; one of whom, Elizabeth Foster Haven, wife of the Dedham judge, received the Henry Vassall property, the Foster homestead, which had once been the Medical Headquarters. With it went a pew in Christ Church; presumably the tomb beneath; and certainly the table-tomb without, which continued to serve even the next generation.⁵⁷

⁵⁵ See end of note 39.

⁵⁶ "Did he ever venture forth at evening, seeing a constable and *capias* in every bush?" asks Mr. John Holmes in his racy and "legendary" account of Craigie fortunes. (See note 13.)

⁵⁷ This capacious reliquary (at first nameless save for the Vassall arms, but later inscribed with the name of Colonel John Vassall, its founder) was inspected at the instance of Dr. Samuel Foster Haven, June 24, 1862, in the presence of Prof. Jeffries Wyman of Harvard, Lieut. B. B. Vassall of Oxford, and others. The original report, signed by E. D. Harris, is enclosed in Dr. Haven's letter of March 14, 1878 to Gen. Rodenbough (see notes 35 and 53). It is abstracted in the latter's delightful work, *Autumn leaves from family trees*. Theo. Francis Rodenbough, N. Y., 1892, printed by Clark & Zugalla, 33 Gold St. (150 copies). Though identification remains incomplete, there can be no question that not only Andrew Craigie but

The plight of the widow was pathetic. Being by dower the head of an elaborate house slimly financed, her future must be one of retrenchment and endless effort to carry on. The plight of the heirs of kin, though not pathetic, was one to involve the assumption of heavy responsibilities, grinding encumbrances, and endless litigation which led even to technical suits-at-law within the family.⁵⁸ Judge Haven, fortunately a skilled conveyancer, assumed much of the legal burden involved, and his papers bear witness to his industry and integrity. Much salvage was accomplished: no one was made rich, but none suffered financial extinction.

Of Mrs. Craigie's career after Andrew's death many things are recorded. A proud and picturesque character, a woman of high education, an intellectual radical, a tender and fearless champion of the right to live, Mrs. Craigie took many distinguished and future-distinguished lodgers who, departing, remained her friends for life. Puritan eyes viewed her with grave doubt, if not with fear, for she was known as a student of Voltaire. Although we shall probably never know how she and her husband viewed each other's philosophy, it is curious to recall a letter written in 1778 by Major Samuel Shaw to his comrade, "Doctor Cragie," gracefully thanking him for the gift of a set of Voltaire's works.⁵⁹

The leaves are fading at Craigie House. From the yellowed and twisted plumes of great elms the caterpillars spin down unmolested upon the white turban of an old dame, their fellow-mortal. In a few more years the tortured trees may bear no leaves — but the wearer of the turban will not be there to see.

Two ravaging holocausts stand between us and longed-for origins; the great Nantucket fire, in which the major antiquities of the Island

the best part of two generations of his kindred go to make up the twenty-five interments here recorded.

⁵⁸ *Haven Papers*, Am. Antiquarian Society, Worcester, and Dedham Historical Society. Some items in F. H. P. collection.

⁵⁹ "I thank you most cordially, my dear friend Cragie, for your present of the works of Voltaire, which in themselves however valuable, are rendered peculiarly so to me by the obliging manner in which you make them a token of your friendship. As such I am happy in accepting them, and under this pleasing idea, I shall peruse with additional satisfaction the writings of that universal genius."

"Believe me, dear Cragie, most affectionately yours

S. Shaw

Tuesday 31 Jany 1786."

[*Craigie MSS.*, Am. Antiquarian Society.]

went glimmering, and the great Craigie fire — not the one that destroyed her barn, but that for which the lone widow halted at death's door to consign her attic treasures and their romance to oblivion.⁶⁰

It is the summer of 1841, one hundred years ago. Elizabeth Craigie lies alone at Mount Auburn, where the flame of life, immortalized in stone, aspires nameless from its simple pillar. And now in the year 1941, on the eve of this very meeting, the lone survivor of those noble elms, once decimated by "fellow worms," has crashed. The rings of its vast trunk go back in number beyond that very day, one hundred and fifty years ago, when it passed to Craigie ownership — perhaps even to the date, cast in the old fireplace, associated with the Vassall builder.

Mrs. Craigie is known to have sold many effects. Apparently only a few items of silver, china and furniture passed into the hands of the heirs. Much, doubtless, was disposed of after the widow's death. One item of household property is of unusual interest: this is the Craigie organ.

My grandmother, Catherine Dexter Hilliard, grand-niece of Andrew Craigie and sister of Dr. Haven, lived here as a child in her uncle's home while at school in Cambridge, and is said to have passed long afternoons curled up in one of these cushioned window-nooks, reading.⁶¹ The ample library that little Catherine Haven must have had at her disposal is recorded in every detail at the Registry of Probate. Familiar with the house and its contents, she later recounted to elder grandchildren many

⁶⁰ It is strange how Mrs. Craigie, as a theme, invites hyperbole. We had best revert to Mr. Longfellow's unvarnished note, in which he recalls that "a few days before her death, she burned a large quantity of papers which she had stored away in an upper chamber, and among them the letters of her lover." H. W. L., MS. notebook on the *Craigie House* (pp. 11, 12), quoted by H. W. L. Dana, p. 35 (see note 47).

⁶¹ Daughter of the favorite niece, "Betsy" Foster, she doubtless had special privileges in the great house. One of her schoolmates, and a lifelong intimate, was Mary Holmes, sister of Oliver. Another dear friend and active correspondent was Sophia Peabody, whose Dedham journal, of 1830, partly reproduced in her son's *Nathaniel Hawthorne and his wife* (vol. 1, pp. 75-81), has much to say of "Kate" and her family in their spacious Dedham home (now the Community House, High Street). The discovery of the remainder, and by far the major part, of this journal would doubtless open a chapter of glowing youth in the earlier 19th-century Dedham.

Family tradition has it that Catherine's elder sister Elizabeth (1800-1826) was model for one of the figures in Allston's huge, tragic undertaking of "Belshazzar." If so, she quite fulfilled the current demand, noted in *The Flowering of New England* (p. 160), for the "metaphysical" type. It was after her death that the artist married a sister of her two "Aunt Danas."

of her experiences. Among the wonderful possessions of her uncle and aunt was a big organ. The reminiscence is fortunately corroborated by the official inventory, which appraises the instrument, once standing in this room, at \$500.⁶²

In 1822 Harvard acquired its first organ, first played by a freshman organist in the new University Hall chapel. Unsubstantiated tradition claims that this instrument was the gift of Mrs. Craigie.⁶³

In a gallery of the Fogg Museum is an ancient pipe-organ, still in good playing condition. It was built in 1805 by Gray, in London, came into the possession of the Chickering Company from an unknown source, and reached the Museum by way of the Harvard Club.⁶⁴

That Mrs. Craigie, three years after her husband's death, did unload her organ on Harvard is very plausible, since it may well have become a white elephant — space-taking and requiring prohibitive upkeep; moreover, Craigie relations with the college staff and administration seem always to have been most cordial. If the organ at the Fogg is actually the one in question, it must have been purchased in a period of relative prosperity. This would be within the period between the national business crises of 1796 and 1815. The date of the Fogg organ, 1805, is therefore consistent with the inference. Is the visible organ *the* organ, or only one of two, or possibly of three? So there the problem stands.

VIII. THE CELLAR-STAIR LETTERS

Young Professor Longfellow, Mrs. Craigie's last lodger, could hardly have dreamed that the old house he already loved would never cease to be his home. It had in every sense become such when an event occurred that now, after nearly a century, revivifies the Craigie history.

Some years after Mrs. Craigie's death (Miss Alice Longfellow places

⁶² The records of 1820, vol. 135, Registry of Probate, East Cambridge, contain the full inventory of the Andrew Craigie personal estate.

⁶³ Henry Lee: University Hall. *The Harvard Book*. Cambridge: Welch, Bigelow & Co., University Press, 1875 (vol. 1, p. 87).

"But if the outside was bare, the chapel, as originally arranged, was one of Mr. Bulfinch's masterpieces.

"The pulpit stood in the middle of the east side; the organ, the gift of Mrs. Craigie, on the west side, opposite the pulpit . . .

"I have spoken of the organ as the gift of Mrs. Craigie. Such is the tradition, but from the corporation records I have only gleaned that it was built in England, and from the diary of the Rev. George Whitney I learn that it was set up in 1821."

⁶⁴ "An ancient pipe organ." *Harvard Alumni Bulletin*, vol. 32, April 17, 1930 (pp. 820, 821).

the time at thirty years after the death of Andrew) Mr. Longfellow, or some member of his household, found on the stairs leading to the cellar a letter of mysterious origin, written in a cultivated feminine hand, of a date long in the past and addressed to Andrew Craigie, Esq. The mystery deepened when, on later occasions, other similar letters lay where the first had appeared. Their origin was traced to a box fitted into a tread of the upper staircase, its joints so opened by mice and time that letter after letter was now being jarred loose from the sheaf of manuscript within. The circumstances appear to have been largely a matter of tradition in the Longfellow family⁶⁵ and among members of the Dante Club.⁶⁶ Why Mr. Longfellow should have apparently omitted from his journal all mention of so extraordinary a find is a further mystery.

It was of course easy to read romance into what proved to be the letters of a schoolgirl, who was assumed to have died before the Craigie era came to an end. And this is just what one author did. No one knows how Helen Hunt Jackson got wind of the letters. No account has been found of any visit on her part to Craigie House, or of any correspondence with the poet. And yet in her letter of 1867 to the New York Evening Post, quoting gossip at a dinner to Charles Dickens,⁶⁷ and later in a story, *Esther Wynn's Love-Letters* (each published under a pseudonym and neither acknowledged in her lifetime),⁶⁸ Helen Hunt

⁶⁵ Alice M. Longfellow, in her *Chronicles* — one hand-written version, p. 38; another, pp. 27, 28 (Longfellow House Collections).

⁶⁶ W. D. Howells: *Literary friends and acquaintance*. N. Y. and London: Harper & Bros., 1900 (p. 189). "The taper cast just the right gleams on the darkness, bringing into relief the massive piers of brick, and the solid walls of stone, which gave the cellar the effect of a casemate in some fortress, and leaving the corners and distances to a romantic gloom . . . Longfellow once spoke of certain old love-letters which dropped down on the basement stairs from some place overhead . . ." (And thence, to the end of the page, the author plunges into a welter of delightfully mixed misstatement!)

⁶⁷ A Turkish bath and a parcel of old love-letters. Letter from Rip Van Winkle. *The Evening Post*, New York, Dec. 19, 1867. "Why only one letter had been jostled out at a time, and always at this particular hour of the night, under the tread of this particular person, nobody can know, unless it might be because he was a poet, and in his hands so weird a legacy from the past would be held in rightful esteem. The story was told to Dickens, the other day, at a dinner, and we shall perhaps see it doing good duty yet, in the machinery of a second Lady Dedlock's retribution." (But in less than three years, Dickens was dead; and apparently "Rip Van Winkle" then felt free to turn over the episode to "Saxe Holm.")

⁶⁸ Saxe Holm: Esther Wynn's love-letters. *Scribner's Magazine*, Dec., 1871. Also in *Saxe Holm's Stories*. N. Y., Scribner, Armstrong & Co., 1874. In her biography of *Helen Hunt Jackson* (H. H.) — N. Y., D. Appleton-Century Co., Inc., 1939 — Miss Ruth Odell (to whom

touches points that make it necessary to conclude that she not only knew of the cellar-stair letters, but had perhaps even handled them.

In the story, Esther Wynn's letters to her more mature, married lover fall one by one upon the fourth stair. They number over a hundred, and cover the space of fifteen years. Their tone is deeply affectionate, yet dignified — often suggesting some concealed source of pain. At length the heroine falls sick. The union of the twain is never to be.

Many such points in *Esther Wynn* can be checked off as fairly descriptive of the cellar-stair letters. They bear out the otherwise unsupported statement of R. H. Stoddard that Longfellow was forestalled in using the event for a poem by the appearance of the story of Esther Wynn.⁶⁹ Mr. Longfellow's copy of *The Saxe Holm Stories*, in which it is found, bears his autograph in the year of publication.

It is impossible even to epitomize, in the remaining fraction of this paper, the complete story that was folded away in these letters, with their formidable interplay of thought and personality. Yet by careful selection their spirit can perhaps be imparted. The letters are all to Andrew Craigie, and with a few exceptions are written by Polly (or Mary) Allen. Not all her known letters were deposited in the cellar-stair box.⁷⁰ One of the earliest reached me among Craigie business papers before I had even seen the Craigie House treasure. The date is January, 1791; the writer, twelve years old:

Bethlehem January 28th 1791.

My dear Uncle

I long very much to receive again a letter from You, as I have been deprived of that pleasure since October last. You may believe, this Your long silence caused many anxious thoughts in my breast, concerning Your health: Indeed, I could not but ascribe it to an illness, that might have befallen You — & You know My Dear Uncle that this would give me pain.

I am indebted for a photostat of the rare Rip Van Winkle letter) on pp. 136 and 137 comments most interestingly on "H. H.'s" almost frantic attempt to conceal the authorship. Another student of "H. H." Mrs. F. S. Worthy, suggests (letter of Nov. 13, 1941) that Thomas Wentworth Higginson, in close touch with the author at Newport, may well have brought back the tale from a Dickens dinner.

⁶⁹ R. H. Stoddard: *Poets' Homes*. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co., 1877 (vol. 1, p. 13).

⁷⁰ The three earliest, dated Aug. 4, Nov. 10 and Nov. 24, 1790, are in the *Craigie* files of the Am. Antiquarian Society.

I trust however, God in mercy will spare Your health, for the sake of Your poor Niece, who is at present quite cheerful, healthy & happy, & still delighted with Bethlehem.

By the last snow I expected visitors from New York, with letters for me, but was disappointed. The snow is now almost gone & I must wait for better times —

I spent Christmas holy days very happy, attended several meetings at Church, & in our house we assembled repeatedly, & spoke dialogue in presence of almost all the Inhabitants in Bethlehem.

My dear Uncle will please to grant to his Niece the great pleasure to convince her by a few lines, that he is still alive & enjoys health & happiness.

In doing which

He will oblige

His dutiful Niece

Polly Allen

[Addressed]

Mr Andrew Craigie

Newyork

Broadstreet.

To My Uncle Craigie.

[On reverse of sheet]

The school attended by Polly cannot of course be other than the Moravian seminary in Bethlehem, founded more than forty years earlier by Benigna, daughter of Count Zinzendorf whose estate at Herrnhut in Saxony had fostered a vigorous reorganization of the followers of John Huss. It was America's first private school for girls, attended by the daughters of many prominent men of the Colonies, as it is today by their descendants.⁷¹ And in Polly's time the use of the near-by Single Brethren's House as an army hospital was a recent event. The child is happy in her environment — so happy among these people of understanding heart that nothing in her after life can quite take the place of Moravian faith and customs, epitomized, as by her letter, in the Feast of the Nativity. For it was on Christmas Eve, just two hundred years ago, that Zinzendorf, newly arrived among the little band of Brethren, led them with lighted candle to where the sheep and oxen stood in their stalls, and sang:

Not Jerusalem — lowly Bethlehem,
'Twas that gave us Christ to save us;
Not Jerusalem.

⁷¹ Historical sketch of the Bethlehem Female Seminary. *Trans. Moravian Hist. Society*, Nazareth, Pa., vol. 1, 1876 (appendix).

Thus was named the village of Bethlehem; and thus still sing the Brethren yearly in their vigils on the eve of Holy Night.⁷²

To know how Polly came to be sent by her "Uncle Craigie" to this school, we must consult a letter written by him November 30, 1788, to the wife of Joel Barlow in Hartford:

My friend Mr. Shaler was not long since in Connecticut & I requested him to pay the little girl's expenses but find since his return that Mr. Seymour rec'd no compensation for her board — & indeed declined taking any. Col. Wadsworth has been so obliging as to undertake to pay any money on acct. of the little girl & I must beg the favor of you to receive from him any sums you may have occasion for & you will much oblige me by settling with Mr. Seymour in what way you shall think most agreeable, & by assuring that worthy family of my acknowledgments for the care & kind attention which Polly experienced from them.

After considering all acquaintance I have concluded it best to send Polly to Bethlehem where great attention will be paid to her Education. I have therefore to request that you will add one more to my many ob. in having her sent to New York.⁷³

From the age of six, as we learn from other sources, Polly had been an inmate of the Barlow home, where her "dove eyes and gentle ways" had endeared her to foster-parents and playmates.⁷⁴ Now, as Barlow departs for Paris on the ill-fated Scioto mission, Polly must find a new home. They are interesting names that enter into the negotiation — distinguished names in Connecticut's history — Wadsworth, Seymour, and Shaler. The last is Capt. Nathaniel Shaler, whose subsequent career as a privateer meets with scant sympathy in the autobiography of his grandson.⁷⁵

⁷² This historic scene and many others that are intimate to the Moravian world are portrayed with great charm by Elizabeth Lehman Myers in *A Century of Moravian Sisters*. N. Y. etc., Fleming H. Revell Co., 1918. The stanza is from the ancient hymn of Adam Dresel (1620-1701).

⁷³ *Craigie papers*, vol. 1, p. 11, Am. Antiquarian Society.

⁷⁴ It is one of these playmates whose expression is quoted above (from a letter written in her old age). John W. Jordan: *Memoir of Sister Mary Allen*, read before the Moravian Historical Society, Sept., 1884 (unpublished). It will become evident that this and the Eliza Quincy memoir are in a vital sense our key-documents.

⁷⁵ Nathaniel S. Shaler: *Autobiography of Nathaniel Southgate Shaler*, with a supplementary memoir by his wife. Boston and N. Y., Houghton Mifflin Co., 1909. "At the end of three

It is a welcome tribute that we find in a letter to Craigie from Mrs. Barlow, dated February 23 of the following year:⁷⁶

. . . I am happy to hear of Polly's safe arrival. I want to see [the] dear little Girl. She did herself honor at my Brothers [Dudley Baldwin] & every where she went, they all love and admire her. This pleased me. — I shall ever feel interested in whatever concerns her. I have great expectations from her improvement at the Bethlehem school. She has genius sufficient to learn any thing. & an understanding far above her years. I shall wish to hear from her often. Love to the dear Girl. with the little thread cape enclosed, which I promised her before —

With esteem, I am your sincere friend —

R B

[Ruth (Baldwin) Barlow]

So Polly — a child of nebulous origin, but of parts and graces — is delivered to the fortunately tender mercies of the Pennsylvania Dutch.

It is with somewhat amused tolerance that Moravians view Longfellow's early poem, *Hymn of the Moravian Nuns of Bethlehem at the Consecration of Pulaski's Banner*. It was once much declaimed in school and college. Oliver Wendell Holmes writes in 1882 of speaking the lines "more than half a century" before,⁷⁷ and we can perhaps sense the pitch of his youthful oratory in a stanza such as this:

If the vanquished warrior bow,
Spare him! By our holy vow,
By our prayers and many tears,
By the mercy that endears,
Spare him! he our love hath shared!
Spare him! as thou wouldest be spared!

The almost equally youthful poet, writing when a senior at Bowdoin, was not directly responsible for the expression "Moravian Nuns"; for it appears in the magazine account of Pulaski that had inspired his lines,⁷⁸

years of this legalized buccaneering, Captain Shaler's ship vanished from the sea" (p. 8). One notes that privateers and buccaneers rub elbows on the shelves at Goodspeed's.

⁷⁶ *Craigie MSS.*, Am. Antiquarian Society.

⁷⁷ O. W. Holmes to T. G. Appleton, March 25, 1882, on the death of Longfellow. (Longfellow House Collections.)

⁷⁸ *N. Am. Review*, April, 1825. ". . . the standard of the legion was formed of a piece of crimson silk, and embroidered by the Moravian nuns of Bethlehem, in Pennsylvania" (p. 391). This article in turn quotes from *Niles' Register*, Oct. 16, 1824.

which not unnaturally develop a rich ecclesiastical background for the nuns' solemn procession. Yet it seems that this rigorously evangelical Protestant sisterhood became, in Bethlehem at least, quite receptive to the poem; for, in one of its many settings, it was sung lustily in that pre-eminently musical group.⁷⁹ Could Mr. Longfellow, on inspecting his cellar-stair treasure, have realized that he had at last unearthed a Moravian nun? For if ever the name was deserved, it is just here.

The earliest letter found in the cellar-stair collection is of January, 1797, just six years later than the one just read. Now, at the age of eighteen, Polly is anxious about her future. Objecting to Craigie's suggestion that she live with a family in Philadelphia or elsewhere, she writes: "I should, I am sure, be known by some of my former acquaintances let me live as private as I could unless I'd pass with another name."

Later the same year, a letter from her principal appears, in which he refers to a fatherly talk with Polly, after which he favors her remaining in the Community, "as she was convinced," he says, "in *her* situation she could nowhere be happier than here."

Polly does wish, however, to visit the homes of certain schoolmates. Objection is raised; but in July of the following year (1798) her suspense is relieved by permission to visit her friend Sally Colt, in Rome, New York. She writes:

How happy my dear Uncle did I feel after so long and painful a silence to receive your kind & affectionate letter. The praises you bestow on me are highly gratifying & not less dear to my heart the assurances of your friendship & affection — to deserve, to merit both shall ever be my aim —

I only wish to leave the school as I am too old to be in it any longer & as you do not approve of my always living here it is certainly time to leave it. — but after all my dear Uncle this [is] only a visit for some months, what is to become of me afterwards? Where is to be my home? — is there not some respectable family with whom I could board? . . .

With the greatest affection.

Your dutiful P. A. —

⁷⁹ The soloist was the well-known Sister Sally Horsefield. "Someone at that time had set Longfellow's 'Hymn . . .' to music, and Sister Sally possessed this music, playing it often. It was one of the things she loved to sing for her friends, and it is a great pity that the music has been lost." (From *A Century of Moravian Sisters*, pp. 212, 213. See note 72.) Doubtless this very music is to be found among the many settings of the poem in the Longfellow House Collections.

In this letter the word "Uncle" appears for the last time; and later the signature is no longer "Polly," but "Mary." The writer is done with a fiction that has perhaps been long in dawning upon her.

Polly's next letter, in the fall of 1798, coincides with the first snag in Cambridge fortunes, where, you will recall, Andrew writes Bossenger that it is now important to "sing small":

Your letter my dear Sir of the 29th of August I have received & was truly sorry to hear that you are involved in so much trouble on account of your affairs —

Believe me I am no way depressed by your loss of fortune than, as it must cost you a great deal of trouble for as I never expected too much, nor placed my happiness in the possession of riches so on my own account I shall neither regret the loss of it — You have already done so much for me, that it would be very ungrateful to complain, nor will I ever while I possess your affection.

Craigie now receives letters from Sally Colt and her father Peter Colt, of Rome, New York, full of earnest anticipation of Polly's visit. Her letters are now from a home where she has inspired real devotion. The Colts, a Hartford family, had known Polly while a child at the Barlows'. Peter Colt had been a prominent commissary in the war, and from New England had sent droves of cattle to relieve the starvation at Valley Forge.⁸⁰ Now he is engineer in charge of the canal projects on the Mohawk.⁸¹ The site of his home, Belle Farm, is still to

⁸⁰ George L. Clark: *History of Connecticut*. N. Y. etc., G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1914 (pp. 284, 285).

See also — Forrest Morgan, Editor: *Connecticut as a colony and as a state, or one of the original thirteen* (vol. 2, p. 112). Hartford: The Publishing Society of Connecticut, 1904.

⁸¹ Pomroy Jones: *Annals and recollections of Oneida County*. Rome [N. Y.], Pub. by the author, 1851. Peter Colt, one of the early settlers of Rome, was in 1798 an assistant justice of the county. "The Western Lock Navigation Co. completed a canal connecting the navigable waters of Mohawk River and Wood Creek, at Rome, in 1797 (p. 376) . . . Peter Colt superintended the construction of the old canal. An anecdote . . . went the rounds of the papers at the time . . . As Mr. Colt was passing through a company of these laborers one day, for some real or supposed offence or delinquency, he gave one of them a smart kick on his rear exposure. The man instantly let go his barrow, and while with his left hand rubbing the seat of attack, with his right very respectfully raised his hat, and rolling the quid in his mouth, and with a peculiar knowing twinkle of the eye, said, in the richest Irish brogue, "Faith and by --, if yer honor kicks so while ye're a *coul't*, what'll ye do when ye get to be a horse?" Mr. Walter D. Edmonds, who in *Mostly Canallers* (Boston: Little, Brown, & Co., 1934) depicts

be found under the same name in the outskirts of the city of Rome.⁸²

Property holdings in New York State bring Craigie the opportunity to visit Belle Farm. These visits are precious indeed to the lone-hearted girl:

How much my dear Sir do I wish for your company some one of these long evenings, how delightful to see you once a fortnight, how should I anticipate the day, alas when shall I see you again? I had some foolish foreboding when you left me that it would be a great while — you must not let it be. Pray, my dear Sir, did you leave that deed with me to satisfy yourself or me — I have not felt easy since I got it, it looks like a parting gift — indeed be assured I never have felt the least anxious about being provided for, for thanks to your kindness I have in myself the means of support — I can work, can circumscribe my wants, & were I left destitute I know myself very little if I should murmur or repine, I would be content, nor would it require much exertion —

The same letter speaks of the Colts' desire to keep her as a member of the family. The "deed" mentioned is a bond assuring Polly an eventual modest competency.⁸³

Craigie has not been remiss in his concern for Polly's religious development. Earlier in the same year (1800) he receives the following comment in a letter with the salutation, "My dearest Sir" —

I have read Swedenborg's treatise which you gave me & the new scene it has opened to my mind is highly gratifying — I intend reperusing it with great attention as there appears to be some contradictions which no doubt is owing to my not understanding his meaning properly & perusing it too hastily . . .

My heart subscribes most respectfully, most affectionately
Your Mary.

vividly the canal scene of early days, writes (letter, Oct. 4, 1940) that the above tale remains Peter Colt's chief claim to local fame.

⁸² "My House," writes Peter Colt to Craigie, "is situated on a farm one & half mile from Fort Stanwix, in Rome — it is not so commodious as I could wish . . ." (Jan. 29, 1799 — Polly Allen Letters.) Mr. E. B. Hilliard has recently visited the locality and reports it to be still largely open land.

⁸³ The bond seems to have had a precarious history. Years later it was copied by Polly, and this copy found its resting place among the cellar-stair ("Polly Allen") letters.

The autumn following, comes a word of warning —

My dear Sir /

I feel very much distressed about circumstances I accidentally heard mentioned respecting you — I wish it may not be so great an evil as I at first apprehended — I understand there are writs issued against you in this state, you may depend upon it as a fact — whereabouts I did not hear [;] most likely at Albany, Fort Schuyler & along that road — I hope your affairs do not require your personal attendance here — Pray be very cautious . . .

I was just thinking my dear Sir what a smart girl I am & how easily I might free you from one trouble, nay do not be offended I am perfectly satisfied but if you would have the goodness to inform wether it would not be a great relief to you were I to pursue some profitable employment — if you do not like this think it only a laughing proposition of mine . . .

Your Mary

Self-respect and sense of justice cause Polly on rare occasion to yield to a certain irony of expression. Thus, from the Farm, 1801 —

. . . if you would deign to inform me in what manner you thought it most suitable I should conduct myself & *sometimes* your motives *why* I should esteem it as the highest favor & it would likewise be saving me some disagreeables . . .

She is many times a moral philosopher:

I think it is good for young persons to meet with some storms at their first setting out in life, it rouses them to exertion & gives a firmness & energy to the mind which we could not so readily attain while in peace and ease — there is room for the display of the most noble & delightful virtues . . .

Out of the hundred-odd cellar-stair letters, this is only letter number seventeen. Polly is twenty-two — just the age of the bride of Craigie House, eight years before.

A visit to a schoolmate in New York, in November, 1801, follows her Belle Farm experience. Here she touches on a theme very rare from her pen:

. . . I am somewhat apprehensive you will get quite tired of me — you expected perhaps to see me married long before this — if such has

been your wishes I am really very sorry to have you disappointed — but as it cannot be helped I hope you will have sufficient patience to bear with such a torment . . .

Again, in December, at Newark —

. . . Do not trouble yourself my dear Sir or think I am in the least anxious to change my condition, I only think of it to assure myself I am much happier than I should be in a change — a further acquaintance with mankind has not inclined me to think most favorably of it & should my heart feel inclined to rove at the sight of some handsome clever fellow I have at least sufficient experience to know that that is not all that's necessary to confer happiness — no, no, no I have observed too much vexation & trouble & too little happiness in that state to make me desirous of partaking it —

In the same letter Polly reports that she has been reading *The Age of Reason* by Thomas Paine, the famous patriot and skeptic:

. . . his arguments might have weight with those who look no further & are content with other persons arguments how little forcible so ever — but he has not brought conviction to my mind nor by his ridicule raised doubts in my mind — yet I confess my mind is not perfectly settled as to its belief — I must seek for truth, may infinite goodness direct me.

But Polly does not stop at Tom Paine:

Pray, my dear Sir, have you ever read Volney's revolution of empire & what is your opinion of it? — it is a book intended totally to subvert Christianity & indeed some of the facts he adduces staggers my belief a little — I am not inclined to give him implicit credit — should my belief in the gospel of Christ be all an illusion, the comfort the delight I have experienced in the exercise of it all imaginary — no, I will seek further, I wish for truth & my mind shall be open to receive it.

One recalls that Joel Barlow was a translator of Volney,⁸⁴ and it may be suspected that the Barlows, who have not been out of touch with their former foster-child, are to an extent responsible for such an open mind. A subsequent letter sadly reveals that this avowedly accidental excursion into radicalism has met with no sympathy in Cambridge.

⁸⁴ He translated *The Ruins* after Volney's visit to America in 1791. The Barlows knew Volney socially in Paris. C. B. Todd: *Life and letters of Joel Barlow*. N. Y. and Lond., 1886 (pp. 152, 272, 273).

Polly attends the English church and the theatre. The former meets with disapproval, the service seeming to be "a ceremony which they are obliged to go through & so hurry as fast as possible." With the latter she is "highly delighted . . . Were it in my power I think I should attend frequently, tragedies, especially, which raise, exalt the mind — "

There are moving passages in Polly's last letter from New York, in the spring of 1802:

. . . I don't know what makes me so anxious, but tho you may think me very foolish and thoughtless, excuse me — I feel no reserve in communicating every sentiment of my heart to you, if I am troublesome only inform me & I will desist — All I desire is a permanent place of abode which I can call my home — tho it would be a great gratification to be near you, it is what I cannot wish for nor expect, it might disturb domestic felicity — if I may have the pleasure of seeing you occasionally it is all I expect . . . Bethlehem would be a very desirable residence could I procure a good assortment of books — tho no doubt these are sufficient for me.

That reference to "domestic felicity" seems to stand as the sole intimation of any realization on Polly's part of there being a Craigie home, let alone a Brattle Street family community. Yet she is kept quite in touch with business matters: even the *bridge* is complained of as interfering with her receipt of letters due. No trace of curiosity seems ever to enter her consciousness; if so, it is masterfully curbed and crushed.

During Polly's sojourn in New York there turns up, of all persons, the Reverend William Hill, bearing books for her edification. But she seems to differ in temperament from Margaret Cary; for after an honest attempt on her part to penetrate the *Arcana Coelestia*, their appeal to her, which is sometimes evident, appears to wane as an earlier loyalty asserts itself. "Not Jerusalem — lowly Bethlehem" looms as the city of refuge.

Turning from her own letters, so much of their contents untasted, we have a glimpse of the writer herself in a letter from Sally Colt to Andrew Craigie, dated June 3, 1802:

It was with the utmost concern my dear Sir, that we heard of the arrival of Col. Walker unaccompanied by our beloved Mary, and it is by my Mama's particular desire, that I follow the impulse which my

affection towards her dictates, in entreating you to allow her to come to us again, a particular friend of ours, with her husband will shortly leave New York on their return to Whitestown, they will be much gratified to take charge of Mary, whom they esteem highly and love dearly, as do all that know her. I cannot half express our love for her, Mama feels for her all the solicitude of a Parent, I have the same affection for her as for a sister, indeed I know no difference between her and my own sisters, who all of them love and respect her judgement as is due to the eldest, to me she has ever proved the sincerely real friend, if I am any way worthy her friendship, it is owing to her kind admonitions and reproofs, to her patient perseverance, this is not meant as *flattery*, it is only a small tribute to her worth and excellence — we shall be very much hurt, and think it cruel if Mary has any other home, but ours as long as she can make it an agreeable one to herself, the gaieties of N Y may amuse her a little time, but she has a soul that finds more charms in domestic retirement, than in the noise and shew of dissipation — Papa has not enjoyed good health this spring, he is now trying the efficacy of riding, and has been absent a fortnight or he would also have interceded with you for Mary's return —

Mama and Sister join in desiring your acceptance of affectionate respects — allow me to add that I am with esteem

Yours respectfully

S. Colt

Polly is soon again among her dear friends at Belle Farm, where, in the following spring, she writes significantly and at unusual length:

Rome April 9th 1803

My dear Sir /

What a powerful charm to dispel apprehension is a letter of tenderness from those we love! — whilst reading your's every unpleasant thought that had for some time oppressed me vanished — I felt with full force your affection & severely reproached myself for supposing you were indifferent to my happiness — no, I hardly thought so — for a long time I had not heard from you & to be neglected by those we love is most afflicting — by those we depend on for support no less mortifying than afflicting — my mind thus agitated I imagined your kindness to proceed from your general character of benevolence & from motives of pity towards an object who looked up to you for her all . . . I repeat your charming letter has entirely reassured me with regard to your

present affection which if you did not formerly possess must have been awakened by mine to you — I will then only think of what is, not regret what was — This is a determination formed long since & which I practise as often as *I can* — indeed, tho you may not think so I flatter myself I have succeeded extremely well in gaining that ascendancy over feelings which it is necessary to attain if we expect or wish for happiness . . .

You wish to be informed in what manner I employ my time — to your kind enquiries, I can only answer much in the same manner that I have ever done — I devote as much time as I can to perusing instructive books — as to the instrument it is never in tune & I want courage to open it & hear nothing but discordant sounds — I regret it, as I shall lose the little skill I had attained, which tho little was a source of great amusement. As to the knowledge I gain from books, so very, *very* gradual, I am not unfrequently discouraged — There are many disadvantages with which I must contend and I have frequently to acknowledge my acquirements very superficial — I greatly fear you have a higher oppinion of my understanding & attain[ment] than what in the happiest moments of self approbation I dare arrogate . . . To return to your letter, you enquire what books I read, tho I have already said such as were inc[ulca]tive, you may wish to know more — I have no regular plan of study or reading because I cannot have — I read in a very desultory manner any book or books I can get — if on opening them they promise amusement or instruction I endeavor to benefit by them — I seldom peruse a novel as I meet with few that are not very insipid — they strain so much for fine sentiment that they become perfectly disgusting & I have long since lost the relish most young persons have for them — perhaps this distaste may be owing to certain perverseness in human nature which eagerly pursues forbidden objects, but could they be attained with ease would cease to be desireable.

To name the books of history travells, biography or poetry which employ my attention is unnecessary — they are not many but I endeavor to improve by them — but I possess not the happy talent to shew to advantage *my knowledge*, that happy faculty of words & harmony of expression which enwraps the listening ear. — What an enviable privilege! — but tho like Themistocles I may pass sleepless nights [sigh]ing at the merit of others — I may e'en sicken & die, it availeth me naught. — As you desired me I purchased Murray's grammar, but unfortunately got the abridgement — I shall try to get the other — to be ignorant of one's native language is a great shame & I want not perseverance or curiosity to gain knowledge. — Now my dear Sir do not ever

expect to see me an accomplished, fine woman — It can never be, I am a simple, plain country girl with too much rusticity to pretend to gentility . . .

Is it an echo of the above that reaches us from *Esther Wynn*? — “It breaks my heart to see you looking so earnestly and expectantly into my future. Beloved, that I have grown and developed so much in the last seven years is no proof that I can still keep on growing.” (See note 68.)

After two years, Mary’s longing for the ever dearer Bethlehem is rewarded. Her return to the Community is thus described, in May, 1804:

The most friendly and endearing reception I met with from all the sisters who appeared indeed much gratified — The sisters have permitted me to reside in their house, a singular favor I assure you — I cannot describe to you the sensations awakened in my heart at visiting this scene of my early youth. Every thing here disposes the mind to serene enjoyments⁸⁵ & in truth such only are desirable and leave no sting behind — mirth and tumultuous pleasure afford at best but temporary gratifications & mostly leave a vacuum not easily filled — as they are in themselves strong potions & must to produce the desired effect be succeeded by still more powerful ones — Is it not so? — or am I mistaken?

Those words are the key to her future — reception into fellowship at Bethlehem and near-by Nazareth; eventually into the Congregation and the Sisterhood; taking “not the veil” (as she is quick to assure her anxious guardian) but, as she puts it, “the scull-cap,” the conventional ribboned head-dress (*Schneppelhaube*) of the group.⁸⁶ Through deathly sickness and financial deprivation she endures as a skilled teacher of embroidery. Later she proves herself a pioneer in the religious education of children.⁸⁷

⁸⁵ This is reflected throughout *A Century of Moravian Sisters* (see note 72), but especially in Chap. VI — “A Tranquil Community.” There were no steel works then. “The discovery of coal in the upper Lehigh rang the death knell of the halcyon days of old Bethlehem” (p. 131).

⁸⁶ Clara A. Beck: *The Single Sisters of the Moravian Church in Nazareth, Pa.* *Trans. Moravian Hist. Society*, Nazareth, Pa. vol. 11, parts 1, 2 and 3, 1936. “As in the case of the Single Brethren’s Choir, the Single Sisters did not take the oath of celibacy, and many of them married, frequently by consent of the Church, which sometimes found among them most suitable wives of the missionaries” (p. 131).

⁸⁷ Joseph M. Levering: *A history of Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, 1741-1892*. Bethlehem: Times Pub. Co., 809 pp., 1903. Sister Mary (“Polly”) Allen is noticed on pages 622, 624 and 625. Her Sunday School was opened in the spring of 1816, six years after the pioneer project of Joanna Prince in Beverly, Mass. The beautiful woodcut of Joanna and her pupils on page

Records of the Community show her now to be the head, or *Pflegerin*, of the Nazareth Sisters' House, where end the remainder of her active years. Then comes the period of quiet retirement among the Sisters of Bethlehem, a beloved figure to the end, in 1849, within a few hours of her seventieth birthday.⁸⁸

It is about such lives that legend hovers. Yet, not wholly without ground is the thought that in this selfsame year a poet in far-off Cambridge found lying in the gloom a strange letter, dislodged from its hiding place beneath the stair that was so soon to know "the patter of little feet."⁸⁹

Within the stony wall built by age-old convention, separated by distance and total ignorance from the privileges of collateral kinship, this "unacknowledged daughter" (that you, as well as Miss Alice Longfellow, have guessed her to be) chose the narrow way within that wall, and made the path of service a path to peace. Escape she might have seized when the Barlows suggested her presence at their palatial Washington home, Kalorama. The life of ample means and advantages was no stranger to her vision. She knew the family of Elias Boudinot, the statesman, and the Barlows' intimate friends, Robert Fulton (whom they appropriately called "Toot") and his wife. "I am a recluse," she wrote Andrew, after the Barlows had visited her. "Inclination as well as early habits have formed me for one." Much as Paris or Washington would once have charmed, the prospect could not draw her from her "dear little cell," as she was fond of calling her room in the Single Sisters' House.⁹⁰

²⁶¹ of Charles Carleton Coffin's *Building the Nation* (N. Y. Harper & Bros., 1883) may equally represent the reputedly fair Sister Polly.

⁸⁸ Mrs. Myers, in her *Century of Moravian Sisters* (note 72), well summarizes the Bethlehem and Nazareth careers of Sister Polly, on pages 147-152, though starting with an apparent anachronism. Much is evidently derived from Dr. Jordan's memoir (note 74), which in turn refers to an autobiography which has as yet eluded discovery.

⁸⁹ "Not wholly without ground" because Miss Alice Longfellow, in two separate accounts of the scene, mentions *thirty years* after Andrew Craigie's death as the time of the discovery. He died in the fall of 1819. See note 65.

⁹⁰ The visitor to Bethlehem may still see the building in the main structure of which (the "Bell House") she first went to school, and in the west wing of which she passed her last years. These and many other scenes associated with her life are illustrated in Mrs. Myers' book (note 72). For the Nazareth scene of her activities see the recently published history of Nazareth, Pa.—*Two Centuries of Nazareth, 1740-1940*. (1940: Nazareth, Pa., Bi-Centennial, Inc.) Here again the building of the one-time Single Sisters' House still stands.

No portrait of Polly is as yet found. Only two word-pictures seem to exist — one, that reference of a schoolmate to her childhood's "dove eyes and gentle ways"; the other, a note from the same memoir at Nazareth, saying, "She was always known as Sister 'Polly' Allen, and bore the remains of great beauty to the last . . ."

When Polly was born, in 1779, Lieutenant Colonel Craigie, Apothecary General, twenty-five years old, was stationed in the Philadelphia district, where Dr. David Jackson was his comrade and intimate. It is through Mrs. Jackson, aunt of Eliza Morton Quincy, that we eventually learn all that is known of Polly's origin.⁹¹ The mother was a Philadelphian of patrician Quaker stock, whose family forbade her marriage to the young officer. Her name, guarded to the end by the Jacksons, is unknown; and was never known to Polly herself until, after the death of both parents, it was imparted to her by Mrs. Jackson. A further service of this faithful friend was the rescue of Polly's bond, and the recovery of its principal from the Craigie estate through the offices, it is said, of Daniel Webster.

As the biographer of the Moravian Sisters has remarked, the fair Quakeress, by her lifelong incognito, missed knowing "the *honor* of being Sister Polly Allen's mother."⁹² And one may perhaps be pardoned the soliloquy in wondering how things would have turned out had Andrew's mother been of the Nantucket Friends, instead of the struggling First Parish. For then, had the son kept the mother's faith, the Philadelphia Quakeress need not have faced the obstacle of a marriage "out of Meeting."

The letters are of no mean literary merit⁹³ — not love-letters, nor letters of duty (as they have been called), yet letters of love held ever and again from overflowing. Taken alone, how easily might certain of the later passages be misinterpreted:

I cannot help expressing a wish once more to see you & yet perhaps it is as well that I should not. Let our union be at the feet of mercy & everlasting life . . . Adieu my dear Sir & afford me the gratification of

⁹¹ See notes 41 and 74.

⁹² *A Century of Moravian Sisters*, p. 152 (see note 72).

⁹³ Comparing age with age, the epistolatory efforts of the damsels of the Craigie-Foster-Hill group sound almost thin and prattling against Polly's rich vocabulary and periodic style. Her guardian's concern for her grammar is grafted, we must believe, upon recognition of the deeper qualities.

soon hearing from you, for tenderly does my heart remain attached to you & thanks for all kindness you have bestowed.

Similarly ends the last of the cellar-stair letters — that of April 24th, 1816: ". . . assure me that you still regard me with affection. — Mary."

A first glance at many of the concluding letters would suggest that they have become standardized to a conventional and repetitive devotional pattern. The reader then might simply mark a letter "religious" and pass on. Not so; for, as I read, some vagrant memory of a little book given me in youth played about these fragile pages; and it led me at length to this passage in Henry Osborn Taylor's *The Medieval Mind*:

Two hundred years later, medieval Latin prose, if one may say so, sang its swan song in that little book which is a last, sweet, and composite echo of all mellifluous medieval piety. Yet perhaps this *De imitatione Christi* of Thomas à Kempis can scarcely be classed as prose, so full is it of assonances and rhythms fit for chanting.⁹⁴

Listen now to lines in a letter without date, a letter yellowed and worm-fretted. It is on the eve of a new year, the week of her birthday:

*Such were my reflections as I thought how near another year was to its close — & my prayer Oh merciful Saviour, who tenderly supported me thro it, let it be closed with thy absolving grace, & feeling thy pardoning love, love thee & thy ways, tho seemingly rough, beyond life or light!*⁹⁵

And then, as if resumed from a trance, the letter goes on:

You will think me a simple child thus to lay open all my feelings — Ah, not all, but you know me, are accustomed to it & cherish my affectionate regards . . .

A March Easter — raw and blustering. Waked before dawn at the old Sun Inn of Bethlehem, we enter the street leading to the church. Under the Paschal moon a bitter wind sweeps from across the Lehigh. The ancient church is lighted. Up the long steps from every direction troop

⁹⁴ Henry Osborn Taylor: *The Medieval Mind*. N. Y. etc., Macmillan, 1911 (vol. 2, p. 185).

⁹⁵ Its unconscious structural hiatus serves only to stamp with originality the "assonances and rhythms" of this lovely passage. A closer study would perhaps reveal others of similar character.

the people, who enter to wait silent and expectant. Suddenly, from all around apparently, burst the triumphant notes of a brass choir in an old, old chorale. It is the trombones, greeting from the belfry the dawn of Easter Day. And now from the choir gallery comes music such as only Bethlehem can render, from voices trained years-long in the Bach tradition — liquid music, with all sibilants deftly suppressed. The simple litany, prototype of Moravian worship, is said; and finally the congregation, breaking into groups, leave the church and wend their way to the burial place — God's Acre — where by ancient custom the memorial stones conform to a common type, all laid flush with the ground. Within the hollow square of worshippers the trombones again break silence, leading in the frosty air the service of song and thanksgiving.

It is over, and the people disperse; but for us one quest remains. A great tree marks a corner of the paths near one side of the enclosure. Beside its trunk lies a tablet with the inscription half obscured. We brush from its face the thin veil of new-fallen snow, and read:

MARY ALLEN

born

December 28th 1779

near Philadelphia.

Departed

December 27th 1849.

There is nothing more. But were the privilege granted a kinsman to engrave the epitaph, must it not be your motto, *Scripta manent?* For that which was written endureth — “beyond life or light!”⁹⁶

⁹⁶ Among the kindnesses of many friends (each one of whom, I trust, is conscious of my personal gratitude) I would mention formally the privileges accorded this study by the courtesy of Messrs. Clarence S. Brigham and Theron J. Damon, of the American Antiquarian Society; Captain Joseph I. Kemp, of the Boston Marine Society; the Rev. George M. Shultz, of the Moravian Historical Society, Nazareth, Pennsylvania; Mr. Julius H. Tuttle, of the Massachusetts and Dedham Historical Societies; and Mr. Benjamin A. Whittemore, of the Massachusetts New-Church Union. My cousin, Mr. Edmund B. Hilliard, has contributed not only the portrait of Andrew Craigie, never before published, but also important data — the results of constant and helpful interest. To President Edwin J. Heath, of the Moravian Seminary and College for Women in Bethlehem, I owe the fruits of his gracious welcome to a pilgrim and stranger.

For the inspiration of working at Craigie House and of drawing freely from its archives, as well as for his own generous counsel, I am under rare obligation to Mr. Henry W. L. Dana.

CRAIGIE EXHIBITION

REMARKS BY H. W. L. DANA

[At the conclusion of Dr. Pratt's paper on "The Craigies," the President called upon Mr. Dana to say a few words about the Craigie memorabilia which had been gathered together for this meeting.]

Before we adjourn, I should like to call your attention to a little exhibition in memory of the Craigies which has been arranged for tonight within this room in the Craigie House. The room itself, more than any other in the house, bears the imprint of Andrew Craigie; for it was he who enlarged it into a ballroom 150 years ago, adding the ornate panel mouldings on three of the walls and the two fluted Corinthian columns in the center of the long side. Around the walls of this room we have put on exhibition for this occasion a number of Craigie belongings coming from various sources. Many of these have remained in the house ever since the Craigies were last here, more than a century ago. Others have been kindly lent by different Craigie heirs living elsewhere. Some of the objects have come from Wellesley, some from Worcester, some from so far south as Oxford, North Carolina, and some from so far north as Oxford, Maine. It would seem to be a case for once, not of Cambridge coming to Oxford, but of Oxford coming to Cambridge.

These mementos may be divided into seven classifications: — (1) portraits, (2) family silver and other heirlooms, (3) furniture, (4) maps and plans, (5) printed material, (6) manuscript documents, and (7) autograph letters.

I. PORTRAITS

Of Mr. Andrew Craigie himself, the only known portrait is this striking miniature, which represents him with gray hair, blue eyes, and a rather long solemn face, and depicts him as dressed in a beautiful plum-colored velvet coat. It is thought by some that this portrait may have been painted by the Scottish miniaturist, Archibald Robertson, who came to this country in 1791,

Any or all of the matter here presented is dedicated to whatever use it may prove to have for his *Chronicles of the Craigie House*.

During the growth of the project, death has claimed the two who were most vitally interested; whose treasured store of memories were always freely offered and eagerly received. These elder cousins, the Misses Margaret B. and Katharine H. Hilliard, as young girls heard from their grandmother's lips many first-hand accounts of the home of her Uncle Craigie.

For its topical interest, the form of direct address has been preserved in this somewhat expanded version of the read paper. The notes and references must serve as a mere introduction to the rich vein of ore uncovered, whose endless radioactivity has led an historical neophyte into undreamed-of channels of delightful enquiry.

the very year in which Mr. Craigie bought this house. After Mr. Craigie's death, the miniature was cherished by his widow during the twenty-two years that she survived him and was left in her will to his niece, Elizabeth, the wife of Judge Samuel Haven of Dedham. From her, in turn, it has descended to her great-grandson, Mr. Edmund Bayfield Hilliard of Boston.

Of Mr. Craigie's mother, Elizabeth Gardner Craigie, there is this miniature which shows the strong family resemblance between her and her son. This has in the course of time come into the possession of two of her great-great-great-grandchildren: Dr. Frederick Haven Pratt — whose paper on the Craigies we have had the pleasure of listening to this evening — and his sister, Mrs. William Irving Clark of Worcester.

Of Mr. Craigie's sister, Mary, there is a miniature bearing a likeness both to her brother and to her mother. This is now owned jointly by Dr. Pratt, his sisters, Mrs. Clark and Mrs. Alfred Lindsay Shapleigh, and his brother, Mr. Robert Gage Pratt.

Of Mr. Craigie's brother-in-law, Bossenger Foster, there was an interesting miniature which has been lost, but of which we have this photographic reproduction here.

Of Mr. Craigie's nephew, Bossenger Foster, Jr., we have this very beautiful miniature, representing him in a bright blue velvet coat and yellow waistcoat. This miniature now belongs to his great-grandson, Mr. Edmund Bayfield Hilliard.

This group of miniatures has been deposited for safe keeping with the American Antiquarian Society in Worcester, which has, with the approval of the various Craigie heirs to whom the miniatures belong, very kindly lent them to us for our meeting this evening.

Finally of Mr. Craigie's wife, Elizabeth Shaw Craigie, there is this painting which belongs here in the Craigie House. It was evidently copied from the miniature of Mrs. Craigie, which she left in her will to her cousin, the Hon. Lemuel Shaw, and which is now owned by his great-granddaughter, Mrs. E. Barton Chapin of Andover.

2. HEIRLOOMS

Of the Craigie family silver and heirlooms, perhaps the most interesting are these two silver candlesticks, which belonged to Andrew Craigie and bear his monogram "AC". These are now owned by Dr. Pratt's sister, Mrs. Clark, while another pair exactly like them belong to Mr. Edmund Bayfield Hilliard.

Next there is this silver tray here of Andrew Craigie's, which has the same monogram "AC". This belongs now to Dr. Pratt's sister, Mrs. Shapleigh.

Then there is this silver porringer with the monogram "^FM B", of which

the "BF" stands for Bossenger Foster and the "MF" for his wife, Mary Foster, the sister of Mr. Craigie. This porringer is so associated in my mind with Bossenger that I almost find myself referring to him as "Porringer" Foster. It is now owned jointly by Dr. Pratt, his sisters, Mrs. Clark and Mrs. Shapleigh, and his brother, Mr. Robert Gage Pratt.

Finally there are these two classic urns, made out of alabaster, which belonged to the Bossenger Fosters and may well have been presented to them by Andrew Craigie. They are now owned by Dr. Pratt and his sister, Mrs. Clark.

3. FURNITURE

Of the Craigie furniture, there still remain in this house eight parlor arm-chairs of French design with flowered upholstery. At Mrs. Craigie's death, a hundred years ago, in 1841, they were bought by Mr. Longfellow, as were the 75 volumes of her beloved Voltaire and some of her other French books, all of which have been kept here in this house ever since.

Of equal interest is this Chippendale chair which is said to have been used by General Washington when this house was his headquarters during the first year of the American Revolution. It remained in the house while the Craigies were living here and was inherited from them by Mr. Iredell Hilliard and his sister, Katherine, who live in Oxford, N. C. Three years ago, however, in 1938, by a joint gift of Craigie and Longfellow descendants, this Chippendale chair was brought back from Oxford to Cambridge and now stands once more in Washington's former Headquarters.

4. MAPS

There are a number of maps, plans, and models here on exhibition, which serve to give us an idea of this estate when Mr. Craigie bought it and the various changes and additions he made.

For example, here are two models, made by Mr. Rupert B. Lillie, representing this house and the house diagonally across the street, with their surrounding grounds and gardens, as they were in Colonial days, before Mr. Craigie bought the two estates, one for himself and one for his brother, Bossenger Foster.

Here is a survey of Mr. Craigie's land in Cambridge, together with "a perspective delineation of the summer house thereon," drawn in 1802 by a Harvard senior named Charles Saunders.

Here, too, is a curious picture of the Craigie House, drawn in 1815 by a later Harvard senior, William Augustus Warner. It was a part of his thesis in mathematics and is entitled "A Perspective Representation," although the perspective would seem to be the weakest part of the drawing. It is nonetheless

interesting as showing in the background the gardener's house and in the distance the summer house on the hill where today stands the Harvard Observatory.

In addition to his land here in Cambridge, Mr. Craigie owned land in various other places. For example, in Oxford, Maine, at what was then called "Craigie's Mills," are still to be seen several buildings bearing his name. These I have had the pleasure of seeing under the guidance of Mrs. Kate Wentworth Houghton Starbird, Librarian and Historian of Oxford, Maine, who has come from Oxford to Cambridge for our meeting tonight and kindly brought with her these old maps and photographs showing the Craigie Grist Mill, the Craigie Saw Mill, the Craigie Tavern, the Craigie Meeting House, and the Craigie Farm with its hundred-foot-long barn. In the documents at Craigie's Mills these variants in the spelling of the name occur: Craigie, Cragie, Craige, and Craig.

5. PAMPHLETS

Among the monographs and articles and other printed sources of information about Mr. Andrew Craigie, let me call your attention particularly to the following items:

Samuel Swett Green, "The Craigie House, Cambridge, During its Occupancy by Andrew Craigie and his Widow," *Proceedings of the American Antiquarian Society* for April 25, 1900, New Series, Vol. 13, pp. 312-352. Reprinted, Worcester, Mass., 1900, 43pp.

John Holmes, "Andrew Craigie," *Massachusetts Colonial Society Publications*, Boston, 1905, Vol. VII, pp. 403-407. Reprinted without footnotes in *Letters of John Holmes to James Russell Lowell & Others*, Edited by William Roscoe Thayer, Introduction by Alice M. Longfellow, Boston, 1917. pp. xxvii-xxxi.

Archer B. Hulbert, "Andrew Craigie and The Scioto Associates," *Proceedings of the American Antiquarian Society* for October 15, 1913, New Series, Vol. 23, pp. 222-236. Reprinted, Worcester, Mass., 1913, 17pp.

Lyman F. Kebler, "Andrew Craigie, the First Apothecary General of the United States," *Journal of the American Pharmaceutical Association*, Vol. XVII, No. 1, Jan., 1928, pp. 63-74; No. 2, Feb., 1928, pp. 167-178.

[Arthur P. Morley], "Leaders of Cambridge Industry: Andrew Craigie," Compiled and issued by the Harvard Trust Company, [1930], 15pp.

Frederick Haven Pratt, "The Craigies," to be printed in the *Proceedings of the Cambridge Historical Society* for 1941.

6. DOCUMENTS

The unpublished manuscript material on Mr. Andrew Craigie far exceeds in bulk the little that has been published. Some of this is to be found in the records of the Middlesex Probate Court and the Registry of Deeds at the Court House in East Cambridge. By far the largest mass of Craigie documents, however, is to be found in the American Antiquarian Society at Worcester, where the "Craigie Papers" occupy five large ledgers, two big bound books, and no less than eleven boxes.

In addition to these, we have here tonight various legal documents and papers connected with Mr. Craigie's estate, which was handled by Judge Samuel Haven, the husband of Mr. Craigie's niece. They are now in the possession of Judge Haven's grandson, Dr. Frederick Haven Pratt.

Mr. Craigie's Account Book, kept from 1792 to 1794, the years following the purchase of this house, was owned by my aunt, Miss Alice M. Longfellow. She presented it to the Cambridge Historical Society in 1917, so that it is now kept among their belongings in the Treasure Room of the Harvard College Library, but has been borrowed back for tonight's meeting.

7. LETTERS

You will find here also a number of autograph letters written by Mr. Craigie and a copy of the Last Will and Testament of Mrs. Craigie.

Perhaps the most human of all the mementos here, however, are these original autograph letters — more than a hundred of them — written in a delicate handwriting by Polly Allen, Mr. Craigie's unacknowledged daughter. These were the letters that Mr. Craigie hid away from his wife in the box under the stairs, where they were found long afterwards by Mr. Longfellow. They have been preserved in this house ever since; but during all these years they have never been published or properly studied until tonight. Can these dry leaves live? From them at last, by the labor of research and the magic of sympathy, Dr. Pratt seems to have brought to life for us this evening the charming personality of the loving and lovable girl who wrote them to Mr. Craigie so long ago.

In conclusion let me light one of the silver candlesticks that belonged to Mr. Craigie and hand it to Dr. Pratt, suggesting that as we adjourn to the Dining Room for refreshments he should lead the way down the stairs to the cellar, taking those of us with him who would like to see by candle-light the secret hiding place where these mysterious letters so long lay concealed in darkness.

ANNUAL REPORTS

REPORT OF THE COUNCIL AND OF THE SECRETARY FOR THE CALENDAR YEAR 1940

DURING THE PAST YEAR there have been four meetings of the Society: the Annual Meeting, January 23, 1940, held at the Faculty Club, Quincy Street, and at which the members of the Society were the guests of Hon. and Mrs. Louis L. Green; April 23, 1940, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Eric Schroeder, 9 Follen Street; June 6, 1940, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Stoughton Bell, 121 Brattle Street; and at the Craigie House, as the guests of Mr. H. W. L. Dana, October 22, 1940.

At the Annual Meeting, Dr. Samuel A. Eliot read a paper entitled "Pundits and Pedagogues." At the April Meeting, Mr. Roger Gilman spoke of the Victorian Houses in Cambridge. This was illustrated with lantern slides. At the June Meeting, Mr. Rupert B. Lillie spoke about the Gardens connected with the houses of the Tory families on Brattle Street, of which he exhibited models constructed by him. At the October Meeting in the Craigie House, Mr. H. W. L. Dana, using lantern slides and various articles connected with members of the Dana family, spoke of the descendants of Richard Dana who came to America in 1640 and settled in Little Cambridge, now Brighton. Mr. Dana's paper was based in part upon the genealogical researches made by the late Elizabeth Ellery Dana.

To all of the speakers the Society is greatly indebted for their interesting and scholarly papers. Also, the Society appreciates the gracious hospitality of the hosts and hostesses at these meetings.

The Council held six meetings during the past year. Among the unusual items of business transacted by the Council are the following:

The Council voted to recommend to the Society the acceptance of

a gift of \$2149.82 from the Cambridge Tercentenary Committee on Historic Houses. This recommendation was agreed to by the Society with an expression of gratitude to the donors. The Council also recommended to the Society, which recommendation was adopted, the acceptance of the legacy of \$200.00 under the will of the late Elizabeth Ellery Dana. Both Miss Dana's legacy and the gift from the Tercentenary Committee were added to the permanent funds of the Society. The Editor was authorized to make such alterations in the typography, format, and cover of the Society's Proceedings as might seem to him desirable.

The following members of the Society have been reported to the Secretary as having died within the year: Mr. Albert F. Amee, Mr. Henry O. Cutter, Mr. John D. Merrill.

Resignations of the following were accepted with regret: Mr. and Mrs. George P. Baker, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Bartlett, Mr. Stanley G. H. Fitch, Mrs. William Roscoe Thayer, and Miss Anne Thorp.

The following were elected to membership in the Society:

Mr. Bremer W. Pond
Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert C. Scoggin
Miss Katherine V. Spencer
Rev. Francis B. Sayre, Jr.
Mr. Dwight Andrews
Mrs. George W. Cram
Mrs. Allyn B. Forbes

There are 185 regular members of the Society, 7 associate members, and 5 life members.

Respectfully submitted,
ELDON R. JAMES,
Secretary

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE TREASURER
FOR THE YEAR 1940

RECEIPTS — 1940

Cash on Hand, January 1, 1940	\$114.27
Dues and Initiation Fees:	
172 Memberships @ \$3.00	\$516.00
5 Associateships @ \$2.00	10.00
9 Initiation Fees @ \$2.00	18.00
1 Payment 1939 dues	3.00
	<hr/>
Sale, Proceedings	6.00
<i>Total Receipts and Cash on Hand</i>	
	<hr/> <u>\$667.27</u>

EXPENDITURES — 1940

Printing	\$ 76.50
Court House Work	60.45
Clerical Work, Supplies, and Miscellaneous	116.01
Society's Collections	7.00
	<hr/>
<i>Total Expenditures</i>	\$259.96
Cash on Hand, December 31, 1940	407.31
	<hr/>
<i>Total Expenditures and Cash on Hand</i>	<u>\$667.27</u>

(A) MARIA BOWEN FUND

FUNDS AS OF DECEMBER 31, 1940

<i>Investments</i>	<i>Cost</i>	<i>1/1/40 Book</i>	<i>Cash Income Received 1940</i>	<i>12/31/40 Book</i>	<i>Acc't to which Income was Cr.</i>
U. S. Savings Bonds	\$5,250.00	\$5,250.00	0	\$5,250.00	None
Camb. Savings Bank	2,241.32	2,611.62	\$66.11	2,877.73	Camb. Sav. Bank
Camb'port Savings Bank	1,500.00	1,540.93	34.85	1,575.78	Camb'port Sav. Bank
E. Camb. Savings Bank	1,500.00	1,553.72	39.07	1,592.79	E. Camb. Sav. Bank
50 sh. 1st Nat'l Bank (Bos.)	1,868.75 (1)	1,868.75	100.00	1,868.75	Camb. Sav. Bank
5 sh. State St. Trust Co.	1,295.00 (2)	1,295.00	40.00	1,295.00	Camb. Sav. Bank
5 sh. Merchants Nat'l Bank	1,715.00 (3)	1,715.00	60.00	1,715.00	Camb. Sav. Bank
<i>Total</i>	<u>\$15,370.07</u>	<u>\$15,835.02</u>	<u>\$340.03</u>	<u>\$16,175.05</u>	
(1) Market Value	12/31/40	\$2,275	Appreciation	\$406.25	@ 45½ per share.
(2) Market Value	12/31/40	1,540	Appreciation	245.00	@ 308 per share.
(3) Market Value	12/31/40	1,915	Appreciation	200.00	@ 383 per share.
				<u>\$851.25</u>	

Total Appreciation

<i>Bk where held</i>	<i>Date a/c opened</i>	<i>Bal. when opened</i>	<i>1940</i>	<i>Inc. Prin.</i>	<i>Balance of Cr. to a/c a/c 12/31/40</i>
Camb. Sav. Bank	1/29/38	\$200.00	\$207.59	\$5.22	\$212.81
Camb. Sav. Bank	1/10/34	760.22	803.43	20.20	823.63
Camb. Sav. Bank	5/3/40	2,149.82	2,149.82	26.86	2,176.68
Camb. Tr. Sav. Dep.	2/7/40	60.00	60.00	1.71	202.67

<i>Bk where held</i>	<i>Date a/c opened</i>	<i>Bal. when opened</i>	<i>1940</i>	<i>Inc. Prin.</i>	<i>Balance of Cr. to a/c a/c 12/31/40</i>
Camb. Sav. Bank	1/29/38	\$200.00	\$207.59	\$5.22	\$212.81
Camb. Sav. Bank	1/10/34	760.22	803.43	20.20	823.63
Camb. Sav. Bank	5/3/40	2,149.82	2,149.82	26.86	2,176.68
Camb. Tr. Sav. Dep.	2/7/40	60.00	60.00	1.71	202.67

Ditto

	<u>\$3,220.84</u>	<u>\$53.99</u>	<u>\$3,415.79</u>
	<u>=====</u>	<u>=====</u>	<u>=====</u>
	<u>140.96</u>		

Respectfully submitted,
GEO. A. MACOMBER, Treasurer

AUDITOR'S REPORT

I have audited the accounts of George A. Macomber, Treasurer of THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY, for the period from January 1, 1940 through December 31, 1940. All entries were found correct, and properly supported by vouchers.

The balance of Four Hundred Seven Dollars and Thirty-one Cents (\$407.31), as of December 31st, 1940, in the Society's checking account at the Harvard Trust Company, was verified with the bank statement.

I have examined the Savings Books relating to the Maria Bowen Fund, and certify that the cash income applicable to the year 1940, amounting to Three Hundred Forty Dollars and Three Cents (\$340.03), has been added to the Savings Accounts of this Fund, and that the total Book Amount of this Fund as of December 31st, 1940 was Sixteen Thousand One Hundred Seventy-five Dollars and Five Cents (\$16,175.05).

I have examined the Savings Books relating to the George G. Wright Fund, the Life Membership Fund, the Historic Houses Fund, and the Elizabeth E. Dana Fund, and certify that the Cash Income from these Funds, applicable to the year 1940, amounting to Fifty-three Dollars and Ninety-nine Cents (\$53.99), has been added to the related Savings Accounts, and that the total Book Amounts of these Funds as of December 31st, 1940 was Three Thousand Four Hundred Fifteen Dollars and Seventy-nine Cents (\$3,415.79).

Respectfully submitted,

EDWARD INGRAHAM,

Auditor

January 22, 1941.

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE ON SHOWING HISTORIC HOUSES

DURING THE CELEBRATION OF THE 300TH ANNIVERSARY OF CAMBRIDGE THIS COMMITTEE was appointed in 1929 by Mr. Joseph Henry Beale, Chairman of the Cambridge Tercentenary Committee. Mr. Bremer Whidden Pond was the Chairman; the other members were Mr. Charles Northend Cogswell, Miss Lois Lilley Howe, Mrs. Charles P. Vcsburgh and Judge Robert Walcott. Miss Howe acted as Secretary until late in May, 1930, when she went to Europe. Miss Mary Almy, who had been added to the Committee, then took her place as Secretary.

In June, 1930, Mr. and Mrs. Henry R. Brigham of the main Tercentenary Committee were asked to join this Committee and served throughout the summer.

Originally financed by the main Committee, this Subcommittee found in August that it was financially safe and voted to become independent, to pay its own expenses from its own receipts as far as possible, and to return to the Treasurer of the main Executive Committee, Mr. Walter G. Davis, the money he had already paid on its behalf, amounting to \$581.71. This made it possible for it to vote further to request that it might give to the Cambridge Historical Society its net profit if there should be any.

At the first meeting of the Committee, on May 2, 1929, at 2 Appleton Street, Cambridge, the members, full of enthusiasm, viewed the possibilities before them as shown by Mr. Robert P. Bellows's valuable list of Examples of Early American Architecture about Boston. There were at least twenty houses, besides Christ Church, and four or five "places of interest" plus Harvard College. It was suggested that excursions by "bus" might be organized and there was even consideration of desirable and historic routes.

All this would seem to have discouraged the members for there was no further meeting until February 6, 1930. At this meeting they came solidly down to concrete facts and decided to show seven houses as follows:

The Cooper-Austin House on Linnaean Street.
The Vassall House, 94 Brattle Street.

The Vassall-Craigie-Longfellow House, 105 Brattle Street.

The Joseph Lee House, 159 Brattle Street.

Elmwood, on Elmwood Avenue.

The Gray House, 19 Larchwood Road.

The Hicks House, recently moved from its original site to Boylston Street.

It was a great disappointment to the Committee, and also to the officers of the Society for the Preservation of New England Antiquities, that it proved impossible to show the Cooper-Austin House, the oldest in Cambridge. Fay House, the headquarters of Radcliffe College, was substituted for this. Although a much later house, it has a fine doorway, one very beautiful old room, and the room in which "Fair Harvard" was written.

To show seven houses sounds simple but it actually meant a great deal of work, responsibility and detail, not only in administration but in preparation. Besides persuading the owners to show them, the Committee had to protect the houses from danger and to devise methods of exhibition.

Each house was carefully routed in collaboration with its owner so as to keep visitors in line as much as possible. For this purpose, ropes and standards were provided, even waterproof paper was procured to protect floors in case of wet weather. It never rained.

Each exhibition day was taken in charge by a group of hostesses from some organization: The Hannah Winthrop Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, the Cantabrigia Club, the Board of Directors of the Young Women's Christian Association, the League of Women Voters, the Cambridge Historical Society, the Zonta Club, the Women's Alliance of the First Church, Unitarian, the Prospect Street Congregational Church, the 47 Club, or some other groups.

These hostesses wore appropriate costumes designed by a Subcommittee of which Mrs. Vosburgh was the Chairman and Mrs. Virginia Tanner Green an important member. Under their superintendence twenty costumes were made by volunteers. Through the courtesy of Mr. Cogswell, who was President of the Cambridge Social Union, these costumes were kept at the Brattle House. Here a wardrobe mistress gave them out every exhibition day, received them afterwards and mended and freshened them for the next occasion. These costumes cost

in all \$134.37. Eight were afterward sold for \$71.05 and one very handsome one was given to Mrs. Richard M. Russell, the wife of the Mayor, who had acted as a hostess.

Tickets were sold at \$1.50 for visiting all the houses. Each ticket bore a list of all the houses, each house having a number, which was punched when the ticket was presented for admission; they were non-transferable and no second visit could be made to any house on the same ticket. Children under ten were not admitted. Over 1800 tickets were sold.

At each house there was a set of twenty cards bearing a mimeographed history of the house for the use of visitors.

The City furnished Police protection every exhibition day and, in addition, two Boy Scouts were stationed outside each house and two Girl Scouts inside to see that there was no smoking and to do errands. Visitors were expected to register as an additional protection.

The houses were shown from 10 to 12 and from 2 to 5.30 on June 21st (on which day the Mayor of Cambridge, England, was brought to see them) and on June 25th; also on every Wednesday afternoon from 2 to 5.30 from July 2d to August 27th, eleven days in all.

Thanks are certainly due to the owners whose courtesy and co-operation made this possible.

The Administrative Office was in Robinson Annex (the old Fogg Museum), where a woman secretary was on duty all summer to sell tickets and postal cards and maps of Cambridge overprinted in red to show the locations of the houses. There, also, was housed an extensive exhibition of old maps and views of Cambridge during different periods in the development of the town.

The postal cards deserve special mention, if only because their history was somewhat disappointing. The Committee felt that it was an opportunity to have some really beautiful cards of Cambridge made. These were made by the Maynard Workshop in Waban, three of each house, in general one exterior and two interior views, two of Christ Church and one of the Cooper-Austin house. These were sold at five cents apiece. Perhaps they were not appreciated; perhaps 1800 people could not absorb 12,000 cards (the number ordered). At any rate they did not sell well and there were 6500 left over.

The financial statements and other records are all filed in the Widener

Library and statistics are seldom interesting. Suffice it to say that the receipts were \$2,891.73 and the expenses \$1,194.30, leaving a balance of \$1,697.43. \$100 of this was given to the Boy Scouts and \$100 to the Girl Scouts in appreciation of their services. The balance was put in the Cambridge Savings Bank as the sentiment of the Committee was divided between giving it to the Historical Society and using it to rehabilitate the Brattle House. In May 1940, after nearly ten years, it was agreed that it be given to the Historical Society, the accumulation of interest having brought it to \$2,149.82.

LOIS LILLEY HOWE,
Secretary.

LIST OF MEMBERS

ACTIVE MEMBERS

<i>Marion Stanley Abbot</i>	<i>Bertha Close (Mrs. G. H.) Bunton</i>
<i>Annie Elizabeth Allen</i>	<i>George Herbert Bunton</i>
<i>Glover Morrill Allen</i>	<i>David Eugene Burr</i>
<i>Sarah Cushing (Mrs. G. M.) Allen</i>	<i>Eleanor Sheridan (Mrs. D. E.) Burr</i>
<i>Mary Almy</i>	<i>Chilton R. Cabot</i>
<i>Dwight Hayward Andrews</i>	<i>Miriam Shepard (Mrs. C. R.) Cabot</i>
<i>Matilda Wallace (Mrs. D. H.) Andrews</i>	<i>Carroll Luther Chase</i>
<i>Helen Dinnan (Mrs. I. W.) Bailey</i>	<i>Louise Fletcher (Mrs. C. L.) Chase</i>
<i>Florence Besse (Mrs. E.) Ballantine</i>	<i>Philip Putnam Chase</i>
<i>Mary Emory Batchelder (L)</i>	<i>Margaret Elizabeth Cogswell</i>
<i>Elizabeth Chadwick Beale</i>	<i>Julian L. Coolidge</i>
<i>Joseph Henry Beale</i>	<i>Theresa Reynolds (Mrs. J. L.) Coolidge</i>
<i>Mabel Anzonella (Mrs. S.) Bell</i>	<i>Ada Louise Comstock</i>
<i>Stoughton Bell</i>	<i>Kenneth J. Conant</i>
<i>Annie Whitney (Mrs. J. C.) Bennett</i>	<i>Marie Schneider (Mrs. K. J.) Conant</i>
<i>Alexander Harvey Bill</i>	<i>Frank Gaylord Cook</i>
<i>Caroline Eliza Bill</i>	<i>Paul Reid Corcoran</i>
<i>Marion Edgerly (Mrs. A. H.) Bill</i>	<i>Mrs. Paul R. Corcoran</i>
<i>Albert Henry Blevins</i>	<i>Fannie Elizabeth Corne</i>
<i>Beatrice (Mrs. A. H.) Blevins</i>	<i>J. Linda Corne</i>
<i>Walter Benjamin Briggs</i>	<i>Elizabeth Bent (Mrs. G. W.) Cram</i>
<i>Mary Frances (Mrs. E. H.) Bright</i>	<i>Bernice Brown (Mrs. L. W.) Cronkhite</i>
<i>Jessie Waterman (Mrs. Wm. F.) Brooks</i>	<i>Leonard W. Cronkhite</i>
<i>Joseph Frank Brown</i>	<i>Sally Adams (Mrs. C. F.) Cushman</i>
<i>Martha Thacher Brown</i>	<i>Henry Wadsworth Longfellow Dana (L)</i>

[L indicates Life Member]

Mary Deane Dexter
Laura Howland Dudley
Frances Hopkinson (Mrs. S. A.) Eliot
Samuel Atkins Eliot
Emmons Raymond Ellis
Frances White (Mrs. Wm.) Emerson
William Emerson
Pearl Brock Fahrney
Claire (Mrs. P.) Faude
Charles Norman Fay
Lillian Hale (Mrs. C. N.) Fay
Eunice Whitney (Mrs. C. C.) Felton
Allyn Bailey Forbes
Lois Whitney (Mrs. A. B.) Forbes
Edward Waldo Forbes
Worthington Chauncey Ford
Frances Fowler
Dana Taylor Gallup
Alice Howland (Mrs. H. G.) Garrett
Jane Bowler (Mrs. R.) Gilman
Roger Gilman
Charles Leslie Glenn
Mrs. C. Leslie Glenn
Louis Lawrence Green
Virginia Tanner (Mrs. L. L.) Green
Helen McQuesten (Mrs. P.) Gring
Paul Gring
Lillian Helen (Mrs. T.) Hadley
Franklin T. Hammond
Mabel Macleod (Mrs. F. T.) Hammond
Charles Lane Hanson
Albert Bushnell Hart
Jeannette M. Hart
Mary Davis (Mrs. F. B.) Hawley
Florence Wilhelmina (Mrs. N.) Heard
Nathan Heard
Frank Wilson Cheney Hersey

George Milbank Hersey
Alison Bixby (Mrs. E. B.) Hill
Leslie White Hopkinson
Lois Lilley Howe
Eda Woolson (Mrs. B. S.) Hurlbut
Edward Ingraham
Elsie Powell (Mrs. E.) Ingraham
Dorothy Judd (Mrs. W. A.) Jackson
Pauline Fay (Mrs. A. L.) Jackson
William A. Jackson
Eldon Revare James
Phila Smith (Mrs. E. R.) James
James Richard Jewett
Ethel Robinson (Mrs. W. S.) Jones
Mabel Augusta Jones
Wallace St. Clair Jones
Albert Guy Keith
Edith Seavey (Mrs. A. G.) Keith
Justine Frances (Mrs. F. S.) Kershaw
Rupert Lillie
Abbott Lawrence Lowell
Edward Francis McClennen
Mary Crane (Mrs. E. F.) McClennen
Elizabeth MacFarlane
Ethel May MacLeod
Ella Sewell Slingluff (Mrs. G. A.) Macomber
George Arthur Macomber
Winifred Smith (Mrs. M. W.) Mather
Donald Howard Menzel
Florence K. (Mrs. D. H.) Menzel
Louis Joseph Alexandre Mercier
Elinor Gregory (Mrs. K. D.) Metcalf
Keyes D. Metcalf
Helen Bonney (Mrs. H.) Montgomery
Hugh Montgomery, Jr.
James Buell Munn
Ruth C. Hanford (Mrs. J. B.) Munn

<i>Mary Liscomb (Mrs. H. A.) Nealley</i>	<i>Mary Ware (Mrs. R. deW.) Sampson</i>
<i>Arthur Boylston Nichols</i>	<i>Frank Berry Sanborn</i>
<i>Emily Alan Smith (Mrs. J. T. G.) Nichols</i>	<i>Grace Cobb (Mrs. F. B.) Sanborn</i>
<i>Gertrude Fuller (Mrs. A. B.) Nichols</i>	<i>Francis Bowes Sayre, Jr.</i>
<i>John Taylor Gilman Nichols</i>	<i>Eric Schroeder</i>
<i>Albert Perley Norris</i>	<i>Gilbert Campbell Scoggin</i>
<i>Grace Wyeth (Mrs. A. P.) Norris</i>	<i>Susan Child (Mrs. G. C.) Scoggin</i>
<i>Margaret Norton</i>	<i>Edgar Viguers Seeler, Jr.</i>
<i>James Atkins Noyes</i>	<i>Katherine Per Lee (Mrs. E. V.) Seeler</i>
<i>Penelope Barker Noyes</i>	<i>Martha Sever</i>
<i>Mary Woolson (Mrs. J. L.) Paine</i>	<i>Eugenia Jackson (Mrs. P. P.) Sharples</i>
<i>Frederica Watson (Mrs. Wm. L.) Payson</i>	<i>Philip Price Sharples</i>
<i>William Lincoln Payson</i>	<i>Katherine Vosburgh Spencer</i>
<i>Fanny Carleton (Mrs. Wm. H.) Pear</i>	<i>Willard Hatch Sprague</i>
<i>William Hesseltine Pear</i>	<i>Ennié White (Mrs. H. P.) Stevens</i>
<i>Bradford Hendrick Peirce (L)</i>	<i>Horace P. Stevens</i>
<i>Elizabeth Entwistle (Mrs. L. T.) Pennington</i>	<i>Dora Stewart</i>
<i>Leslie Talbot Pennington</i>	<i>Eliza Ware (Mrs. Wm. R.) Thayer</i>
<i>Elizabeth Bridge Piper</i>	<i>Alice Allegra Thorp</i>
<i>Bremer Whidden Pond</i>	<i>Alfred Martin Tozzer</i>
<i>Lucy Kingsley (Mrs. A. K.) Porter</i>	<i>Eleanor Gray (Mrs. H. D.) Tudor (L)</i>
<i>David Thomas Pottinger</i>	<i>Kenneth Shaw Usher</i>
<i>Mildred Clark (Mrs. D. T.) Pottinger</i>	<i>Mary Wellington (Mrs. K. S.) Usher</i>
<i>Lucy Berry (Mrs. R.) Pound</i>	<i>Bertha Hallowell Vaughan</i>
<i>Roscoe Pound</i>	<i>Maude Batchelder (Mrs. C. P.) Vosburgh</i>
<i>Alice Edmonds Putnam</i>	<i>Mary Richardson (Mrs. R.) Walcott</i>
<i>Harry Seaton Rand</i>	<i>Robert Walcott</i>
<i>Mabel Mawhinney (Mrs. H. S.) Rand</i>	<i>Grace Reed (Mrs. J. H.) Walden</i>
<i>Harriette Byron Taber (Mrs. F. A.) Richardson</i>	<i>Frank De Witt Washburn</i>
<i>Fred Norris Robinson</i>	<i>Henry Bradford Washburn</i>
<i>Katharine Wetherill (Mrs. L.) Rogers</i>	<i>Olive Ely Allen (Mrs. F. D.) Washburn</i>
<i>Clyde Orval Ruggles</i>	<i>Frederica Davis (Mrs. T. R.) Watson</i>
<i>Frances Holmes (Mrs. C. O.) Ruggles</i>	<i>Kenneth Grant Tremayne Webster</i>
<i>Gertrude (Mrs. J. C.) Runkle</i>	<i>Alice Maud (Mrs. M. P.) White (L)</i>
<i>John Cornelius Runkle</i>	<i>Alice Babson (Mrs. W. S.) Whittemore</i>
<i>Paul Joseph Sachs</i>	

<i>William Stewart Whittemore</i>	<i>Grace A. Wood</i>
<i>Olive Swan (Mrs. J. B.) Williamis</i>	<i>John William Wood, Jr.</i>
<i>Emily Williston</i>	<i>Cyrus Woodman</i>
<i>Samuel Williston</i>	<i>Frances Billings (Mrs. C.) Woodman</i>
<i>Grace Davenport (Mrs. H. J.) Winslow</i>	<i>Charles Henry Conrad Wright</i>
<i>Henry Joshua Winslow</i>	<i>Elizabeth Woodman (Mrs. C. H. C.) Wright</i>

ASSOCIATE MEMBERS

<i>Winifred Campbell (Mrs. H. R.) Bailey</i>	<i>Francis Apthorp Foster</i>
<i>Annabel Perry (Mrs. C. H.) Bonney</i>	<i>Helen Wood (Mrs. W.) Lincoln</i>
<i>Harold Clarke Durrell</i>	<i>Bertram Kimball Little</i>
	<i>Nina Fletcher (Mrs. B. K.) Little</i>
	<i>Harold Bend Sedgwick</i>

With the exception of Volume VII, which is out of print, there is on hand (July, 1942) a small stock of earlier Publications of the Cambridge Historical Society. The Price is \$1.00 each, for members of the Society; \$1.50 each, for non-members. Orders and remittances should be addressed to Walter B. Briggs, Curator, Widener Library, Cambridge, Massachusetts. Mr. Briggs is also able to supply copies of Mrs. Gozzaldi's Index to Paige's *History of Cambridge*, published in 1930. The price is \$7.50 a copy, postpaid.

CAMBRIDGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

PUBLICATIONS, VOLUME 28

Proceedings for the Year 1942



CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS
PUBLISHED BY THE SOCIETY
1943

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PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

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THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

PROCEEDINGS FOR THE YEAR 1942

ONE HUNDRED THIRTY-NINTH MEETING

THIRTY-SEVENTH ANNUAL MEETING

THE annual meeting of the Society, which regularly should come on Tuesday evening, January 27, 1942, was placed upon this evening, Friday, January 23rd, at the direction of the President, in order that the meeting might be held in the Brattle House, the former home of the Fuller family in Cambridge.

The Society met in the Brattle House as the guests of Miss Mary E. Batchelder, Miss Frances Fowler, Mrs. Arthur B. Nichols and Mrs. Charles H. C. Wright. The meeting was called to order shortly after 8 o'clock by President Walcott.

The minutes of the previous meeting were read and approved.

The Secretary then read the report of the Secretary and of the Council for the calendar year 1941. The report was received and ordered filed.

The Treasurer then read his report showing cash on hand of \$427.27 together with statements as to the Maria Bowen Fund, the George G. Wright Fund, the Life Membership Fund, the Historical Houses Fund, and the Elizabeth E. Dana Bequest, with a total book value of all funds at \$20,011.18, with a total income of \$420.34. The auditor, Mr. Edward Ingraham, reported that he had examined the accounts of the Treasurer and had inspected the securities and found them all to be correct.

Honorable Franklin T. Hammond for the Nominating Committee,

THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

composed of Miss Mary Deane Dexter, Mr. Alexander H. Bill and himself, reported as follows:

For <i>President</i>	HON. ROBERT WALCOTT
For <i>Vice-Presidents</i>	{ JOSEPH H. BEALE FRANK GAYLORD COOK MISS LOIS LILLEY HOWE
For <i>Secretary</i>	
For <i>Treasurer</i>	
For <i>Curator</i>	WALTER B. BRIGGS
For <i>Editor</i>	CHARLES LANE HANSON
For <i>Members of Council</i> : the foregoing and		
REV. SAMUEL A. ELIOT		MISS ELIZABETH PIPER
REV. LESLIE T. PENNINGTON		MRS. CHARLES P. VOSBURGH
ROGER GILMAN		

There being no further nominations, it was moved and seconded that the Secretary be directed to cast one ballot for the persons named by the Nominating Committee. The motion was unanimously carried. The Secretary then reported that he had cast the ballot for the persons named by the Committee and these were then declared by the President to be the duly elected officers of the Society for the ensuing year.

The President then introduced Mr. Arthur B. Nichols, who read a very interesting and instructive paper on Thomas Fuller and his descendants. After an expression of thanks to Mr. Nichols and to the hostesses, the meeting adjourned for refreshments.

There were about seventy-five members and guests present.

ELDON R. JAMES,
Secretary.

ONE HUNDRED FORTIETH MEETING

THE April Meeting of the Society was held on April 28, 1942, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. John T. G. Nichols, 19 Appleton Street.

President Walcott called the meeting to order at 8:15 o'clock, p.m. The minutes of the previous meeting were read and approved. There was an announcement by the Treasurer that a check on the Second National Bank of Boston for \$6.00 had been paid into the Society's account at the Harvard Trust Company, but that no record of the name of the signer had been made. He requested to be informed so that proper credit could be given. The Curator reported the receipt of interesting gifts.

The President then introduced Mr. Roger Gilman and Dr. Samuel A. Eliot, who were to read the papers of the evening on Cambridge Pioneers of the Oregon Trail. Mr. Gilman read an interesting account of Nathaniel Wyeth, the leader of the Cambridge party, and of his background. Dr. Eliot, under the title All Aboard the "Natwyethum," gave the story of the two Wyeth expeditions to the Oregon country.

After the thanks of the Society were voted to Mr. and Mrs. Nichols and to Mr. Gilman and Dr. Eliot, the meeting adjourned for refreshments.

ELDON R. JAMES,
Secretary.

ONE HUNDRED FORTY-FIRST MEETING

THE Cambridge Historical Society met on June 2, 1942, at the residence of Mrs. Arthur L. Jackson, 153 Brattle Street. The meeting was called to order by the President at 4:10 P.M.

After an interesting account of the history of the charming house in which the Society was meeting, the President introduced Mr. H. W. L. Dana, who read an interesting and delightful paper, "When Dickens Came to Cambridge in 1842."

After votes of thanks to Mrs. Jackson for her generous hospitality and to Mr. Dana for his paper, the meeting adjourned for refreshments. There were about 90 members and guests present, but as the afternoon was overcast and cold, unfortunately only a few enjoyed the garden.

ELDON R. JAMES,
Secretary.

ONE HUNDRED FORTY-SECOND MEETING

THE one hundred forty-second meeting of the Cambridge Historical Society was held at the Parish House of the First Church, Unitarian, on Tuesday, October 27, 1942, the hostesses being Miss Marian Abbot, Mrs. Frank B. Hawley, Mrs. Frank B. Sanborn, and Mrs. Henry J. Winslow. Seventy-five members were present.

The meeting was called to order by the President at 8.10 P.M.

The President announced that Mr. David T. Pottinger had consented to fill out the unexpired term of the Secretary, Professor Eldon R. James, who is engaged in war work in Washington.

The President read a long letter from Professor James giving vivid glimpses of life and work in war-time Washington.

The minutes of the previous meeting were read and approved.

The President called attention to the copies of the *Historic Guide to Cambridge* (published by Hannah Winthrop Chapter, D.A.R., in 1907) which were on sale at the meeting.

The President announced that the January meeting would be held in the Craigie House and that Mr. H. W. L. Dana would read a paper on Washington Allston. The President also asked for volunteers to write papers for the meetings and emphasized the value of the "geographical" paper, one which traces the history of a street on the basis of material to be found in old atlases, city directories, and the records of the Registry of Deeds and of the Probate Court.

The President then introduced Miss Lois Lilley Howe, who read "A History of the Book Club, Founded 1832" written by the late Professor Francis Greenwood Peabody for the centenary of the Club. To Dr. Peabody's text Miss Howe added an account of the Club from 1932 to 1942 and occasional remarks, in her own humorous but learned vein, expanding and illuminating one or another point in the original paper.

At the end of the reading, the President and Mr. Gilman added reminiscences of their own in connection with the Book Club. Both of them had, as youngsters, delivered books and magazines to the members. Mr. Walcott particularly recalled that when, as a boy of ten, he took the weekly quota of books to Professor Wolcott Gibbs, the latter would

refresh him with a glass of cherry wine. Mr. F. W. C. Hersey asked what became of the books each year; Miss Howe replied that the Peabodys always gave theirs to the library at Mt. Desert and that this year, as in the Civil War, they were given to various camp libraries.

Mr. Hanson called attention to the need for notifying the Secretary promptly of all changes of address.

After votes of thanks to Miss Howe and to the hostesses, the meeting adjourned for refreshments at 9:10 P.M.



PAPERS READ DURING THE YEAR 1942

THOMAS FULLER AND HIS DESCENDANTS

BY ARTHUR B. NICHOLS

Read January 23, 1942

ALTHOUGH the first Fuller to appear in America and undoubtedly in Cambridge was among the very early arrivals on these shores, the background of the Fuller family must be sought elsewhere than in Cambridge or Newtowne, as it was then. And this background shifts over a period of two hundred years from Middleton to Princeton, to Chilmark, to Sandwich, to Groton and Cambridge. For although Thomas Fuller arrived in Massachusetts in 1638, neither he nor his descendants became identified with Cambridge until the first years of the 19th Century, when his great-great-grandson, the second Timothy, moved to Cambridge and in 1809 set up housekeeping at Number 71 Cherry Street, now the Margaret Fuller House, where Margaret and all her brothers and sisters were born. At various short periods the family lived on Prospect and Ellery Streets, in the Francis Dana house on Dana Hill and, for a year, in 1833, in this Brattle House where we now are met and which, so far as this main part goes, probably has not been greatly changed either inside or out in two hundred years or more, its familiar gambrel roof and the wide spacing of its generous windows giving it a dignity and distinction in contrast with other buildings of the neighborhood.

Many of you doubtless know that the town spring and water supply of the early times was on the site of the present Brattle Hall, and fed a small stream, or canal as it was called, emptying into the river. This

stream was met by another coming from the West through these Brattle grounds and at one point widened to form a small island, planted with rare and beautiful trees interspersed with statues. These grounds extended to the river and west as far as Ash Street.

A mall, or walk, was laid out through the grounds, which were the resort of the young people of the town. It is said to have been the show place of New England, and Thomas Wentworth Higginson speaks of it as being laid out in formal gardens with fish ponds, bridges, and spring houses, where he recalls having played with the brothers of Margaret Fuller. This must have been its condition in 1833 as the Fuller family moved from this house to Groton in that year, and in fact it was not until the fifties that the spring was filled up, a hotel built over it, and the charming appearance of this garden spot entirely changed. On a map of 1833 we find the name of Abraham Fuller as owner of this extensive tract, and as he was for the time a very rich man and a bachelor, he was probably responsible for beautifying and maintaining it for a number of years and perhaps until his death in 1847, when it passed into other hands.

In 1792, almost forty years before the date in which we are interested, the Rev. William Bentley of Salem notes in his diary:

"I visited Mr. Brattle's gardens at Cambridge — We first saw the fountain and canal opposite to his House and the walk on the side of another canal in the road, flowing under an arch and in the direction of the outer fence. There is another canal which communicates with a beautiful pool in the park and a place for his wild fowl. The garden is laid out upon a very considerable descent and formed with terraced walks, abounding with trees and fruits, and the whole luxury of vegetation, and is unrivaled by anything I have seen of the kind. The poultry was excellent and numerous. The parterres in fine order in the garden. The rabbit house had above 50 in it. The dairy room was the neatest I ever beheld. It was in stone and on the sides surrounded with a beautiful white Dutch tile, in the excess of neatness. The repositories for the several fruits were in fine order, the barns, yards, and all agreed with the same good order." This agrees very generally with other descriptions of somewhat later date and indicates that this estate was well maintained over a considerable period of time.

Returning to Thomas Fuller, it is recorded * that he came from

* In the New England Historical and Genealogical Register for October 1859.

England to America in 1638 upon a tour of observation, intending, after he should have gratified his curiosity by a survey of this wilderness world, to return to England. Just what his official and social status was in the land of his birth does not appear, but that he must have been a man of some means, with an adventurous spirit, to have had the time and the courage to brave the perils and discomforts of a new world seems fairly certain.

Burke, in his *General Armory*, describes the arms later adopted by the Fuller family as belonging to a family of that name of the Isle of Wight, but there is no proof or suggestion that Thomas Fuller came from there.

While in Massachusetts Thomas Fuller listened to the preaching of the Rev. Thomas Shepard of Cambridge, who was then in the midst of a splendid career of religious effort and eloquence the echo of which, after the lapse of three centuries, has scarcely died away. The man himself according to the obituaries of the time was described as the "holy, heavenly, sweet affecting and soul ravishing Mr. Shepard." Inasmuch as the people of those times were not prone to overstatement, phrases of such almost feminine exuberance would seem to indicate that Thomas Shepard had something which the clergy of later times would seem to lack.

Through his influence, Thomas Fuller was led to take such an interest in the religion of the Puritan school, that the land of liturgies and religious formulas which he had left behind became less attractive to him than the "forest aisles" of America, where God might be freely worshiped. He has himself left on record a metrical statement of the change in his views which induced him to resolve to make his home in Massachusetts. These verses were collected by the Rev. Daniel Fuller of Gloucester from aged persons, who declare that the author was urged, but in vain, to publish them. Now, after the lapse of three centuries, we will favor the world with a few of them, which will serve as a sample: —

In thirty-eight I set my foot
On this New England shore;
My thoughts were then to stay one year,
And here remain no more.

But, by the preaching of God's word
By famous Shepard he,

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In what a woful state I was,
I then began to see.

Christ cast his garments over me,
And all my sins did cover:
More precious to my soul was he
Than dearest friend or lover.

His pardoning mercy to my soul
All thought did far surmount;
The measure of his love to me
Was quite beyond account.

Ascended on his holy hill,
I saw the city clear,
And knew 't was New Jerusalem,
I was to it so near.

I said, My mountain does stand strong,
And doubtless 't will forever;
But soon God turned his face away,
And joy from me did sever.

Sometimes I am on mountains high,
Sometimes in valleys low: —
The state that man's in here below,
Doth oft-times ebb and flow.

I heard the voice of God by man,
Yet sorrows held me fast;
But these my joys did far exceed;
God heard my cry at last.

Satan has flung his darts at me,
And thought the day to win;
Because he knew he had a friend
That always dwelt within.

But surely God will save my soul!
And, though you trouble have,
My children dear, who fear the Lord,
Your souls at death he'll save.

All tears shall then be wiped away;
And joys beyond compare,
Where Jesus is and angels dwell,
With every saint you'll share.

If these verses do not give evidence of the highest poetical culture and finish, they at least hand down through the centuries the reason which induced Lieut. Thomas Fuller (so we find him styled in the probate proceedings on his will) to purchase and settle upon a large tract of land in New Salem (afterwards Middleton); and this land is still mainly owned and improved by his descendants.

He built a house near Middleton Pond but subsequently moved to Woburn where, as one of the first settlers, he became one of the town's most active citizens, as its records manifest.

Thomas Fuller died in 1698, leaving all his property to a son Jacob. A son of this Jacob had a son Timothy born in Middleton, May, 1739. Timothy Fuller graduated at Harvard in 1760. He cut his name and that date on one of the corner stones of Hollis Hall, in the Harvard Yard, where it might still have been seen in recent years, but is now obliterated. Timothy applied himself to theology and in March 1767 received a nearly unanimous invitation from the church and town of Princeton, Mass. to become their pastor. Here he was ordained the first minister of Princeton.

The State Records contain the following: Petition of Timothy Fuller of Princeton, setting forth that he hath lately settled in the Gospel Ministry in said Princetown upon the slender allowance of £53:6:8 per annum, which he apprehends is as much as the people can afford to pay him in their infant state. That they have built a Meeting House and made roads in the town but have no public ministerial lands — and praying that this court would make him (being the first settled minister there) a grant of the Wachusett Hill lying in said town containing about 500 acres of poor barren land, except that at the foot of said hill on the south side there are about 100 acres which though rocky and uneven may possibly do for pasture land.

Which shows that the Rev. Timothy was a forward-looking and far-seeing person who had some shrewd ideas of the future value of one of the scenic spots of eastern Massachusetts, as well as of the right time to ask for it.

He was successful as a preacher, and his people were united in him till the war of the revolution broke out. He declared at the time, and ever afterwards, that he was friendly to the principles of the revolution, and anxiously desired that his country should be liberated from its dependence on the British crown; but he was naturally a very cautious man and believed this result would be certain to come if the country reserved itself for action till its strength was somewhat matured and its resources in a better state of preparation. Resistance at the time he believed premature and thought that we were hazarding all by too precipitate action. Such views, however, were by no means congenial to the heated zeal of his townsmen. He first gave dissatisfaction by a discourse he preached to the "minute men," at the request of the town, choosing for his text I Kings 20, 11: "Let not him that girdeth on his harness boast himself as he that putteth it off." He was not a man to swerve from his own cool and deliberate views through the pressure of public opinion; and his persistence in them led to his dismissal from the pastorate in 1776, by an ex parte council, his parish refusing to agree with him upon a mutual council. He removed soon after to Martha's Vineyard and preached to the society in Chilmark till the war was ended. He then removed to Middleton, and brought a suit against the town of Princeton for his salary. His dismissal had been irregular, and the law of the case was in his favor; but the jury had too much sympathy with the motives that actuated the town to render a verdict in his behalf. It was supposed this result would be crushing to him and that he would not be prepared to pay costs recovered by the town; and some were malignant enough to anticipate with pleasure the levy of the execution. But they were disappointed; for when the sheriff called upon him, he coolly counted out the amount of the execution in specie, which, with his habitual caution, he had carefully hoarded to meet this very exigency. He soon after returned to Princeton, where he applied himself to the careful education of his children, in connection with the cultivation of a large farm which embraced within its bounds the Wachusett mountain.

The History of Princeton, Mass. furnishes two short notes written by him in connection with his dismissal from his pulpit, which show an admirable spirit of Christian forbearance combined with a most spirited and dignified demand, expressed in terms which the writer might be proud to command under like circumstances and provocation.

Princeton, Oct^r 8, 1778To the Select Men to be laid before y^e Town.

Brethren. My Inviolable Affection for you & Attachment to your Interest and Happiness which no Injuries & Outrages can abate, constrain me now to assure you that altho' I am at present removed from among you yet I have been, still am, & shall be ready to return, & to serve you in the gospel Ministry whenever you shall signify to me that I may proceed therein & that you will attend my ministrations —

I remain your real Friend & faithful Pastor

Timothy Fuller.

Princeton Oct.^r 8. 1778

Fearing y^e Treasurer might be Negligent of his Duty, I address you upon y^e same subject upon which I have wrote to him, & hereby demand of you thirty Pounds lawful money which is due to me from y^e Town as salary for my ninth years serving them in y^e Ministry, also y^e sum of one hundred & twenty five pounds, six shillings and eightpence for my Tenth & Eleventh years Sallary, and also as much more as shall be sufficient to make y^e said sums of money as good to me as when I first settled here in y^e Ministry, a speedy compliance may save y^e Town from many disagreeable consequences which may attend Neglect.

Am with Respect your's

Timothy Fuller, Pastor
of y^e Chh of Princeton

None of his children attended any other than his family school; all were carefully taught, and several fitted for college at home. Those in the town who had been opposed to him soon became reconciled and even warmly attached. He was very active in town affairs, and represented Princeton in the convention which approved and adopted the present federal constitution. He himself, with his characteristic firmness, voted against the constitution mainly on the ground of its recognition of slavery; and he has left his reasons on record. In 1796, he removed to Merrimac, N. H.

Besides five sons, of whom more later in detail, there were five daughters who survived the Rev. Timothy. From the time of his death July 3rd, 1805 till the death of his son Timothy in 1835, a period of full 30 years, that family circle of brothers and sisters remained unbroken. Their ten children were much attached to each other as well as to their parents.

A rather touching picture has been preserved of the ten children who, a quarter century after their father Timothy's death and long after the family dwelling had disappeared, visited its site together. Nothing remained but its cellar, which time had partially filled, whose rounded excavation it had carpeted with green sward. Here the children gathered, and standing in the charmed circle of what was once their home, sang again the hymns of their childhood. They did not again visit it in concert and many of them sought it no more. Death in a few years broke that circle.

In August 1940 there was another gathering at this same spot, called to do honor to the memory of Rev. Timothy Fuller and his family. The entire company gathered at the site of the old house, listened to a short address by a great-granddaughter of Timothy and a reading by her of an appropriate poem written by his grandson, and then with faces turned toward Wachusett sang some hymns and let their thoughts dwell on those whose lives had gone on in that spot over one hundred and fifty years before.

The youngest daughter of this family has left us a day-by-day record of the family doings. Listen to a few passages in the diary of a little girl of fifteen in the year 1790 and contrast her duties and simple pleasures with those of our daughters and granddaughters.

DIARY OF ELIZABETH FULLER

Nov.

1790

- 3 Very pleasant — I washed today.
- 5 Mrs. Perry and Miss Harris were baptised by immersion.
- 6 Pa and Ma set out for Sandwich — I was 15 today. I am quite sick. I was so bad we sent for Dr. Wilson — He said I had a settled fever.
- 10 Rev. Mr. Brown breakfasted with us — He is an agreeable pretty man.
- 16 Thanksgiving today — We baked three ovensful of pyes — There was no Preaching so we had nothing to do but eat them.
- 20 I began to break wool for Pa's coat.
- 24 Very cold — Anna Perry here visiting — I made 18 dozen of candles and washed
- 25 Ma finished spinning her blue wool today.
- 28 I got out the white piece, Ma warped the blue & began to draw in the piece.

Dec.

1 Pleasant weather — Nathan Perry put our horse into their sleigh and carried me to Singing School & back — I had a fine ride and a fine evening.

3 I spun five skeins of linen yarn.

4 I spun two skeins — finished the warp for this piece.

8 Nathan Perry here working — I helped Sally make me a blue woolen gown.

10 Sally cut out a striped lutestring gown for me.

11 I spun swinging tow. — Have spun two skeins every day for three weeks past.

15 I went to Mrs. Joshua Eveleths — Mrs. Eveleth got to bed a week ago — She has a girl.

17 I fixed up my leghorn hat — it looks quite spry.

20 I wove two yards & a half — got out the piece.

21 Have finished my weaving for this year — a hundred & forty yards since the 9th of March.

22 Sabbath — I went to meeting & rode on the colt.

24 I wove five yards — got out the piece — there is 36 yards of it — “Sweet liberty once more to me — how have I longed to meet with thee.”

26 Ma at work on Pa’s coat.

27 Timmy’s birthday — he is 13 years old.

28 I spun three skeins & scoured the best Chamber floor.

30 I did not do much — spent chief of my time with Sally much against her inclination for she sent me out of the room fifty times a minute but I did not care any more than our white chicken does when we drive it out of the House.

In the short sentences of this quaintly worded chronicle of a demure New England maid, there is a wholesome picture of the homes of the period when home making meant housekeeping as well. Irresistible touches of humor, conscious and unconscious, run like a scarlet thread through the drab background of weaving, soap making, neighborly visitations and household cares.

Her supreme satisfaction in her finished spring weaving and the despair with which she writes on her sixteenth birthday “so many years passed in thoughtlessness and vanity” show the puritanical influences of her forbears and her bringing up as a daughter of a New England minister.

The neighborliness of the country life and the sincerity of the men, women and children of the little town who were her friends and visitors at the parsonage can be glimpsed between the lines.

Her affection for the older sister Sally and her pride in brother Timmy are very real as one reads the sometimes monotonous daily happenings — for instance, the “I wove today,” and the little outburst of girlish petulance, after a week of it, make her a human child after all, and her little chronicle is interesting reading for us of another century.

Timothy Fuller’s wife deserves more than a passing mention on account of her influence in moulding the character of her children.

Her father, Rev. Abraham Williams, was a warm patriot and an ardent friend of the Revolution. Two of his sons died in British prison ships. His letter, still preserved, accepting his call to preach in Sandwich breathes a pure Christian spirit, as does a communication in which he expresses a willingness to dispense with a portion of his salary to accommodate the narrow means of the people. His will is characteristic. He emancipates his slaves and charges his children to contribute to their support if they shall be destitute and deprives any child who may refuse to give bonds to perform this duty of his share of the estate, giving to such child in lieu thereof a new Bible of the cheapest sort, “hoping that by the blessing of Heaven it may teach him to do justice and love mercy.”

These slaves, Titus Winchester and Phebe, were bought in Framingham and the bills of sale are still preserved. Titus refused manumission and stayed with his master till the latter’s death. He is mentioned as keeping order among the boys in Rev. Mr. Williams’s church. Freed by his master’s will, Titus served in various capacities on sailing vessels and accumulated some property. It is said that he walked to Boston and bought a clock which was placed on his master’s church. The gilded hands of this very clock are in the possession of Mr. Williams’s great-granddaughter. The epitaph on Titus Winchester’s large ledger stone in the old Cemetery in Sandwich, where he was buried near his master, is somewhat unusual and testifies to the regard in which he was held in the community:

Here lies all that was mortal of Titus Winchester. For many years he was the servant of the Rev. Abraham Williams the former minister of this place. His fidelity to his master on earth could not be exceeded by that which he constantly displayed toward his heavenly. Of industry,

temperance, and economy he was an uncommon example. The fruit of all his earthly labour he generously consecrated to the service of Heaven. To the first precinct of this place he bequeathed all his substance to be dedicated to pious uses. In testimony of that sense of gratitude for so distinguished a benefaction this monumental stone is raised as sacred to his memory and his virtues.

It might be hard to find another case in which a slave was so honored by the community in which he lived and was buried among his white neighbors, not at the feet of his master.

Rev. Timothy Fuller had five sons, all of whom followed the legal profession, a monotony of occupation more common in those days than now. These sons were men of marked character, possessing many admirable and some unpleasing qualities, and these in sufficient uniformity to cause their being liked and disliked by people like Horace Mann, a person of rather vehement prejudices. But they were people of great energy, pushing, successful, of immense and varied information, of great self-esteem and without a particle of tact. Says Thos. Wentworth Higginson: "My mother used to tell a characteristic story of Abraham Fuller, who was a frequent visitor at her house in Cambridge and whom every Cantabrigian of that period knew well. Coming in and finding my mother darning her children's stockings he watched her a little while and then said abruptly: 'You do not know how to darn stockings — let me show you' . . . He being an old bachelor and she the mother of 10 children the remark seemed the very climax of impudence, but he took the needle from her and taught her, as she always maintained, more about darning stockings than she had ever known in her life before. This combination of unexpected knowledge and amazing frankness in its proclamation shows what a critic like Horace Mann, himself not wanting in self-assertion, might have found to suggest antagonism to the Fullers."

Besides Abraham the other sons were Timothy, Henry Holton, William and Elisha. Henry Holton was the grandfather of Henry H. Fuller, the law partner of Henry M. Williams, whom most of us here in Cambridge knew so well.

"Of a family thus gifted and thus opinionated Timothy Fuller, Margaret Fuller's father, was the eldest, the most successful and the most assured."

Born July 11, 1778, graduated from Harvard with second honors in

his class in 1801, he was at different times a member of various branches of the Massachusetts State Government and a Representative in Congress from 1817 to 1825. He was a Jeffersonian Democrat, chairman of the House Committee on Naval Affairs, and a warm supporter of John Quincy Adams, who makes many references to him in his voluminous diary. Timothy Fuller made many public addresses; one before the American Peace Society in 1826. These are fervent, patriotic and florid, but they have a certain exceptional flavor arising from the fact that, unlike nine tenths of those who made such addresses in New England, the speaker was a Republican, or as men were beginning to say, a Democrat and not a Federalist. He does not appear in these addresses as a bitter partisan. He is as ready to praise Washington and Adams as Jefferson and Madison, but he never mentions Hamilton and Jay and seems by implication to condemn the policy of the one and the treaty with which the name of the other often is identified.

True to the anti-slavery traditions of his father and grandfather, Timothy Fuller pointed out, as early as 1809, that the Constitution manifested "a temporary indulgence to a system which it nevertheless repre-hends in the Southern States."

He was faithful in denouncing, three years before the War of 1812, those British outrages in search and impressment for which the Federalists mistakenly apologized, and if he was so hopeful as to assert that "None but just wars can ever be waged by a free country," we can pardon something to Republican zeal.

But that Timothy Fuller was capable of doing some justice to opponents is evident in the tribute which, as a lawyer, he pays to the integrity of the British Admiralty Courts, even in time of war. When we consider how hard it was for the disciples of Jefferson to admit that anything good could come out of England, we are justified, perhaps, in attributing to Timothy Fuller a rare candor and independence in taking such a position.

There seems to be no foundation for the suggestion that Timothy Fuller was moved in his efforts to give his daughter Margaret a high education by a baffled social ambition. In the first place there was little room for any such ambition. Cambridge society was very simple, as it still is, and Timothy's standing as a lawyer and Congressman was as good as anybody's. There was a prejudice against him, no doubt, on account of

his politics, he being a Democrat while the ruling classes of Massachusetts were Federalists, but his social position was unimpaired and he evidently took pains to fill the prominent place to which he was justly entitled, for an entertainment given by him to President John Quincy Adams, in 1826, to which Adams refers in his diary, was one of the most elaborate affairs of the kind which had taken place in Cambridge since the days of the Lechmeres and the Vassalls.

Timothy was then occupying the fine old Judge Dana mansion on Dana Hill, and his guests were invited from far and near to a dinner and a ball. Few Cambridge hosts would then have attempted so much, but had Timothy's social prominence been far less than it was, he would have been the last person to find out the deficiency. Had he lived next door to an imperial palace, he would have thought it was he who did the favor by mingling with his neighbors.

John Quincy Adams in an unpublished part of his diary writes: "September 26, 1826—I went to Cambridge and dined with Mr. T. Fuller at the house which was formerly Judge Dana's and which he has just purchased. President Kirkland, Profs. Ware and Willard, Messrs. Everett and Bailey, Dr. Welsh and several others were there, with Mrs. Fuller and her daughter and his sister. Mr. Fuller had invited evening company with the expectation of meeting me there and among the first the daughters of the late Judge Dana, but the illness of Mrs. Adams . . . compelled me to return to Boston before Mr. Fuller's evening company had arrived."

Such was the father of Margaret Fuller, a man of some narrowness and undue self-assertion no doubt but conscientious, vigorous, well informed and public spirited. He seems to have combined within himself most of the characteristics of Fuller men before and after him — a distinct type bred of many different elements which we have reason to think of as constituting the back bone of this country of ours. It may need a little stiffening in these times, but its marrow is unimpaired and still serviceable for our purposes for many years to come.

Having spent eight years in Washington in the service of his country, he found himself at the end of the Adams administration with no job and no prospect of one under a hostile administration and no hope for recognition of his services. He had saved little from his salary as Congressman and had lost his former lucrative law practice in Boston. Con-

sequently, when he returned to Cambridge he found his fortunes at such a low ebb that he was soon obliged to move out to Groton and to support his family by a living wrested from the soil, an occupation for which he was totally unfitted.

Of the sons of the Hon. Timothy Fuller only two come within the scope of this paper. The second son, William Henry, went into business in New Orleans and Cincinnati but later returned to Cambridge and married in 1840 Francis Elizabeth Hastings, whose mother was a niece of Mrs. Craigie, the wedding taking place in the Craigie House.

Of the two youngest sons the Rev. Arthur Buckminster Fuller made an honorable record as a preacher of the Unitarian faith for twenty years. From 1854 till the war between the states he served as chaplain both of the Massachusetts House of Representatives and the Senate and delivered many public addresses. He also edited a four-volume edition of the works of his sister Margaret. In August, 1861 he received a commission as chaplain of the 16th Massachusetts Volunteers, with whom he served until December, 1862.

Arthur Fuller had not adopted the literary career to which his sister Margaret would have led him. His was a life of unwearied labor and great practical usefulness in the pulpit and later in the hospitals and on the battlefields of the war, and when after the resignation of his army chaplaincy, with his discharge in his pocket, he took a musket from the hands of a wounded soldier, saying "I must do something for my country," and went forward to certain death at the crossing of a pontoon bridge at the battle of Fredericksburg, he showed that his sister's influence had not been exerted in vain.

Richard Frederick Fuller, the younger of these two youngest sons of the Hon. Timothy Fuller, a graduate of Harvard in the class of 1844, was fifteen years younger than his sister Margaret, who had always directed and stimulated his education. Having decided, after a year spent as a clerk in a Boston store, to enter college, he went to Concord and put in six months of preparation. His previous schooling under the watchful eye of Margaret had so well prepared him that he was able for the most part to work up the required subjects by himself, but he did have the advantage of reciting to Miss Elizabeth Hoar, herself an accomplished classical scholar.

Coming to Concord with letters from Margaret to Emerson, he came

into an intimate association with the Emerson family, as well as with Thoreau and others of that distinguished group, which lasted all his life.

His daily fare while a student in Concord was a pint of milk a day, a loaf of brown bread on Sunday which lasted a week, and some potatoes. "Mrs. Emerson," he says, "was in the habit of sending around pies to objects of her benevolence. These were delivered by a boy with a sled who regularly stopped at my door and these with occasional meat pies from Mrs. Samuel Hoar served as a welcome condiment for my food."

He says, "I hesitated to go much to Mr. Emerson's. I felt I had nothing to impart to him and ought not to take up his time, but he complained of my not coming to see him, so I feared he might think me not to appreciate his kindness and when he invited me to come every night to tea I concluded he must like to see me and I would feel free to come often." And so after six months of this Spartan discipline Richard Fuller set out on foot to Cambridge with a letter of recommendation to President Quincy, to take his entrance examination for Harvard. On the way he was caught in a shower, and the letter got wet and had to be presented in this condition with an apology; but President Quincy told him he was an old farmer himself and did not mind.

He says of Emerson: "If I had been a distinguished person whose hospitalities he was returning, Mr. Emerson and his family could not have treated me with more consideration. Though I often met persons of celebrity at his house, he never allowed them to put me into the shade, nor was his conduct singular toward me in this respect. Such was his admirable courtesy that there seemed to be no small and no great in his presence." Richard was perhaps the one of Margaret's brothers who responded most eagerly to the high ambition she had for their achievement in the field of letters and he received more than any other the benefit of her continuous and stimulating example and teaching. He had the Fuller inclination toward the law and became an able lawyer as well as a wise conservator of the family funds. These funds increased considerably during his short life, which came to an untimely end when he reached the age of forty-three in 1869.

So much has been written on every phase of Margaret Fuller's life since her death more than ninety years ago, her personality and the achievements of her later years are so familiar to most of you, that it is hardly necessary or possible in the time allotted to this family chronicle

to do more than give a glimpse of her first as a little girl, as revealed in a few short letters to her father during his 8 years as a member of Congress in Washington. The correspondence between them abounds in almost extravagant terms of affection in the pride of the daughter in her father's position and the pride of the father in his daughter's precocity and accomplishments. An impression has been given that Timothy Fuller was an almost merciless taskmaster who drove Margaret on and on in her studies so that her health became at times, as we know, seriously impaired, but in the correspondence between the two it is she who makes frequent references to the progress she is making, and to her eagerness and the delight with which she finds her remarkable mind able to acquire new and more information. At ten she reads and writes in Latin and at twelve announces with composure her command of French and Italian and she finds her father always stimulating and tremendously proud of her insatiable zest and capacity for learning.

February 3, 1820

My dear Father:

Yesterday I wrote you a short epistle in Latin: Now I sit down to address you in my native language. Who would believe that it was February . . . Shall you be here the first of April, alias April fool day?

Thank you for your kind permission to read Zeluco but Mamma will not let me have it . . . Miss Kimball informs me that Miss Mary Elliot went through Vergil in 30 days and I have studied with renewed vigor ever since. I shall finish this letter with the Lords Prayer in Latin. Correct it for me, Papa, will you?

November 22nd. 1820

I wish you would send me your speeches if you have them — I should value them extremely — I assure you notwithstanding the very mean opinion you have of my understanding I should value one of my dear father's speeches more than a thousand lighter works. I know well you think me light, frivolous and foolish. I believe you have had reason to think me so but I am yet capable of affection to one to whom I stand so highly indebted as to you, dear father. I must leave the last page for mother — She is going to Prof. Farrar's Friday night and is preparing her dress.

March, 1822

I am glad that you cannot witness my first Examination — I know what your feelings would be — mine are sufficient — My Uncle Abraham

will be there and will acquaint you with my success, perhaps it may be a failure, but be assured that I will do my utmost to acquit myself well. I hardly dare trust that I shall be right in Geography — the numberless questions on the map quite disconcert me — History unless I am frightened quite out of my wits, I am sure of and it is very improbable that I should miss in passing in Latin (bye the bye I have learned to scan and parse) or in French and I think my Italian will be right. I wonder if this is as interesting to anybody else as it is to me. I think of nothing else.

Cambridge, Jan. 24, 1824

I would give you the particulars of Miss Pratt's party as you desire but it is so long ago I have really forgotten them — I was very happy. I am passionately fond of dancing and there is none at all in Cambridge except at the Cotillion parties — I thank you most sincerely my beloved Father for the interest you take in my pleasures. Be assured I will do all in my power to manifest my gratitude for the indulgence and kindness you have ever shown in endeavoring to gratify even my slightest wishes. I think there never was so kind and affectionate a father as you and I am most profoundly and ardently sensible of it.

And now a last glimpse of Margaret in an unfamiliar role — that of the staunch defender of the family, the faithful teacher over many years of her younger brothers and sisters, the solid rock on which dashed the waves of adversity to which all might cling in order to keep together and surmount the flood.

"The family had removed to Groton to economize, for her father had died and the burden of supporting the family fell upon Margaret. On her knees beside her father's body she had pledged devotion to her brothers and sisters, and that vow she surely kept. Buried in Groton, the dream of Europe and the hope of a career must be abandoned. Putting aside the appeals of the family to take her portion of the estate now and go, she made in 1836 what she called the last great sacrifice. "Circumstances have dictated," she wrote, "that I must not go to Europe and shut upon me the door, as I think forever, to the scenes I could have loved. Let me now try to forget myself and act for others' sakes." She had fought like a lioness for the proper education of her younger brothers and sisters. She not only had the courage to do this but the courage to let it be known by those for whom it was done. Feminine self-sacrifice is a very common fruit on every soil and certainly on that of New England, but it often

spoils its object by leading to selfishness and then dying unrevealed — all from a mistaken sense of duty. To make this devotion by revealing it a means of elevating the person for whom it is made — this is a far rarer thing and requires absolute frankness and a wholly generous heart. To stimulate the brother to do the work which the sister for his sake left undone is to extract the very finest aroma of gratitude.

"The following letter from Margaret at twenty-six to her brother Arthur of fourteen, who later gave his life at Fredericksburg, needs no additional word to fulfill its purpose. At this very moment Margaret stood at the turn of the tide which swept her on to the career for which she had given up the hope of fulfillment."

You express gratitude for what I have taught you. It is in your power to repay me a hundred fold, by making every exertion now to improve. I did not teach you as I would; yet I think the confinement and care I took of you children at a time when my mind was so excited by many painful feelings, have had a very bad effect upon my health.

I do not say this to pain you, or to make you more grateful to me (for probably, if I had been aware at the time what I was doing, I might not have sacrificed myself so); but I say it that you may feel it your duty to fill my place and do what I may never be permitted to do.

Three precious years, at the best period of my life I gave all my best hours to you children; let me not see you idle away time, which I have always valued so much; let me not find you unworthy of the love I felt for you.

Those three years would have enabled me to make attainments, which now I never may.

Do you make them in my stead, that I may not remember that time with sadness.

THE WYETH BACKGROUND

BY ROGER GILMAN

Read April 28, 1942

THIS evening is dedicated to the story of one of the most adventurous sons of nineteenth-century Cambridge, Captain Nathaniel Jarvis Wyeth, leader of an expedition to settle the Oregon Territory. This prologue to that epic had its origin in a drive across the country last summer. No one with any imagination could cross those vast plains, where we skimmed over in twenty minutes a day's travel by pack-train, or face those mountain barriers, or gaze upon the Pacific — the end of all journeys — without constant thoughts of the pioneers. The loneliness of the sagebrush desert, which seemed to creep over us if we so much as ventured out of our snug little car to eat a sandwich; the slow climbs up to passes among the snow peaks, smoothed for us into one even grade; the total blackness of night in the forest — how each of those obstacles must have clutched at their hearts!

When therefore I learned in Oregon that the first attempt to lead a company of settlers across that wilderness had been made by one of our Wyeths of Cambridge, I resolved on my return to search the shelves of Widener and to restore him to his rightful place in our annals. On reaching home, I found a fellow enthusiast in Dr. Eliot, who had preceded me to Oregon by some fifty years and who really knew the Oregon trail. So it is that we have joined our researches to bring to you, the Muses of History, the background and the adventure of Captain Wyeth.

The Wyeth Family saga begins with two entries in the "Proprietors' Records," that storehouse of the earliest Cambridge real estate.¹ Under the date of the 20th day of the 5th month in 1645 it was recorded that "Nicholas Wythe purchased of Robert Daniel, in the West end, 1 dwelling with outhouses, and about halfe an Acr. of Land." On the basis of the boundaries recorded and of a still living tradition we may locate

¹ "Proprietors' Records" (the register book of lands and houses in the "New Towne" from 1634 to 1829, printed by the City of Cambridge), vol. 1, p. 119.

this land on the present Garden Street, above Phillips Place.² This is the same land marked "Wyeth" on maps of 1776 and 1830.³ It became known as the Wyeth homestead and descended from father to son,—from Nicholas to Ebenezer, to Jonathan, to Jonas, to Jonas the second, to Job, and finally to Jonas the third, who let it go in 1850. It had been two centuries in one family.

On that same day in 1645 there is a second entry: "Item, purchased of George Willowes, 2 Acr. of Land in the west field."⁴ This land was bounded by the old Common, by the "Great Swamp"—which lay beyond Huron Avenue toward the clay pits,—and the "Highway," which I take to be the road to Arlington. Thus it lay around the spot where still stands a long, low, yellow house at the corner of Garden and Huron.⁵ It is now a lowly tenement, but it is a witness to the Wyeth acres purchased in 1645. For it was long a Wyeth farmhouse, and its inventory records its Chippendale chairs and good silver, one piece at least being a Revere.

As a matter of background for the expedition of Captain Wyeth, you should note that both of these holdings were on frontiers, the one on the frontier for dwellings, the other on the frontier for farms. The liking for frontiers was a Wyeth trait.

One hundred years later the Wyeths pushed out into the country again.⁶ In 1751 Ebenezer, on his marriage, bought a large farm embracing the northwesterly portion of Mt. Auburn and extending to Fresh Pond. The house on this farm also remains—on the corner of Fresh Pond Parkway and Brattle Street. You will need to look sharply to discern the original pre-revolutionary dwelling, marked by the small windows and two chimneys arranged symmetrically around the doorway. When President Eliot bought it from the Wyeths, he added a long ell at one end. The present owner has disguised it still further by an addition toward the Parkway and a smart brick end with towering chimney.

The next Wyeth, Jacob, shortly after he graduated from the college, bought from his father, in 1792–96, eight acres bordering on Fresh Pond, and built there a hotel.⁷ It would be amusing to know how this hotel was regarded among the other primitives of the summer resort movement,

² L. R. Paige, "History of Cambridge" (1877), pp. 705 ff.

³ Maps in archives of Camb. Hist. Soc., in Map Room, Widener Hall.

⁴ Proprietors' Records, p. 119.

⁵ Information furnished by Henry D. Wyeth.

⁶ Paige, p. 705.

⁷ Paige.

but it must have been quite a pioneering venture on the part of Jacob Wyeth. Happily it produced two successive fortunes, for himself and his son. Until the railroad made New Hampshire accessible, it was one of the most popular summer resorts around Boston. It appears on all the maps of the nineteenth century, with a long road from the highway and stables and large turn-around for carriages, for it was just a pleasant driving distance from town. We boys, who used to follow its road to skate on the Pond, knew the place only in its disreputable senility, but it must have been a charming spot in its day, placed high on a bluff, shaded by large trees, and looking out across the Pond into the west wind. The building itself, having been successively a nunnery and then a roadhouse, was long ago removed to Lake View Avenue and converted into a tenement. It is so changed by a coating of stucco that one would never suspect its early prestige or later notoriety. Only its Victorian plate glass windows and its black walnut newel post at the stairs remain a witness to its century of hospitality.

Into this Middlesex Eden was born, in 1802, our adventurer.⁸ He was the youngest son of Jacob, the hotel pioneer, and was named Nathaniel Jarvis, after his mother's father. It would be interesting to know more about her and the early Jarvises and whether he got from them some of his remarkable qualities. But they must have been an out-of-town family, for they are absent from Paige's lists. Nathaniel did not go to Harvard College, as his father and elder brother had done, but at 25 he was engaged to manage the Fresh Pond ice-houses of Frederic Tudor, who was to be known as the "Ice-King."

Tudor was a notable figure in Boston for two generations. He was twenty years older than Wyeth and may be supposed to have had some influence on his young manager. What that influence was can be guessed from Tudor's own creed, which he printed on the cover of his "Ice Diary": "He who turns back from his undertaking at the first repulse, and dares not risk a second, has never been, is not, and never will be a hero, either in war, love, or business."

Since ice was to play a great part in Wyeth's life, we must consider for a moment the ice industry.⁹ There had been some dealing in ice in

⁸ Paige.

⁹ R. O. Cummings, "The American Ice Industry and the Development of Refrigeration (1935)." A typewritten thesis in the Harvard Library, pp. 78-92.

the preceding decades by butchers and other trades as a side line, and there was now a strong demand for it, especially in the South. But it was cut only with axes and shovels; it was delivered only in chunks and splinters. About two thirds was lost by melting before it reached the customer; altogether it was too expensive and untidy for family use. Moreover, since cutting by hand was a slow work, a thaw or a snow storm often intervened and ruined the year's crop. But Tudor saw in it the possibilities of a fortune, for he had only to cut and market it; as the saying was, "the ice itself was as free as the water beneath or the air above."

Young Wyeth, given his first job, proved at once the ingenuity and enterprise that was to distinguish him later. In the first season he invented a two-horse saw which cut deep smooth blocks of standard size. This revolutionized the ice business. The smooth blocks did not melt too fast; they could be easily stored, shipped and delivered; they could be sold at a profit. Other inventions followed, and it was said in his obituary that there was hardly an ice tool or device that could not be traced to Nat Wyeth.

After his expedition, when he had returned to Cambridge, he found that the industry had grown surprisingly. By 1834 thirteen houses could be seen around the shores of Fresh Pond. It was becoming one of the two centres of ice for the country. The "ice railroad," a new branch which ran along its very edge, had replaced the slow ox-teams. Thousands of tons could now be carried quickly from the ice-houses to the wharves, from which ice-clippers shipped it to Calcutta or Ceylon or China. So ice finally engulfed Nathaniel Wyeth. It made him rich, and he died a wholesale ice merchant and a large exporter — but not the founder of Oregon.

It is not hard to imagine that young Wyeth was stirred by Tudor's success in exploring new fields and in trading off one section of the country against another. He must have realized his contribution in creating this thriving industry. He may well have chafed at his small reward and have cast about for some new region in which he too might make his bold play for a fortune.

However, the idea of a venture in Oregon was not "the spontaneous notion of Mr. Wyeth," to quote from his young cousin's book,¹⁰ "nor

¹⁰ John B. Wyeth, "Oregon," reprinted in R. G. Thwaites, "Early Western Travels," vol. xxi (1905), p. 25.

was it entirely owing to the journals of Lewis and Clarke. . . . He was roused to it by the writings of a Boston schoolmaster, Hall J. Kelley. Mr. Kelley's writing operated like a match applied to the combustible matter accumulated in the mind of the energetic N.J.W."

This Kelly was a natural propagandist.¹¹ Already, during his twenties, he had introduced the blackboard into the schools of Boston and had his services dispensed with by the Mayor. He had founded the Young Men's Education Society, the first Sunday School in New England — so he said — and the Penitent Female Refuge Society. Now he was possessed by the vision of an American colonization of the Oregon country, which was rapidly drifting into the hands of the British fur traders.

By 1829 Kelley had got so far as to organize the "American Society for Encouraging the Settlement of the Oregon Territory."¹² It was in that same year that Wyeth went to him and borrowed his books and documents. Later he enrolled for the expedition which Kelley was to lead, the date set being January first, 1832. Wyeth, as he himself said, "had no views further than trade, at any time." Kelley's motives were patriotic and religious. "He hoped to repeat, with appropriate variations, the history of the Puritan colony of Massachusetts Bay, — adding to it the education of the Indians."

But in spite of his enthusiasm there was little taste around Boston for such a venture. Only a few young farmers and journeymen mechanics enrolled. Criticism was violent. Kelley himself went off to Washington, spending most of two years petitioning Congress for authority and for financial backing.

Wyeth, on his part, came to the conclusion that Kelley was no man for such an undertaking and that he would organize his own. His letters to Kelley¹³ reveal the different stuff of which he was made. In one of them he wrote, "When you adopted the plan of taking across the continent in the first expedition women and children, I gave up all hope that you would go at all, and all intention of going with you if you did." And again, "However well matters are going at Washington, matters little to me. Anything they can do will come too late for my purposes. My arrangements are made for leaving 1st March and I shall not alter them."

¹¹ Dictionary of National Biography, "H. J. Kelley."

¹² F. W. Powell, "Hall Jackson Kelley, Prophet of Oregon." Portland, Ore. (1917), ch. iv.

¹³ F. G. Young, editor, "Correspondence and Journals of Capt. N. J. Wyeth" (1899), quoted in Powell, p. 52.

Thus in spite of warnings by his neighbors, of disillusion, of the hazards of an untried route and an unknown land, even of a powerful British monopoly already entrenched, young Wyeth made his resolve. He was only 29. He had never been outside of Cambridge. He had had no experience except in cutting and shipping ice on Fresh Pond. But he determined to finance a company and lead 50 men across the continent, to send a supply ship around the Horn, to create a canning and fur trade in the wilderness and to found a new American state.

Such a story should be told only by another Cambridge young man who went pioneering to the Northwest — Dr. Samuel Eliot.

ALL ABOARD THE “NATWYETHUM”!

BY SAMUEL ATKINS ELIOT

Read April 28, 1942

ON the 24th of April, 1890, Mr. James Russell Lowell was sitting at his study desk yonder at Elmwood writing a letter. It was addressed to the pupils of the High School at Portland, Oregon, who were about to put on what they called a Lowell evening. “I feel,” he wrote, “as if I had a kind of birthright interest in Portland, for it was a townsman of mine who first led an expedition across the plains and tried to establish a settlement there. I well remember his starting sixty years ago and knew him well in after years. He was a very remarkable person whose conversation I valued highly. A born leader of men he was fitly called Captain Nathaniel Wyeth as long as he lived. I hope he is duly honored in your traditions.”

Now I too feel a sort of birthright interest in the communities of the Pacific Northwest. It happens that my great-grandfather, a Salem shipmaster and merchant, was the owner of a small share in the bark *Columbia* — Captain Gray — and in 1792 that vessel, on a trading voyage to the Northwest Coast, was the first to enter the mouth of the great river which was afterwards to bear the ship’s name, and it was upon that discovery that the claims were based which in the treaty of 1846 gave to the United States the great region out of which have been carved the States of Oregon, Washington and Idaho. Then two years before Mr. Lowell wrote the letter just quoted I was living as a boy preacher in Seattle, then an overgrown lumber camp sprawling up and down the hills, in what was still Washington Territory. The railroad had not at that time reached Seattle and I traversed the Puget Sound Country by steamboat and by canoe. Then my duties as the officer of a missionary society for nearly thirty years and as a member of the United States Board of Indian Commissioners for twenty years took me almost annually to the Pacific Northwest, and I know the country almost as well as my native New England. Then it happened that in June of 1934 I was in Idaho to give certain

Commencement addresses at the University of Idaho. I found the city of Pocatello gayly decorated with bunting, preparing for the celebration of the 100th anniversary of the founding of the neighboring Fort Hall by Capt. Nathaniel J. Wyeth and his company. When it was discovered that I came from Wyeth's birthplace, I was at once enlisted to address various patriotic and historical societies. One of them was the Wyeth Chapter of the D. A. R. It was impressed upon me that the name of Capt. Wyeth is better remembered and honored in the Northwestern States than it is here in Cambridge, where he was born, lived and died.

Now let me say something about the sources of our information about the Wyeth expeditions — for a paper to be read before an Historical Society should be well documented. It is an exceptionally good fortune that three first-hand contemporary accounts of the expeditions of 1832 and 1834 have been preserved. Capt. Wyeth himself kept a journal of the events of each day. It is not a literary production and was not intended to be. It's more like a ship's log, recording the length of the day's march, the latitude and longitude of the place of bivouac, the success of the hunters in bringing in game, and occasionally describing some incident that might be worth remembering. Wyeth, however, also kept in a letter-book copies of his correspondence with his family, with the families of some of his companions, and with certain of the gentlemen who had put money into the enterprise. That correspondence is much more personal and informative. It covers the years 1831 to 1835. It was gathered and published, together with the journals, in 1899 by the Oregon Historical Society.

Then we have a more vivacious journal of the first expedition, that of 1832, kept by a cousin of the leader, a boy of eighteen, John B. Wyeth. He evidently joined up without any very serious purpose and just for the fun of the adventure, but he wrote his journal in an offhand, racy fashion and his narrative gives some vivid pictures of life on the plains. The young man didn't get along any too well with his cousin and captain and, with some other malcontents, abandoned the expedition when they were four-fifths of the way across the continent. The deserters had a very tough time getting back but young Wyeth finally reached St. Louis and worked his way on a boat to New Orleans and then on a ship to Boston. Somehow he held on to his journal and, when he got back to Cambridge, the nar-

tive was of course eagerly read by his family and friends. It came to the attention of one of our then most eminent citizens, Dr. Benjamin Waterhouse. He at once saw its merit as a story of adventure and also realized that its publication might well deter misguided people from hereafter making such foolhardy attempts. Young Wyeth's description of the hardship and dangers of the journey and of his own sufferings was certainly vivid, and Dr. Waterhouse felt that his good fellow townsmen ought to be warned so that they would not again be lured from their comfortable firesides into such reckless ventures. So he took the soiled manuscript and edited it and secured its publication.

The little book of some ninety pages bears the formidable title "Oregon, or a short history of a long journey from the Atlantic Ocean to the region of the Pacific by land, drawn up from the notes and oral information of John B. Wyeth, one of the party who left Mr. Nathaniel J. Wyeth July 28, 1832, four days march beyond the ridge of the Rocky Mountains, and the only one who has returned to New England, Cambridge, 1833." The book was privately printed, primarily for circulation among Cambridge friends and neighbors, and very few copies are now in existence, but the narrative was reprinted in Volume 21 of the great series of "Early Western Travels" edited by the distinguished historian and librarian, Reuben Gold Thwaites, and published in 1905. It would be a rather fascinating study for one or another of our literary pundits to go through that little book and separate the parts originally written by Wyeth from the paragraphs obviously interpolated by Dr. Waterhouse. Wyeth's narrative is lively and boyish, while the style of Dr. Waterhouse is Johnsonian or Websterian. The descriptions of the plains and the mountains, of the trappers and the Indians, of the privations and misfortunes of the march, are plainly Wyeth's; while the cautions and warnings, the admonitions and moral lessons are equally plainly Waterhouse. Dr. Thwaites discovered, by the way, that in the authors' catalogue at the Harvard Library the book is — or was — listed under Waterhouse. Now that little book was the first American publication to deal with what was soon to be known as the Oregon Trail — indeed, with the exception of the abbreviated journal of the Lewis and Clark Journals, published in 1814, it was the earliest description of the Northwestern wilderness and of the tribes that roamed there. Washington Irving's classic "Astoria" was published three years later and Dr. Townsend's narrative of the second

Wyeth expedition six years later. That is our third contemporary authority.

Dr. Townsend's account of the 2nd Wyeth Expedition is a larger and much more scholarly piece of work than young John Wyeth's immature production, even when polished up by the erudite Dr. Waterhouse. Townsend was a Philadelphia physician and a man of science. He had a concern — as the Quakers say — to explore and describe the flora and fauna of Western America. In this enthusiasm he was aided and abetted by his friend Thomas Nuttall, who had been his neighbor and fellow worker in Philadelphia but who, for the last ten years, had been the curator of our Botanic Garden here in Cambridge and lecturer in Natural History. Nuttall told Townsend about the chance to go out with Wyeth on the 2nd expedition in 1834. They got some kind of commission from the Academy of Natural Sciences and joined up with Wyeth in Missouri and crossed the continent with his party. Nuttall's further adventures we shall encounter later. Townsend stayed in Oregon for some time, made a voyage or two to Hawaii, was for a while physician at Ft. Vancouver, the Hudson's Bay Company post on the Columbia, made many trips collecting and exploring in the Northwest, and finally came home round the Horn after an absence of nearly four years. His account of his travels was published in 1839 with the title "Narrative of a Journey across the Rocky Mountains to the Columbia River, etc. with a scientific appendix." Townsend wrote well and his book is easy and pleasant reading. It too was reprinted in Volume 21 of Thwaites's "Early Western Travels."

These then are the original sources of our information. Now let's get to the story of the adventure itself. Nat. Wyeth was twenty-eight years old when he got interested in Oregon. He had married his cousin, Elizabeth Jarvis Stone, had just moved into a new house he had built on the family estate, and was well started in the ice business at Fresh Pond. His employer, Mr. Frederick Tudor, wrote of him in his diary January 27, 1828: "Wyeth was out on the pond without hat or coat. He is equal to any difficulty which to common minds seems insurmountable." Now Nat. Wyeth had something of the pioneer spirit of his New England forbears. The ice business — though it was at that time a pioneer occupation, highly speculative and dependent on the whims of the capricious New England winter — seemed tame to him. Then too he had another

of the outstanding traits of his forbears — an eye to the main choice. He was by no means averse to a good trade and he was persuaded that there were big profits to be made by people who could get in early in the packing of salmon and the collection of furs out in the Oregon country. It was a spirit quite like that of the young Salem skippers who would start at a week's notice on a voyage to Canton or the East Indies or to uncharted regions they had hardly heard of — or of some youngster in New Bedford who would ship for a whaling voyage in the South Pacific. There were strange lands to visit, strange people to see, and big money in whale oil or in the silks and teas and spices one could pick for a return cargo at Whangpoo or Singapore.

The spark that set fire to this latent impulse in Nat. Wyeth was undoubtedly the contagious enthusiasm of his neighbor Hall J. Kelley. Kelley was a teacher, a graduate of Middlebury with a Master's degree from Harvard. He was what we now call a "booster" and he never stopped at superlatives. His ideas about Oregon were largely the product of a fertile imagination. He had never been there but his rosy dreams and his hypothetical descriptions of the country proved in the end to have real substance. The valley of the Columbia is as rich in natural resources and as magnificent in scenery as his glowing vision discerned. His sources of information were limited. Yankee ships had been trading on the coast for forty years and even when I lived there in the 1880's white men were still called "Boston men" by the Indians. My great-grandfather's little ships would load at Boston or Salem a cargo of goods — gadgets thought to be suitable for the Indian trade — go round Cape Horn and up to Nootka Sound on Vancouver Island, there swap the cargo for furs, mostly otter and seal, carry the furs to China, sell them there and buy a cargo of tea and silk and bring that back to Boston round the Cape of Good Hope. The logs of those ships and the oral narratives of the survivors of the Astoria Colony, planted by John Jacob Astor in 1811 and maintained for a while at the mouth of the Columbia, gave one some knowledge of the coast, but the vast interior was practically unknown. The Hudson Bay Company and the Rocky Mountain Fur Company had some scattered posts in the Northwest and trappers and traders had followed some of the Indian trails through the mountains but, as I have said, the report of the Lewis and Clark expedition published in 1814 was the only printed account of conditions in that almost untraversed land and the only de-

scription of the obstacles and perils that must be met by any overland expedition.

For ten or a dozen years Hall Kelley was incessantly active in rousing interest in this country of his dreams. He wrote pamphlets and letters in the newspapers, interviewed all sorts of people, and finally got an organization started called the Oregon Colonization Society. He was a visionary sort of man — a dreamer whose dreams never came true. Most of his business schemes, both here in Massachusetts and in the Northwest, proved to be impracticable but I am sure that he was actuated not merely by desire for profits but by sincerely patriotic impulses. He didn't like the Treaty of 1818, which provided for the joint occupancy of Britain and the United States of the whole Northwestern Territory between 42° and $54^{\circ}40'$, and he wanted to help save the great valley of the Columbia for his own country. Anyway Nat. Wyeth caught the Oregon fever from Kelley and he took it hard. He joined the Oregon Colonization Society but soon lost confidence in Kelley's business judgment, pulled out, and started an enterprise of his own. His plan followed the precedent set by John Jacob Astor twenty years earlier — the Astoria expedition — and it had much the same fate. He proposed to load a vessel with supplies and traders' goods and dispatch it on the voyage round Cape Horn. Then he would recruit an overland expedition and lead it across the plains and the mountains and in the fall meet the vessel at the mouth of the Columbia and set up a commercial post for trading, fur collecting and salmon fishing which would quickly produce great profits. "I cannot," he wrote, "divest myself of the opinion that I shall compete better with my fellowmen in new and untried paths than in those to pursue which requires only patience and attention."

Wyeth spent the winter of 1831-32 recruiting his company, raising money for the initial expenses, and writing letters making inquiries about climate, the kind of supplies needed both for sustenance and for trade, the ways of packing salmon and preserving furs, and the possible routes to be followed. He put into the enterprise all the money he could raise on his own credit. His uncle and his elder brothers, Charles and Leonard, who were in business, — one in Baltimore and the other in New York, — subscribed, and another brother, Jacob Wyeth, then living and practicing medicine in Howell Furnace, New Jersey, was enrolled as the doctor for the expedition. One might gather from most of the later accounts of the

expedition that the men who followed Wyeth were in his employ. Washington Irving in his book about the expedition of Capt. Bonneville, which followed closely after Wyeth's, says that Wyeth "had enlisted a number of men in his employ" and the later historians followed that lead. But Washington Irving didn't understand the New England way of doing things. Wyeth's company was organized on what may be called a Town-Meeting plan. Wyeth was naturally elected Captain and each man put into the common pot not less than \$40.00. Each man had a vote and decisions were made by a show of hands. It was a sort of profit-sharing company very much like the organization that used to prevail on a Gloucester fisherman — where no one had wages but each shared in the profits of the trip, so much to the owners of the schooner, so much to the captain, so much to the cook, so much to each member of the crew.

Wyeth's comrades were naturally all young men, imbued with the spirit of adventure but reluctant to accept any sort of discipline and quite inexperienced in making long marches over trackless plains. The company met for three months on Saturday nights at Wyeth's house and settled things among themselves in Town-Meeting fashion. There was devised the curious vehicle which gave a unique appearance to the expedition. Wyeth was a good deal of an inventor. He had invented most of the tools of the ice business. Now he devised a boat, or gondola, some 13 feet long and 4 wide which was firmly connected with four wheels. It could thus be hauled by manpower or by oxen and when a river had to be crossed the thing was turned over, the wheels detached and loaded into the boat, and the craft rowed across. Three of these unique constructions were built by the two carpenters of the company and Dexter Clapp, the village blacksmith, down at the smithy under the spreading chestnut tree. As appropriate for an academic town, this mongrel, half boat half wagon, was given the classic name of the Amphibium, but the Cambridge wags insisted on calling it the *Natwyethum* — and that name is the thing best remembered in these provincial parts about this history-making expedition. Twenty-one men enlisted. They adopted a uniform — woolen jackets and trousers, cowhide boots, a broad belt equipped with axe and knife — and the *Natwyethum* carried tents, kettles and cooking utensils. On the first of March, 1832, in order to harden themselves for the journey and to get some experience of the life of the bivouac, they went into camp for ten days on Long Island Head down Boston Harbor and on

March 11 seventeen of them, with the equipment, sailed from Boston on the brig *Ida* and after a stormy fortnight at sea landed at Baltimore.

There the other four, who came from New York and Philadelphia, joined up and now we can follow young Johnny Wyeth's account of the trip. It contains — as his captain wrote later — "a good many small lies" but we can skip the things that were obviously set down in a sort of boyish malice or resentment, and the record is more vivacious than the captain's own journal. When the two agree we can be pretty sure of the facts. "At Baltimore," wrote Johnny, "our amphibious carriages excited great attention and I may add our whole company was an object of no small curiosity. They said — 'That's Yankee all over. Bold enterprise, neatness and good contrivance.' We marched two miles out of Baltimore and encamped for four days and then we put our wagons on to cars on the railroad which extends from thence sixty miles to the foot of the Allegheny mountains." That means that the Baltimore and Ohio R. R. had been opened for traffic as far as Frederick, Md. just a few months before and the cars were still hauled by horse power.

Then they dragged the wagons over the mountains and the rough Pennsylvania roads and arrived at Pittsburgh on the 8th of April, four weeks after leaving Boston. Johnny didn't care for the fast growing town of Pittsburgh. "The town, he says, has somewhat the color of a coal pit or a blacksmith shop." He calls it a "hornets nest of bustle and dirt" and he describes the citizens as people "who choose to breathe smoke and swallow dirt for the sake of dollars." Then they all went aboard The Freedom, a river steamboat which Johnny describes as "a truly wonderful floating hotel," and he is captivated by the beauty of the river and its background of wooded hills. And then we read without any break in the narrative: "so it is with the youth of both sexes, not satisfied with the present gifts of nature, they pant after the untried scene, which imagination is continually bodying forth and times are as constantly dissipating." That, of course, is the editorial interpolation of the sententious Dr. Waterhouse, who never misses a chance to pour cold water on Johnny's enthusiasms and to warn his fellow citizens of the hazards involved in wandering far from the pleasant banks of Fresh Pond — about which he chortles with unexpected exuberance but in an unmistakable style. "Fresh Pond," he says, "is a body of delightful water which seems to be the natural head or source of all the numerous underground rivers run-

ning between it and the Navy Yard in Charlestown, which is so near to the City of Boston as to be connected to it by a bridge" . . . "around these inosculating waters are well cultivated farms and a number of gentleman's country seats, forming a picture of rural beauty and plenty not easily surpassed in Spring, Summer and Autumn"—and then the ecstatic doctor acclaims the "rich pasturage, numerous dairies and profitable orchards, the luxuriosness of well cultivated gardens of all sorts of culinary vegetables—and all within three miles of the Boston Market House and two miles of the largest cattle market in New England." These are the delights,—together with the ice business over which the doctor also rhapsodizes,—that the foolhardy Wyeth has abandoned in his reckless adventure.

But we must get back to the Ohio and the trip on the steamer. Johnny didn't like the people of the region. "They are," he writes, "rather boisterous in their manners and intemperate in their habits." At Cincinnati even the boys from Cambridge indulged in a bit of frolic. "We went," writes our young chronicler, "into a public house where we treated ourselves to that sort of refreshment which inspires mischief . . . when we set out to return to the steamboat, we passed by a store, in the front of which stood three barrels of oil, at the head of a fine sloping street. The spirit of mischief put it into our heads to set them a rolling down to the river. No sooner hinted than executed. We set all three a running." He adds that if the perpetrators of that mischief had been caught, "we had determined to plead that such an outrage could not have been committed by people from Boston, 'the land of good principles.' It must have been by some gentlemen southerners with whose capacity for nightly frolics we who lived within sound of the bell of the University of Cambridge were well acquainted."

They got to St. Louis on the 18th of April and there their eyes began to be opened to the difficulties of the way ahead. They were assured that it was impossible to get wagons over the mountains. So they sold the Natwyethums for half of their original cost and listened to alarming tales about the marauding and murderous Blackfeet and the inadequacy of their own means of defense. "These things," wrote the boy, "operated not a little on our hopes, our imaginations and our fears. Some of our company began to ask serious questions—where are we going and what are we going for—questions which would have been wiser had we asked them

before we left Cambridge and ruminated well on the answers." One may perhaps surmise that that is also an editorial insertion on the part of the wary Waterhouse.

But they pushed on. A small steamboat took them up the Missouri. The progress of the boat against the stream was so slow that most of the company walked along the banks — going aboard to sleep when the boat tied up at night — and so they reached Independence, the last white settlement. There good fortune befell them. They found a well-equipped hunting and trading company led by the well-known Indian trader, William Sublette, just starting westward. That meant that at least they had guides and an interpreter to go along with them. On Sublette's advice they bought horses to ride and some sheep and oxen, for he assured them that they could not depend for provender on the game they might find. Then they were off — but two men of Wyeth's party, Kilham and Weeks, had had enough of it and turned back. Four or five days later three more deserted: Livermore, Bell and Griswold. You see what good Cambridge names these boys bore. Those family names are all represented here today.

Well, we need not follow all the incidents of the long trek. They were not unlike those of the larger caravans that followed in later years. It wasn't long before Johnny Wyeth's spirits began to flag. The dusty dreariness of the plains, the absence of trees (Johnny didn't like trying to cook with only dried buffalo dung for fuel), the monotonous diet, the muddy water and resulting sickness — these things caused "grumbling, discontent and dejection." If it had not been for their fellow-travellers of the Sublette party the Wyeth party would probably have perished on the dry plains. But Sublette's men taught them how to shoot and skin the buffalos and kill the rattlesnakes and how to build the bull-boats out of willow withes and buffalo hides — by which they got across the rivers that were too deep to ford.

At last through the dust and heat, their eyes caught the gleam of the snow peaks ahead — a sight that still gives me the same exultant thrill it gave me when I first saw the heights of the Rocky Mountains nearly sixty years ago. Up they climbed over the comparatively easy grades of what was later known as the South Pass, which had been discovered by the party returning after the collapse of the Astoria Colony and had since been used by the fur traders. Over the backbone of the continent they

went, the sick men and those too weak to march clinging to the ponies' saddles, and then down into the green and sunny valleys of what we know as the Teton Basin. There was the rendezvous which Sublette had appointed with his trappers and hunters, both white and Indian, who had spent the winter gathering furs. There was a great paying off or exchange of the furs for the goods Sublette had brought and the camp was a bustling, noisy place, a veritable Bedlam. "The cataract of hybrid oaths," wrote Bancroft, "in French and English, in Cayuse and Shoshone, would have puzzled Satan himself."

There the hearts of more of Wyeth's companions failed. After considerable persuasion the captain was induced to call a meeting to discuss plans. Then the roll was called. Dr. Jacob Wyeth and George Moore, who were both ill with dysentery, declared that they just couldn't go on and so did Nud, Palmer, Law and Theodore Bache. Young John Wyeth too had now had enough of adventure. Those who voted to return, seven of them, were given one of the two tents, guns and horses, and they joined those of the Sublette party who were returning to the settlements on the Missouri. Nat Wyeth, with the remaining eleven, joined up with Milton Sublette, the younger brother of William, who planned, with an equal number of followers, to continue hunting in the Snake River valley. Wyeth bought fresh ponies from the Indians and on the 17th of July stood ready to again start westward. But hardly had they begun their march when they were set upon by a marauding band of Blackfeet Indians. Sublette sent a messenger back to his brother asking for aid. The older Sublette summoned all his people and they galloped to the rescue. Then for six hours was fought what is known in the annals of Indian warfare as the battle of Pierre's Hole. No one of Wyeth's men was killed but of Sublette's party three white men were killed and seven wounded. A wild charge finally dispersed the Blackfeet and on the 24th of July the two parties again separated.

The seven men of Wyeth's party who turned back had a very tough time of it. Moore and Nud were killed by the Blackfeet before they had gone more than three days' journey toward the East, and the others, sick, ragged and miserable, finally found their way to St. Louis. Captain Wyeth and his men had no easy time of it either, for their journey was over alkali deserts and sage brush plains and there was the rushing Snake River and its branches to cross. It was not until the 14th of October that

the expedition reached Fort Walla Walla — the small post of the Hudson Bay Company on the upper Columbia — where the town of Wallula now stands. "There," writes Captain Wyeth, "were six white men — and we saw a cow and calf, cocks and hens, pumpkins, potatoes and corn, all of which looked strange and unnatural and like a dream." Thence the going was easier. They left the horses at Walla Walla and embarked in one of the company's barges on the broad Columbia. They had to make portage round the Dalles but there were plenty of friendly, though thieving, Indians to help, and on October 29 they pulled ashore at Fort Vancouver and were received "with the utmost kindness and hospitality" by Dr. McLoughlin, the governor of the place which he had built in 1824 for the headquarters of the Hudson Bay Company. Wyeth wrote of this man — "the Father of Oregon" as they call him today: — "He uses his power as a man should to make those about him and those who come in contact with him comfortable and happy," and he adds, "the gentlemen of the Hudson Bay Company do much credit to their country by their education, deportment and talents."

Then came the crushing blow. Word came up the coast reporting that the brig *Sultana*, which had sailed from Boston early in the spring and which was bringing the supplies and the goods required for setting up a trading station, had been wrecked in the South Pacific. The fulfillment of Wyeth's plans became therefore for the time being impossible. He spent the winter exploring the country. His most important trip was up the Willamette, which he accurately mapped and described. More and more he was convinced of the rich resources of the region and more and more he was determined to make his plan succeed. The obvious priorities of the Hudson Bay Company and the efficiency of its administrators did not daunt him, though he wrote home, "I have traversed the country in many directions and found all those places which are accessible to shipping occupied, or about to be so, by the Hudson Bay Company."

Meanwhile his companions scattered. Either they liked the country or they had no stomach for the hardships of the return journey. Only one of them, Wiggin Abbot, came back with Wyeth. He helped to organize the second expedition and was later killed by the Indians in Idaho. Another, Trumbull, died at Ft. Vancouver soon after arrival there. Of the others, three later became well known citizens of Oregon. Calvin Tibbetts was a young stonemason from Maine. He married an

Indian wife, settled in Clatsop County, and became a judge. Solomon Smith also married an Indian wife, or rather ran away with another man's wife, settled in the Willamette valley, became one of the leading pioneers of the region, and finally a State Senator. John Ball first volunteered to teach the little halfbreeds at Ft. Vancouver. There were no white women at that time in all the Northwest and that was the first school in the whole vast region. A New Hampshire man and a graduate of Dartmouth, Ball evidently had a somewhat different standing from the other members of the expedition, for Capt. Wyeth in the journal always calls him Mr. Ball. Apparently he had no connection with the business end of the venture. Forty years later, in 1874, when he was living in Grand Rapids, Michigan,—where he was also a pioneer settler and later an honored citizen,—he wrote out some of his reminiscences and they were edited and published by his daughters. He devoted three chapters to his experiences with the Wyeth expedition,—an excellent and trustworthy narrative. In a letter addressed to the Idaho Historical Society he explains that he joined Wyeth's expedition "out of curiosity and for personal observation." After leaving Ft. Vancouver he broke out a farm in the Willamette valley and claimed to be the first American to hold a plow in Oregon.

Wyeth started east from Ft. Vancouver in February, accompanied by two of his original companions — Abbot and Woodman — and by a Hudson Bay Company party of hunters and trappers. Woodman dropped out after a while and stayed in the mountain country. Wyeth and Abbot took the northern route — up the Columbia to the Spokane — over the mountains, through the dangerous Blackfoot country where they had many narrow escapes, and on August 12th came out on the Big Horn River not far from what was later the scene of Custer's last battle. There they built a bull-boat and started floating and paddling down the Big Horn to the Yellowstone, thence to the Missouri, and so to the settlements, reaching St. Louis in October. On the way they were fortunate in falling in with Milton Sublette, with whom they had travelled for a while on the westward journey, and between them a contract was made which clinched Wyeth's determination to try again. On behalf of the Rocky Mountain Fur Company the younger Sublette agreed that Wyeth should purchase for the company the stores and supplies needed for the next summer's trade at the rendezvous, this time on the Green River, and

bring them out to the market, receiving his pay and the expenses of transportation there. That contract made it possible for Wyeth to raise the money for his second expedition, for it seemed to assure a reliable profit even before the proposed trading post on the Columbia was established.

So after an absence of nineteen months Wyeth got back to Cambridge on November 8, 1833, having accomplished the first continuous crossing of the continent from ocean to ocean within what is now the territory of United States. He plunged at once into preparations for a second expedition. This time he formed a stock company — the Columbia River Fishing and Trading Company — and, with the Sublette contract for a backlog, secured the support of a number of substantial subscribers. Boston investors were ready to take a chance in those days in speculations like the fur trade, as they did later in western lands and railroads. The brig *Mary Dacre* was loaded with supplies for the trading station and dispatched to go round the Horn to the Columbia. Milton Sublette came on to Boston to assist in the selection of the goods to be carried out by the overland caravan and then returned to the Missouri to engage the hunters and packers, who were this time the employees of the company, and to buy the horses and mules. Wyeth had gained a lot of experience not only about crossing the plains and the mountains but also about the trade he was going into and especially about the successful practices of the Hudson Bay Company. Some notable additions were made to his company: first, the two naturalists, Dr. Townsend and Professor Nuttall; and second, five young men commissioned by the Methodist Church to establish a Mission among the Indians of the Northwest Coast. These were the Rev. Jason Lee, his kinsman, Rev. Daniel Lee, and three laymen, Shepard, Walker and Edwards. These men proved to be stalwart comrades and they were the pioneers of the permanent American settlement of Oregon.

And now we follow in concise summary Dr. Townsend's admirable narrative, which was published in Philadelphia on his return in 1839. Townsend and Nuttall reached St. Louis on March 24, 1834, and met Wyeth there. They went on up the Missouri to Independence, where Milton Sublette was gathering the caravan. Independence is now a suburb of Kansas City, five miles below the centre of the city. There the missionary party joined them and on April 28 the whole expedition of

seventy men and two hundred and fifty pack horses and mules set forth. Ten days later their first misfortune befell — Milton Sublette fell sick and had to go back. He died within a year. Then on May 12th they discovered that a considerable party westward bound had passed them in the night and had got a day's march ahead. This was soon identified as the caravan led by William Sublette, ostensibly their partner but now disclosed as really a competitor, hurrying to get first to the trading rendezvous on the Green River. Wyeth's eyes were opened to the unscrupulous and cutthroat methods of the fur trade. The rendezvous was reached on June 22nd and sure enough, not only was the market surfeited with the goods Sublette had brought but the wily trader utterly repudiated the contract Milton Sublette had made and refused to pay Wyeth for the wares and merchandise he had bought under the contract and transported across the plains. Wyeth's laconic comment in his journal is simply, "To my astonishment the goods which I had contracted to bring up to the Rocky Mt. Fur Co. were refused by those honorable gentlemen."

Wyeth made the best bargains he could in disposing of the bulk of his goods and decided that if he was going to succeed in this ruthless business he must have a base or post of his own in the mountain country and his own band of hunters and trappers. They started ahead on July 2nd with a reduced company but with two interesting new recruits. Dr. Townsend calls them Englishmen but the name of Sir Wm. Drummond Stuart clearly indicates a Scottish origin. He and his comrade, Ashworth, were out in the mountains just for adventure, shooting grizzly bears and mountain goats and taking a shot now and then at marauding Indians. They proved to be bold and jovial associates, though I think Townsend liked them better than the missionaries did. Wyeth nearly perished in the mountain snows trying to find a new pass but finally the expedition came into the lowlands bordering the Snake River. There on a meadow six miles above the mouth of the Portneuf Wyeth found a site for his proposed base, or post; and while Townsend and the Englishmen and some others went off on a hunting trip, the rest of the company fell to building a log stockade. It was of the type of the Hudson Bay Company's posts, — and later of such familiar stations on the Oregon Trail as Ft. Laramie and Ft. Bridger and the rest, — a stockade eighty feet square with turrets or bastions eight feet square at the corners, and, within, some rude log huts

for dwellings and for storage purposes. The stockade was built of cottonwood logs set two and a half feet in the ground and rising fifteen feet above it. Ample meadows about it gave room for camping parties, parking space we should call it now, and the river was an unfailing water supply. Wyeth named the post Fort Hall, after Henry Hall who was the largest subscriber to the stock company. There on a summer Sunday Jason Lee held the first Protestant service in Idaho.

Fort Hall is, or ought to be, a famous name in American history for in the 1840's and 50's it became the principal meeting place for the great caravans, — the endless march of the covered wagons on their way to the coast. There everyone stopped to rest and feed the weary animals and to stock up with supplies and ammunition for the rest of the trip. There the trails divided — northwest to Oregon, southwest to California. The old stockade has long ago crumbled away — but a small stone monument, hardly discoverable in the tall grass, marks the site. The present Fort Hall is some miles to the northeast of the old site. It was established in 1870 as an Army post and is now the office of the Fort Hall Indian Reservation. There is the Indian School and the centre of life for the descendants of the Shoshone and Bannock Indians who met with or marched with or fought with Wyeth's party a hundred and ten years ago.

On the fifth of July the missionaries, with Stuart and Ashworth, started from Fort Hall under the guidance of a party led by Thomas McKay, a vigorous and popular young halfbreed who was not only a trading agent of the Hudson Bay Company but also the stepson of Dr. McLoughlin, the factor at Fort Vancouver. McKay, recognizing the probable competition of Fort Hall as a trade centre, soon afterward built Fort Boise, not far from where the present capital of Idaho stands. A week later Wyeth, with thirty men and one hundred and sixteen pack animals, followed. First they hoisted an improvised American flag over the fort — something which counted in the subsequent destiny of Idaho. They left a dozen men at Fort Hall to finish the buildings and then go out hunting and trapping and buying furs. It was a hard trek over the volcanic wastes of Southern Idaho. Once they got lost in the maze of mountains now known as the Devil's Bedstead and had to retrace their steps and find another and more practicable route. That brought them over to the place where is now the famous resort known as Sun Valley. I cannot pause to follow all their adventures — graphically described by

Dr. Townsend. They reached Walla Walla on August 3rd and rejoined the missionaries who had gone on ahead and followed a different route. Thence by horse, or barge or canoe, they went down the great Columbia and on September 16 stepped ashore at Fort Vancouver to be hospitably greeted by Dr. McLoughlin, "a large, dignified and very noble looking man" writes Townsend, "with a fine expressive countenance and remarkably pleasing manners — he requested us to make his house our home, provided a servant to wait upon us and furnished us with every convenience we could possibly wish for."

There, after a rest, the company separated. The naturalists went off on exploring and collecting forays. Jason Lee and his missionary comrades paddled up the Willamette and established their station colony at what was known as French Prairie, just below Salem. The little school in which they started to teach English to the Indians has grown into Willamette University, the oldest institution of the higher education on the Coast. There, you see, is the usual sequence of the advance of civilization; first the hunters and explorers, then the missionaries, then the settlers. Wyeth set up his trading post on Wapato Island. He had a good eye for a location for that is the very best place for such an enterprise in the whole region. Wapato, — now called Sauvie Island from the French Canadian who afterwards lived there in the employ of the Hudson Bay Company, — is an island some fifteen miles long by three wide at the junction of the two great rivers of Oregon, the Columbia and the Willamette, or just below where the present great city of Portland stands. It is where the trade of the region naturally centres. The island was, and is, exceptionally handsome, with beautiful lakes and headlands and beaches. It is now a favorite resort — a place of summer cottages and fishing and yachting clubs.

The *Mary Dacre* duly arrived but she was very late, having been struck by lightning off the Coast of Chili and having been obliged to put into Valparaiso for repairs. She was dispatched with lumber to Honolulu and brought back cattle and goats and various commodities unobtainable on the coast. Wyeth and his men worked hard building houses and canoes and traversing the country in search of furs and fish with which to load the brig for her homeward voyage. On Feb. 12, 1835, Wyeth records in his journal: "In the morning made to Vancouver and found there a polite reception and to my great astonishment Mr. Hall J. Kelley."

This was the man whose writings had incited the Oregon adventure. His colonization scheme had fallen down but he himself had come out by the way of Mexico and up the coast to Monterey and thence overland to the Columbia. He was not received at Fort Vancouver with the customary hospitality. You see in his pamphlets and newspaper letters he had said some very harsh things about the Hudson Bay Company and it is hard to believe that he could have assumed that he would be welcomed at one of the Company's posts. The excuse given for the cold reception was that Kelley and his companion Young had stolen a bunch of horses. That story Wyeth did not believe but there was little he could do for Kelley, who had no skill as a woodsman or a hunter and who could make no progress in any trading venture. Dr. McLoughlin sent him in a Company vessel to Hawaii and thence he somehow got back to Boston. His later years were passed in the unhappy pursuit of some other impracticable schemes and Bancroft records that Kelley "did not cease writing and raving until his death at the age of 85."

Professor Nuttall (who, you remember, had come overland with Wyeth) had a happier experience. He accumulated innumerable barrels and boxes of specimens — plants, birds, bugs and rocks — went to Hawaii in a Hudson Bay Company vessel, and thence got to California. Those of you who are devoted as I am to "Two Years before the Mast" will remember how another Cambridge citizen, young Dick Dana, describes his astonishment at meeting him. "I left him," wrote Dana, "quietly seated in the chair of botany and ornithology at Harvard" and here he was "strolling about San Diego beach in a sailor's peajacket and barefooted, picking up shells. I could not have been more surprised to have seen the Old South steeple shoot up from the hide house." Nuttall came home a passenger in the *Alert*. The crew called him "old Curious" and some of them, Dana records, "said he was crazy and that his friends let him go about and amuse himself in this way."

Things did not go well at Wapato. The salmon catch was small and the *Mary Dacre* had to sail for home on October 17 with only half a cargo. The trappers and Indians Wyeth hired to get furs were untrustworthy or disloyal. Wyeth made one hard and dangerous trip back to Fort Hall, hoping to find things better there but it was the same story. The Rocky Mountain Fur Company, operating east of the mountains, and the Hudson Bay Company west of the mountains, were in possession

of the fur trade and relentlessly crushed competition. The long strain told on Wyeth's vigorous body and he fell desperately ill, and without his stimulating leadership all work stopped. Finally he had to realize that his dream could not be fulfilled. In spite of the tense business rivalry he had maintained friendly personal relationships with Dr. McLoughlin, for whom he had a deep respect. So they got together and made a deal whereby the Hudson Bay Company bought out all Wyeth's belongings and claims — including Fort Hall, for McLoughlin liked the idea of having another post over in the territory hitherto covered by the American fur traders. Wyeth was able to pay off his men and discharge all local obligations and in the spring of 1836 he left the Columbia. I think this letter to his wife reveals his quality: "Keep up good spirits, my dear wife, for I expect when I come home to stop there; and although I shall be poor we can always live. I hope to find my trees growing and all things comfortable. This will be the last until I see you."

We have no record of that last homeward journey save that in July he met the Whitman-Spaulding party going west. That was the famous missionary band sent out by the American Board. Mrs. Whitman and Mrs. Spaulding were the first white women to cross the continent. After leaving Fort Hall Wyeth took a more southern route and instead of following the old trail down the Platte River to the Missouri, he came down the Arkansas. It is rather curious to note that in his four crossings he had thus followed, in part at least, the paths long afterwards traversed by the Union Pacific, the Northern Pacific and the Santa Fe Railroads. He got back to Cambridge in November and resumed relations with Mr. Frederick Tudor in the ice business. That he pursued with undiminished initiative and tenacity until his death in 1856. It was the harvest that gave Mr. Tudor the name of the "Ice king" and it is in Tudor's journal that we read the gleeful record "the frost covers the windows, the wheels creak, the boys run, winter rules and \$50,000. worth of ice floats for me on Fresh Pond."

So we leave our Cambridge pioneer of the great Northwest and the romance of his vision, his labor and his failure. I like Dr. McLoughlin's testimony about him: "as a rival in trade I always found him open, manly, frank and fair, in all his contracts a perfect gentleman doing all he could to support morality and encourage industry in the settlements." Dr. Townsend, who marched with him, had the greatest admiration for the

ability and resources of his leader and for his "indefatigable perseverance and industry." Bancroft testifies that "though Wyeth's Oregon adventure was a failure his influence on Oregon occupation and settlement was second to none. The flag of the United States was planted by him in the heart of the continent at Fort Hall and on the seaboard of the Pacific." Washington Irving declares that "Wyeth's enterprise was prosecuted with an intelligence, spirit and perseverance that merited success." He had the "mind to conceive and the energy to execute extensive and striking plans."

The Cambridge Historical Society honors itself by devoting an evening to making commemorative record of the work and character of Nathaniel Jarvis Wyeth.

PORTRAITS OF LONGFELLOW AND DICKENS IN 1842



LONGFELLOW BY CEPHAS G. THOMPSON

"I can't tell you how disappointed I am in Thompson's portrait of you. . . . You look, on that canvas, as if you had been stealing sheep, which I am confident you never did. The portrait looks, asking his pardon, much more like Dickens than you."

Letter to Longfellow from his brother, April 21, 1842.



DICKENS BY FRANCIS ALEXANDER

"Mr. Alexander, to whom I had written from England promising to sit for a portrait, was on board directly we touched the land, and brought us here in his carriage. Then, after sending a present of most beautiful flowers, he left us to ourselves, and we thanked him for it."

Letter of Dickens to Forster, January 28, 1842.

LONGFELLOW AND DICKENS
THE STORY OF A TRANS-ATLANTIC FRIENDSHIP
BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW DANA

Read June 2, 1942

THE COMING OF DICKENS to America in 1842 was greeted by Longfellow with a burst of enthusiasm: "Dickens has arrived. He is a glorious fellow." The friendship that sprang up between the young American poet and the young English novelist during this first visit, was strengthened during Longfellow's stay with Dickens in London later in that same year. It was renewed upon the return of Dickens to America twenty-five years later, and on Longfellow's final visit to Gad's Hill shortly before the death of Dickens.

The story of these four trans-Atlantic visits and return visits and the growth of this friendship between the most widely read English novelist and the most widely read American poet of that day offers us an interesting cross-section of the shifting Anglo-American relations during the Nineteenth Century. The very fact that the temperaments of the two writers were so different makes the common interest that they both had in the lives of humble people and the helpful mutual influence that they had on each other all the more remarkable a contribution to the larger history of the growth of good will and understanding between England and America.

Longfellow had been one of the first Americans to pay tribute to the genius of Dickens. When Longfellow had returned from Europe to America at the end of 1836 and came to Cambridge to take up his professorship at Harvard College, he brought with him a keen relish for the *Pickwick Papers*, which had been published earlier during that same year in London. Though Dickens was then only twenty-four years old, his fame quickly crossed the Atlantic and the correspondence of Longfellow and his friends at that time shows how fond they were of quoting from the young British novelist.

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In imitation of the famous Pickwick Club, with its noble-minded Mr. Pickwick, its amorously susceptible Mr. Tupman, its would-be sportsman, Mr. Winkle, and its sentimentally poetical Mr. Snodgrass, Longfellow and four of his closest friends, Felton, Sumner, Hillard, and Cleveland, formed a little club of five, which they called "The Five of Clubs."

Of these five, it was the Harvard professor of Greek literature, Cornelius Conway Felton, with his rotund build and his round-rimmed spectacles, who seemed to correspond most closely to Mr. Pickwick. Charles Sumner, with his slightly pompous manner, seemed to suggest at times a combination of Mr. Winkle and Mr. Tupman. When Sumner reported that he had gone grouse-shooting and had actually shot a grouse, Felton, in a letter of November 5, 1838, wrote to him in mock consternation:

Is it possible you killed anything on purpose? Did you think of Mr. Winkle? Did you remember Mr. Tupman's shooting a partridge by accident? That unfortunate rabbit will haunt you as long as you live, if you are indeed guilty of his blood. I think we must have a series of papers, after the manner of Pickwick describing the adventures of the club; and it is plain that you must be the travelling committee, to say nothing of being our great oracle on matters of sport.

One of Sumner's friends, Samuel Devens, who had fallen in love with a widow, seems, by his first name, if nothing else, to have suggested Samuel Weller; and Felton wrote to Sumner on January 23, 1839:

Sam Devens is engaged to a Widow. He was at my house last Friday, and the last thing I said to him as he went away was in the words of Old Weller "Samivel, don't marry a vidder" without the least suspicion that he was at that moment engaged to one of that respectable community. The next day the news reached me, and I almost broke a blood vessel with shouts of laughter.

In *The Spanish Student*, which Longfellow wrote in 1840, he put into the mouth of Victorian's man-servant, Chispa, certain locutions, such as "Peace be with you, as the ass said to the cabbages" or "So we plough along, as the fly said to the ox," which may well have been suggested by the so-called "Wellerisms" which Dickens had put into the mouth of Pickwick's man-servant, Sam Weller.

To Dickens himself, Longfellow was supposed at this time to have a

striking resemblance. In his journal for December 5, 1838, he described how one of his friends said to him: "You look precisely like Dickens!" His brother, Alexander Longfellow, wrote to him on April 21, 1842, about the portrait of him that had just been painted by Cephas Thompson: "The picture looks, asking his pardon, much more like Dickens than you."

When the success achieved by the *Pickwick Papers* in 1836 was continued by *Oliver Twist* in 1837 and by *Nicholas Nickleby* in 1838, the "Five of Clubs" in America was delighted. A critic in the *Quarterly Review* in 1838, speaking of the fame of Dickens, had made the unkind prophecy: "He has risen like a rocket and he will come down like a stick." Yet, with the *Old Curiosity Shop* in 1840 and *Barnaby Rudge* in 1841, the reputation of the "Incomparable Boz" continued to ascend both in England and in America.

By the end of 1841 rumors came to Longfellow and his friends that Dickens was planning to visit America. Elaborate preparations were made for his entertainment in Boston and Cambridge. On December 27, 1841, Nathaniel Hale, Jr., wrote letters to Henry Wadsworth Longfellow and to Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, inviting them to serve as vice-presidents on a reception committee in honor of Dickens. On January 17, 1842, Longfellow received an invitation to attend the Dickens Banquet that was to be held in Boston and accepted with alacrity. On the eve of the arrival of Dickens in Boston, the various members of the "Five of Clubs" were all impatience for the great event. Charles Sumner wrote to Lord Morpeth on January 19, 1842: "We are all on tiptoe to see who shall catch the first view of Dickens above the wave."

I

FIRST VISIT OF DICKENS TO AMERICA

Finally, at five P.M. on Saturday, January 22, 1842, the SS. "Britannia" sailed up Boston Harbor and all Boston went wild with enthusiasm. Dickens, writing back to England to his friend John Forster, said:

I was standing in full fig on the paddle-box beside the captain, staring about me, when suddenly, long before we were moored to the wharf, a dozen men came leaping on board at the peril of their lives. . . . What

do you think of their tearing violently up at me and beginning to shake hands like mad men? . . . A Mr. Alexander, to whom I had written from England promising to sit for a portrait, was on board directly we reached the land.

This portrait painter, Francis Alexander, continued to dance attendance on Dickens, escorting him through the crowds at the dock in Boston, driving him in a carriage up State Street and along Tremont Row to the Tremont House, where another crowd was waiting. There he sent up a beautiful bouquet of flowers to his hotel room and kept on "Alexander-ing" Dickens into sitting for his portrait, while the sculptor Dexter persuaded him to sit for his bust, much as both artists later did in the case of Longfellow.

From the very day he landed in America, then, the young English novelist — Dickens was still only 29 — was besieged by every sort of invitation and attention. On the Saturday night of his arrival, as soon as he had got settled in his room, he set out in high spirits to make his first tour of Boston streets and shops, accompanied by a group of enthusiastic young men, one of whom, James T. Fields, writes: "Dickens kept up one continuous shout of uproarious laughter."

The following Monday, Longfellow attended the Tremont Theatre where a play called "*Boz!*" was to be acted and, in a letter to his father a few days later, says of Dickens: "The other evening he was at the theatre; and was received with nine cheers, and was forced to come forward in the box and make a bow."

In this play, which was written in honor of the arrival of Dickens in Boston, the back-drop, painted for the occasion by Mr. Stockwell, represented State Street in Boston and the exterior of the Tremont House, where Dickens was staying. Against this Bostonian setting, appeared not merely Boz, but also, somewhat incongruously, characters from *Pickwick*, *Oliver Twist*, *Nicholas Nickleby*, and *Barnaby Rudge*. The sub-title of the play was "A Masque Phenologic" and, in accord with the fad of that time for the study of phrenology, which would see in certain "bumps" on the head indications of certain "faculties," some of these Faculties appeared on the scene. Queen Victoria had then been on the throne only five years, but had already several children and accordingly there appeared on the stage "Philoprogenitiveness, (as Queen Victoria)." From the New England point of view there was perhaps a certain irony

TRÉMONT THEATRE.

Boxes 50. Third Tier 37 1-2. Pit 25. Gallery 12 1-2

OF A MASQUE PHRENOLOGIC ENTITLED



In honor of the arrival of Charles Dickens, Esq.

With the admirable Comedies of

Nicholas Nickleby, and Charles O'Malley,

Which continue to be received with great applause and laughter, by crowded Houses!

On which occasion

CHARLES DICKENS, ESQ.

will visit the Theatre.

This Evening, (MONDAY,) January 24th, 1842,

BOZ!

A MASQUE PHRENOLOGIC.

Written for the occasion.

Boz,	Mr. J. M. Field
Skyblue, (a neglected genius)	W. F. Johnson
Ideality,	{ Mrs. Cramer
Mirth,	{ Mrs. Smith
Philo progenitiveness, (as Queen Victoria)	Mrs. Field
Self Esteem, (as a "distinguished contributor")	Mr. Fenno
Firmness, (as General Jackson !)	Mr. Cunningham
Wonder, (as a Celebrated Transcendentalist !)	Mr. S. Johnson
Time, (as a Yankee Clock Pedler)	Mr. Plumer
Tune, (as Il Signor Paganini)	Mr. Conner
Other faculties by	Ladies of the Company

CHARACTERS FROM NOVELS OF BOZ.

Pickwick	Mr. Powell	Mrs. Squeers	Mrs. Gilbert
Weller, Sen'r	Plumer	Smike	Field
Samivel	Comer	Nicholas Nickleby	Mr. Fenno
Fat Boy	Ring	Ralph Nickleby	Ayling
Oliver Twist	Miss Fisher	Newman Noggs	Cunningham
Jew Fagan	Mr. Thomas	Little Nell	F. Jones
Artful Dodger	S. Johnson	The Old Man	Curtis
Bumble	Andrews	Quilp	Benson
Squeers,	Adams	Barnaby Rudge	Dunn

In the course of the Masque will be presented a view of STATE STREET, and THE EXTERIOR OF TREMONT HOUSE painted expressly for the occasion, by Mr. Stockwell.

TABLEAUX of the several Characters and Incidents taken from the admired Novels of the Pickwick Papers—Oliver Twist, Nicholas, Nickleby, Master Humphrey's Clock, and Barnaby Rudge.

DICKENS SEES "BOZ!" AT THE TREMONT THEATRE IN BOSTON

"The other evening he was at the theatre; and was received with nine cheers,
and forced him to come forward in the box and make a bow."

Letter from Longfellow to his father, January 30, 1842.

The Britannia drops Anchor in Boston Harbor



and CHARLES DICKENS Alights

"Dickens has arrived. He is a glorious fellow."

Longfellow's letter to his father, January 30, 1842.

in representing "Firmness, (as General Jackson!)." With a possible reference to Emerson, there appeared "Wonder, (as a Celebrated Transcendentalist!)." Then there was "Time, (as a Yankee Clock Pedler)" and "Tune, (as Il Signor Paganini)" and "Other Faculties" enacted by the "Ladies of the Company."

Mr. J. M. Field, who acted the part of Boz, composed and sang a song for this occasion, humorously warning Dickens of the reception that was in store for him in the American cities:

They'll eat you, Boz, in Boston! and
They'll eat you in New York!

The *New York Journal of Commerce* took up the refrain with doggerel verses beginning:

They'll tope thee, Boz, they'll soap thee, Boz;
Already they begin.
They'll dine thee, Boz, they'll wine thee, Boz;
They'll stuff thee to the chin.
They'll smother thee with victuals, Boz,
With fish and flesh and chickens,
Our authorlings will bore thee, Boz,
And hail thee 'Cousin Dickens.'

The "authorlings" referred to, of course, included Longfellow, who at this time had only just published his second book of poems.

Two days later, by special arrangement, Professor Longfellow was received by Dickens in his rooms at the Tremont House. Dickens was also soon introduced to Professor Felton and Professor Jared Sparks — both later to become Presidents of Harvard. Evidently these professors made as good an impression on Dickens as Dickens did on them. For, writing to his friend John Forster in England, Dickens said: "The Professors at the Cambridge university, Longfellow, Felton, Jared Sparks, are noble fellows."

Longfellow, in turn, writing to his friend Sam Ward in New York, burst into a similar ejaculation: "Dickens is a glorious fellow." In a letter to his father written on the same day, Longfellow echoed the same phrase and went on to describe the sensation Dickens was making in Boston:

Dickens has arrived. He is a glorious fellow; and the greatest possible enthusiasm exists among all classes. He has not a moment's rest; — calls

innumerable — invitations innumerable; — and is engaged three deep for the remainder of his stay, in the way of dinners and parties. He is a gay, free and easy character; — fine bright face; blue eyes, long black hair, and with a slight dash of the Dick Swiveller about him.

Of the extraordinary furore created in Boston by this visit, the sedate Unitarian preacher, William Ellery Channing, wrote to Dickens: "There never was and there never will be such a triumph."

The following Sunday morning, January 30, 1842, Longfellow took Dickens for a long walk. Knowing his fondness for picturesque settings and eccentric characters, he led him first along the waterfront of Boston, past the wharves where the Boston Tea Party had taken place and where could be seen the countless ships with their forests of masts, the sailors with bearded lips, and the rough longshoremen hanging about the docks.

He then took Dickens into the Seamen's Bethel in North Square to hear the famous preacher to the sailors, the weather-beaten "Father" Taylor, who had himself formerly been a mariner. As Dickens and Longfellow quietly took their seats in the midst of the rough sailors, they could see over the preacher's pulpit the theatrical drapery painted to represent a shipwreck with a very small angel on a cloud letting down a very large golden anchor, evidently a symbol of the salvation of souls from moral shipwreck. The preacher, clasping the Bible in his left hand and leaning out of the pulpit, pointed downward with his right hand to a group including these two unrecognized intruders, Longfellow and Dickens, and shouted:

Who are these — Who are they — who are these fellows? where do they come from? where are they going to? Come from! What's the answer? . . . From below! From below, my brethren. From under the hatches of sin, battened down above you by the evil one. That's where you come from!

Then, thumping his Bible and implying that with its help these miserable sinners — Longfellow and Dickens and the others there — might yet be saved, he pointed upward and cried with ever increasing fervor:

And where are you going? Where are you going? Aloft! Aloft! Aloft! That's where you are going — with the fair wind — all taut and trim, steering direct for heaven in its glory, where there are no storms or foul weather, and where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary

are at rest. That's where you are going too, my friends. That's it. That's the place. That's the port. That's the haven. It's a blessed harbor. . . . Peace — Peace — Peace — all peace!

Emerging from the church, duly chastened by this dire warning, Longfellow and Dickens continued their Sunday morning walk. As Longfellow wrote in his letter to Sam Ward: "We then made a pilgrimage through North End, over Copp's Hill to Bunker's."

In the North End, he probably showed Dickens the Old North Church, where on the eighteenth of April in 1775 the lanterns had been hung out as a warning that the British were coming; and it is possible that Longfellow conceived at this time the poem which he later wrote on *Paul Revere's Ride*.

In the Copp's Hill Burying Ground, he showed Dickens the inscriptions on the grave-stones of the early American patriots who had fought against England.

He then took Dickens across the bridge to Charlestown to view the nearly completed Bunker Hill Monument, marking the spot of the conflict between the American Revolutionists and the British.

Americans then still took delight in pointing out to their British guests all these localities connected with the American Revolution. Longfellow evidently could not resist this same temptation. From his grandfather, General Wadsworth, who had helped build the fortifications that enabled Washington to drive the British out of Boston, Longfellow had heard as a boy the story of the struggle of the Americans against the British and had been taught to look on the English as enemies.

Now, however, the coming of Dickens gave him quite a different feeling about the English. If the British should try to capture Boston again by arms, the Americans might still resist; but Dickens had captured, or rather captivated, Boston by arts — and Boston had capitulated.

At the end of their long walk and talk, Longfellow and Dickens parted better friends than ever. In summing up the amount of ground covered in this Sunday morning stroll, Longfellow wrote in his letter to Sam Ward: "Today I have walked ten miles; namely, *to town, through town, and out of town to Charlestown (Bunker's Hill) and back again.*"

Two days later, on Tuesday, February 1, 1842, came the famous Dickens Dinner at Papanti's Hall. The tickets were fifteen dollars apiece.

There were no less than ten courses, each course offering a wide variety of choices, including oysters in three different forms and veal in four forms. Countless toasts were drunk in innumerable wines and tributes were paid to Dickens by some thirty different orators.

In his gracious reply, Dickens said:

You have in America great writers — great writers — who will live in all time, and are as familiar to our lips as household words. Deriving (which they all do in a greater or less degree, in their several walks) their inspiration from the stupendous country that gave them birth, they diffuse a better knowledge of it, and a higher love for it, all over the civilized world.

It is possible that his remark about “a certain stately tree that has its being hereabout and spreads its broad branches far and wide” was a reference to the “spreading chestnut-tree” mentioned in the opening line of “The Village Blacksmith,” which had been published in Longfellow’s *Ballads and Other Poems* only a few weeks earlier. This was a poem which Dickens was constantly quoting. He ended his eloquent speech with an appeal for friendship between Americans and English and an inspiring toast that, more than a hundred years later, still rings in our ears today:

AMERICA AND ENGLAND: AND MAY THEY NEVER HAVE ANY
DIVISION BUT THE ATLANTIC BETWEEN THEM!

Finally, Friday, February Fourth, — the last day of Dickens’s stay in Boston — came Longfellow’s breakfast for Dickens at the Craigie House in Cambridge. Some five days earlier, Longfellow had written to his New York friend, Sam Ward, saying: “When shall you be here? Dickens breakfasts with me on Friday. Will you come? Let me know beforehand, every place at table is precious; — but I shall count upon you.” Sam Ward, “The King of the Lobby,” was unable to come, but Longfellow had invited for this occasion several of the leading lights of learning at Harvard to do Dickens honor.

Leaving his rooms at the Tremont House in Boston early that morning, Dickens walked to Bowdoin Square and there paid his fare of 25 cents for Morse’s Stage, the famous “Hourly” to Cambridge, driven by a burly red-faced driver who looked like the old Tony Weller. At the “Village,” as Harvard Square was then called, Dickens alighted from the

coach and made his way along Brattle Street, passed the Village Smithy under its "spreading chestnut-tree," till he came to an old yellow and white colonial house, which had been Washington's Headquarters during the first year of the American Revolution.

Longfellow, who was very proud of this connection of the house with Washington, was now occupying three upper rooms in the house. The previous owner, Mrs. Craigie, had died several months earlier, and Joseph Worcester, who was then compiling his so-called "Pugnacious Dictionary," was sharing the house with Longfellow.

Welcoming Dickens at the front door, Longfellow led him up the broad hall staircase to his sunny upstairs rooms. Among the Harvard professors who were the breakfast guests was Professor Felton, whom Dickens pronounced "the heartiest of Greek professors." In contrast to him was the elderly and solemn Andrews Norton, former Professor of Sacred Literature, who had been called "the Pope of the Unitarians." Longfellow's brother Samuel, who may well have been present, has described this occasion as "a bright little breakfast, at which Felton's mirthfulness helped, and Andrews Norton's gravity did not in the least hinder, the exuberant liveliness of the author of *Pickwick*."

After breakfast, Longfellow took Dickens to the Harvard College Library, then housed in the newly-built Victorian Gothic structure known as Gore Hall. There he introduced his distinguished guest to other Cambridge worthies. Among these were the parents of Thomas Wentworth Higginson, who wrote in his journal:

Found them in great excitement at having seen "Boz" and actually shaken hands with him in the College Library after he had breakfasted with Mr. Longfellow, and I partook in the excitement. What a glorious thing it is for a whole nation to rise up and do homage to the genius of one young man.

On his way back to Boston, Dickens walked through Cambridgeport and dropped in to the picturesque ivy-covered studio there, to say good-bye to the American painter, Washington Allston, whom he described as "a fine specimen of a glorious old genius." There, too, he found Allston's brother-in-law, the elder Richard Henry Dana, who had already met him in public on various occasions and wrote of Dickens: "He has the finest of eyes; & his whole countenance speaks *life & action* — the face

seems to flicker with the *heart's* and *mind's* activity. You cannot tell how dead the faces near him seemed."

On the following day, "The Five of Clubs" and the other friends of Dickens in Boston bade him farewell at the Rail Road Station as he took the train for Worcester. A few days later Longfellow set out in the opposite direction, "Down East" to Portland, Maine. From there, remembering by contrast the triumphant reception of Dickens in Boston, he wrote to Sumner:

My arrival was celebrated by six small boys imitating the steam whistle . . . Such was my triumphal entry into the city of my nativity. I have not yet been honored with a public dinner; but a portrait-painter has *Alexandered* me, which occupies several hours of the mornings, and will send me down to posterity with a face as red as Lord Morpeth's fiery waistcoat . . . I have seen John Neal. He thinks the Bostonians have made fools of themselves in the Dickens affair.

Longfellow had described the future plans of Dickens as follows:

Leaves town on Saturday for Worcester, where he passes Sunday with the Governor. There on Monday he is to be met by a committee of Young Men from Springfield, who take him on to dine. At Springfield he passes into the hands of another Committee, who take him to Hartford for the same purpose; — and so on through New Haven to New York. Luckily he is young, — only thirty, next month, — and has a good constitution, and likes the fun of the thing.

The devoted Felton, not to miss any of the fun, had managed to follow in the wake of Dickens's triumphal procession, and sent back to the other members of the "Five of Clubs," who remained in Cambridge, glowing accounts of all that had happened since Dickens left Boston. Writing to Sumner on February 8, from Worcester, Felton gave an amusing picture of the journey in the facetious manner of Dickens himself:

It was understood, along the line of the rail road that Dickens was coming. Wherever the cars stopped, heads were incontinently thrust in bawling out, "Is Mr. Dickens here?" I am credibly informed that no less than six persons came within a hair's breadth of losing their heads, by keeping them thrust in too long — not taking them out until the cars had been in motion several seconds.

In the same letter, Felton wrote: "Worcester has been in a paroxysm about the Dickenses." The Worcester worthy at whose house Dickens stayed evidently prided himself that the soft pronunciation of English used by the cultivated people of Worcester was superior to the harsh tones of the Bostonians; for Felton tells us how he asked his British guest somewhat ambiguously: "Did the Boston pronunciation sound *hask* to you?"

At Hartford, — so Dickens wrote to his friend Forster, in a letter of February 17, — two youths (one of them a Mr. Adams, a nephew of John Quincy Adams) sang an exquisite serenade to the pair of boots which Dickens had left in the hotel corridor outside his bedroom door. Dickens adds: "The Newhaven serenade was not so good, though there were a great many voices" — possibly these were the voices of Yale students. In a letter to Sumner of February 13, Felton wrote how, for a brief embarrassing moment, some mistook him for Dickens. "I believe my spectacles settled the matter against me."

The next morning, with the students cheering "Three times Three for Dickens!", Felton and Dickens took the steamboat from New Haven to New York. Of this journey, Felton wrote in his letter to Sumner:

How much I enjoyed that passage — one of the most delightful passages in my life — how many good things he said — how we had a Pickwickian lunch on cold pork and bread & cheese — how we drank the last bottle of porter and the last three bottles of beer on board the boat — how people stopped to see us eating, drinking so jollily on the deck making our table of the bottom of a deck boat — how the crowds on the wharves welcomed Boz — what perils we encountered from the press of coachmen and drays — how the Captain safely piloted Mrs. D. through the crowd — while I rendered the same service to Mr. D. — how the coachmen rushed up to shake hands with him — behold all these things are not yet written.

Even after his arrival in New York, Dickens remained loyal to the memory of Boston and his Boston friends. In a song, for which words were written by James Briton, Dickens was made to say of New York:

"This town is nought to Boast-on."

New York, however, did all it could to out-do Boston in the welcome it gave to Dickens.

Of Dickens's New York triumph, Sam Ward sent further details to Longfellow in letters of February 16 and 22, 1842:

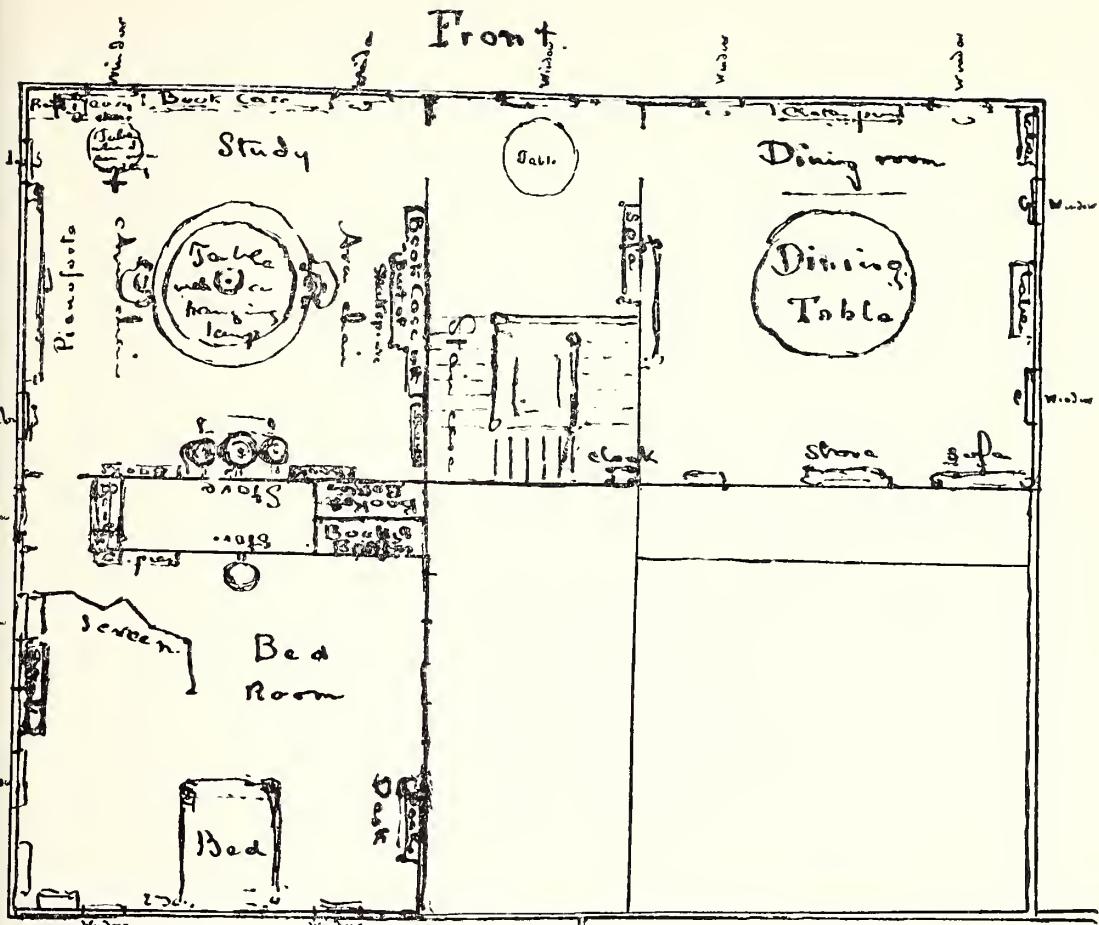
Boz has kept the city in such a fever. . . . Flying images of Boz and rumors of his presence & sayings — the triumphant Boast of those who have seen him and the despairing sorrow of those to whom that pleasure has been denied and must remain so — all this has turned the heads of our fashionables. . . . One thing that will give you satisfaction is Felton's having seen him daily & almost hourly — they have walked, laughed, talked, eaten Oysters and drunk Champagne together until they have almost grown together — in fact nothing but the interference of Madame D prevented their being attached to each other like the Siamese Twins, *a volume of Pickwick serving as connecting membrane*. Imagine them strolling up Broadway — the grave Eliot Professor and the swelling, theatrical Boz — the little man with the red waistcoat — talking Pickwickian and Barnaby — and those meeting them little doubting that their minutest peculiarities of aspect were inscribed as rapidly as they were reflected in the Daguerreotype retina of Dickens's eye.

Longfellow replied to Sam Ward on February 24, expressing humorously the fear lest Felton might have become so attached to Dickens in New York that he would never come back to Cambridge:

Felton has not yet returned. You fascinate him so entirely in New York, that he cannot break away from you. Pray send him back to his disconsolate family, who will "pay all charges and no questions asked." I long to hear his glowing account of your hospitalities, as he turns his heart inside out, and lets the golden medals fall.

At length, on February 26, Felton returned from New York to Cambridge, bubbling over with enthusiasm. To welcome him back and to hear from him all the latest news of Dickens, Longfellow gathered "The Five of Clubs" together at the Craigie House. There the good Felton opened up his heart and poured forth his golden memories of the famous visits to the oyster bars and all the other hilarious events of his wonderful days with Dickens in New York. Felton was at this time, as Longfellow tells us, "perfectly happy — like a child with both hands full of flowers."

From New York, Felton had brought back with him a letter from Dickens to Longfellow. Having heard that Longfellow was planning to sail soon for Europe and to return in the autumn by way of England, Dickens had extended to him in this letter the following cordial invitation:



LONGFELLOW'S ROOMS IN THE CRAIGIE HOUSE

This plan was drawn by Longfellow in his letter of May 28, 1840, to George Washington Greene. He indicated by a cross the place where he was writing at a small table in the corner of his Study near one of his fourteen windows from which he could look. He wrote: "The situation is delightful, having fields, and trees, and flowers, all about it." The arrangement of the rooms and furniture was presumably the same when Dickens visited Longfellow here on February 4, 1842. Dickens would have entered the house at the front and gone up the stairway past the clock to a large landing. From there the door to the right led to Longfellow's Dining Room with a large table in the center and smaller tables and a sofa around the walls. After breakfast, the guests no doubt crossed the hall to Longfellow's Study, in the center of which was a large table with arm-chairs at each end and a hanging lamp overhead. Between the two eastern windows stood a "sweet-toned pianoforte." Opposite that stood a large bookcase in three parts surmounted by a bust of Shakespeare and around the room were other bookcases. Beyond an anteroom was Longfellow's Bed Room, where were more books.

Carleton House.

Twenty Third February 1842.

My Dear Longfellow.

You are coming to England - you know - now, listen & me. When you return to London, I shall be there. Please God. Write home from the continent, and tell me when to expect you. We live quietly - not uncomfortably. and among people whom I am sure you would like to know, as much as they would like to know you. Have no home but mine - see nothing in town on your way towards Germany - and let me be your London host and cicerone. Is this a bargain?

always

Faithfully yours friend

Charles Dickens

Professor Longfellow.

DICKENS'S INVITATION TO LONGFELLOW TO VISIT HIM IN LONDON

February 23, 1842.

"Have no home but mine"

Carlton House.

Twenty Third February 1842.

My dear Longfellow.

You are coming to England, you know. — Now, listen to me. When you return to London, I shall be there, please God. Write to me from the continent, and tell me when to expect you. We live quietly — not uncomfortably — and among people whom I am sure you would like to know; as much as they would like to know you. Have no home but mine — see nothing in town on your way towards Germany — and let me be your London host and cicerone. Is this a bargain?

Always

Faithfully

Your friend

Charles Dickens

Professor Longfellow.

Longfellow made haste to share this good news with his parents and on February 27, 1842, his thirty-fifth birthday, he wrote to his father in Portland, saying: "My friend Felton has just returned from New York. He brings a note from Dickens; a copy of which I send you, that you may see what a cordial person he is." He then proceeded to make a facsimile copy for his father of the entire Dickens letter, ending with an imitation of the famous signature with its elaborate six-fold flourish under the "Charles Dickens." He concludes by saying: "So hearty an invitation as this I shall not hesitate to accept, if he is in London when I am there. It will render my visit very agreeable."

Accordingly, on the same day, Longfellow wrote to Dickens a hearty acceptance of his friendly invitation, enclosing it inside a letter to Sam Ward, in which he wrote:

Felton has returned from New York radiant and rejoicing. Yesterday Willis, Sumner, Hillard and he dined with me, together with a younger brother of Willis. Felton entertained us with his New York experiences — his "roistering and oystering" as Hillard calls it. He must have had a merry time. You have given him new youth and beauty. He brought me a note from Dickens, containing a very cordial invitation to stay with him in London — "have no home but his house, and make him my host and cicerone." Inclosed is the answer; which I beg you to hand him.

Dickens, on receiving this acceptance, made haste to let his friends in London know that Longfellow would be visiting him there. He secured a copy of Longfellow's recently published *Ballads and Other Poems* for his friend John Forster and wrote him on February 28, 1842: "Longfellow, whose volume of poems I have got for you, is a frank accomplished man as well as a fine writer, and will be in town 'next fall.'" Forster, who used to be called "the Beadle of the Universe," hastened to adopt Dickens's American friends as though they were already his own. Dickens wrote to Felton on April 29: "My friend Forster says in his last letter that he 'wants to know you' and looks forward to Longfellow."

By this time Dickens had pushed on from New York farther South, gathering material for his famous chapter on Slavery in his *American Notes*. Although he was going further and further away from Boston, the city of Boston and the friends he had met there still held a very dear place in his heart. From Washington, D. C., on March 13, Dickens had written to Sumner: "I have seen no place yet, that I like so well as Boston. I hope I may be able to return there, but I fear not. We are now in the regions of slavery, spitoons, and senators."

When Longfellow went to New York in order to sail abroad from there, he found that that city was still agog over Dickens's sensational visit, during which the New Yorkers had tumbled over themselves in their frantic endeavors to do anything to keep the "Inimitable Boz" amused and entertained. A play on that subject, called *Boz*, was still running in New York; and Longfellow's last impressions before sailing abroad were of this play. To his brother Alexander he wrote on April 26, 1842:

When you return, step in some evening to the Olympic Theatre, near Niblo's Garden in Broadway. You will there see some clever burlesques; and a very good comic actor by the name of Mitchel. I was there last night to see *Boz*; in imitation of Dickens's reception in New York. Dickens was represented very well by Horncastle who looks like him, and has caught his manner and way of speaking very well. It is rather an absurd affair; with some good jokes; as for instance, the invitation from the firemen to see a fire, with a request to know, whether it should be a single house or a whole block; — and another to see a steamer burst her boiler!

II

LONGFELLOW'S VISIT TO DICKENS IN LONDON

On May Day, 1842, Longfellow sailed abroad and spent that summer in Germany at Marienberg on the Rhine.

Meanwhile Dickens returned to London. He did not, however, forget his American friends who made up "The Five of Clubs." To Sumner he wrote on July 31, 1842:

Here I am — at home again. Here I am in my own old room, with my books, and pen and ink and paper, — battledores and shuttlecocks — bats and balls — dumb bells — dog — and raven. The raven, I am sorry to say, has become a maniac. He falls into fits periodically; throws himself wildly on his back; and plucks his own feathers out by the roots. Nothing can be more unraven-like than that. To hurt anybody else would have been quite in character, but to hurt himself — insanity in its most hopeless aspect.

To Felton he wrote on the same day, recalling their fondness for the oyster bars and their "roistering and oystering" together. As an amusing warning, he recounted the sad fate of an imaginary character called "Dando," who died of eating oysters and whose grave was paved with oyster shells. In this same letter Dickens wrote: "I am looking out for news of Longfellow, and shall be delighted when I know he is on his way to London and this house."

On his trips to Europe, Longfellow had always spent far more time on the continent than in England. Now, however, something of an overdose of broken-down continentals taking "the water cure" at Marienberg, and perhaps still more the fascination of his new friendship with Dickens, made him eager to leave the continent for England. At the end of a letter to Sumner from Marienberg on September 17, 1842, he wrote:

I have entirely, *entirely* recovered from that attack of *anti-English* spleen; and promise myself great pleasure from my visit to Dickens."

From Germany Longfellow had written to find out when it would be convenient for Dickens to receive him. In reply, Dickens, who was beginning to worry lest Longfellow would never get to England, wrote the following letter:

Broadstairs, Kent.

Twenty Eighth September Eighteen Forty Two.

My Dear Longfellow.

How stands it about your visit, do you say? Thus. — Your bed is waiting to be slept in, the door is gaping hospitably to receive you, I am ready to spring towards it with open arms at the first indication of a Longfellow knock or ring; and the door, the bed, I, and everybody else who is in the secret, have been expecting you for the last month.

The tortures of the mind that I have undergone — and all along of you — since I have been down here; a term of nine weeks! — The imaginings I have had of the possibility of your knocking at my door in London without notice, and finding nobody there, but an old woman who is remarkable for nothing but a face of unchangeable dirtiness — the misgivings that have come across me of your being, successively, in every foreign steamer that has passed these windows, homeward bound, since the first of last month — the horrible possibilities that have flashed across me of your shipping yourself aboard a Cunard Packet in gloomy desperation, and steaming back to Boston — the hideous train of Fancies from which your letter has relieved me, baffle all description.

My address in town (I shall be there, please God, next Saturday) is No 1 Devonshire Terrace York Gate Regents Park. But if you can manage to write and tell me when you will arrive in London, and by what conveyance, I will be there to meet you. This will be by far the best plan, so arrange it in that way, if you can. If you cannot, I shall look for you at home, and be ready for you.

I send you the circular you speak of. I addressed it to every person connected with Literature, who is at all known in England. It has made a great noise here, and will strip the Privateers of all *exclusive* profit in time to come. The forged letter of which Felton speaks, was published in the New York Papers, with a statement that I had addressed it to the Editor of the London Morning Chronicle, who had published it in his columns. I disparaged America very much in this production, and girded at my own reception. You know what the American Press is, and will be, I dare say, as little surprised at this outrage as I was. Still, it exasperated me (I am of rather a fierce turn, at times) very much; and I walked about for a week or two, with a vague desire to take somebody by the throat and shake him — which was rather feverish.

I have decided (perhaps you know this?) to publish my American Visit. By the time you come to me, I hope I shall have finished writing it. I have spoken very honestly and fairly; and I know that those in America

for whom I care, will like me the better for the book. A great many people, I dare say, will like me infinitely the worse, and make a Devil of me, straightway.

Rogers is staying here, and begs me to commend him to you, and to say that he has made me pledge myself, on pain of non forgiveness ever afterwards, to carry you to see him without loss of time, when you come among us. Among other pleasant enjoyments we shall have together, and to which I look eagerly forward, I think I can promise you that we shall see Shakespeare on the stage as never he was seen before.

Mrs Dickens unites with me in cordial remembrances to you. And I am always

My Dear Longfellow

Faithfully

Your friend

Charles Dickens

P.S. I have heard thrice from Felton, whom I love; and once from Prescott. I am sorry to see that Sumner, in the North American, speaks slightly of Tennyson. Good God how strange it seems to me that anyone can do that — though many do.

In the little red leather Journal which Longfellow kept of his stay on the continent, as he was passing through Malines in Belgium on his way toward England, he ends with the following entry:

Monday. Oct. 3.

Letter from Dickens. He is expecting me. I shall start for London to-morrow.

On October 6, 1842, Longfellow reached London, and, as Dickens had insisted, went at once to stay with Dickens at his house near Regent's Park. Here, on the edge of the great city, he could enjoy a certain seclusion in Dickens's garden, somewhat detached from the city hubbub. In a letter to Sumner of October 16, he said:

I write this from Dickens study, the focus from which so many luminous things have radiated. The raven croaks from the garden; and the ceaseless roar of London fills my ears. Of course, I have no time for a letter; as I must run up in a few minutes to dress for dinner.

The original raven "Grip," whom Dickens had introduced into *Barnaby Rudge*, and who, he told Sumner, had gone quite mad, had now died; but there was now another raven who had taken his place. In a letter of

February 15, 1843, to Margaret Potter Thacher, Longfellow wrote:

In London I staid with Dickens; had a very pleasant visit. His wife is a gentle, lovely character; and he has four children, all beautiful and good. I saw likewise *the raven*, who is stuffed in the entry — and his successor, who stalks gravely in the garden.

By this time Longfellow had become so converted to England and English ways that he gave up his previous fondness for European fashions and tight French trousers, and adopted the clothes and modes of fashionable London. He used to get up early in the morning to visit the tailors and shoemakers and hatters of Piccadilly and Bond Street, at what must have seemed to them an unconscionably unfashionable hour. This left him free for rounds of visits and entertainments later in the day, and for dinners and playgoing with Dickens in the evenings.

The evening of the very day of Longfellow's arrival, Dickens made good his promise "that we shall see Shakespeare on the stage as never he was seen before," by taking his American guest to see the English actor Macready in *As You Like It*. Macready, in his diary for that day, October 6, 1842, records that his "visitors to the dressing room after the performance included Longfellow, Dickens, the painter Daniel Maclise, and the critic John Forster."

A few days later, Dickens invited the famous illustrator, Cruikshank, to a dinner to meet Longfellow, and Cruikshank accepted with the following amusing note:

Amwell St. Oct.^r 15/42

My dear Dickens

"I come" — Shakespeare
and

Yours truly
Geo Cruikshank

Ps.

Don't make a mistake & suppose that I am going to bring the old gentleman with me — I only use his words, but *come, myself*

At these dinners, Dickens gathered all the artistic and literary lights of London to meet the popular American author. Just as the dinners in America earlier in the year had ended with drinking a toast to Dickens, so at these London dinners Dickens would end by proposing the health of

Longfellow, and the guests would cry "Longfellow, Hooray!" and drain their glasses and pound the table.

To his German friend, Ferdinand Freiligrath, in a letter of January 6, 1843, Longfellow later gave a more detailed account of those festive dinners and of the English celebrities that Dickens had introduced him to:

At his table he brought together artists and authors; such as Cruikshank, a very original genius; — Maclise the painter; — Macready the actor &c &c. We had very pleasant dinners, drank Schloss — Johannisberger, and *cold punch*; (the same article that got Mr. Pickwick into the Pound) and led a life like the monks of old. I saw likewise Mr. Rogers; — breakfasted and dined with him; and met at his table Tom Campbell, and Mr. Moxon, the publisher and Sonnetteer. Campbell's outward man disappointed me. He is small and *shrunken*, frost-nipped by unkindly age; wears a foxy wig, and drinks brandy. But I liked his inward man exceedingly. He is simple, frank, cordial; and withal very sociable. Kenyon, Talford, Tennyson, Milnes, and many more whom I wanted to see were out of town. Lady Blessington, however, cheered my eyes by her fair presence; a lady *well preserved*, but rather deep-zoned, as the Greeks would say; — in St. Goar we should say *stoutish*. Count O'Orsay was in attendance being confined to the house by a severe attack of the *bum-bailiffs*; he only ventured out on Sundays. The Count is a gay youth of thirty-five; — handsome, according to the French notion of beauty; and dressed rather extravagantly.

In contrast to this round of authors and artists and actors and fashionable London society, Dickens — the great master of contrast — wanted to show his American guest other aspects of London life and let him see how the other half lived. Just as Longfellow had taken Dickens earlier in the year to see the rough sailors on the water front of Boston; so now Dickens reciprocated by taking Longfellow at night to see "the tramps and thieves" of the slums of London. Forster tells us how they "went over the worst haunts of the most dangerous classes." Apparently some of these dens were too revolting for the delicate sensibilities of the artist Maclise who accompanied them; so that he had to wait outside. The gentle Longfellow, however, seems to have been able to stomach the worst of these night lodgings undaunted. This experience served Dickens in good stead in his zealous agitation for reforms in England, and a year later he made a speech at a great meeting in Manchester in the presence

of Disraeli, driving home to his fellow Englishmen the shame of their land and telling them how he "had taken Longfellow to see in the night refuges of London thousands of immortal creatures, condemned without alternative or choice to tread, not what our great poet calls the primrose path to the everlasting bonfire, but one of jagged flints and stones laid down by brutal ignorance."

Another day, for the sake of further variety, Dickens rushed Longfellow off to Rochester to show him the country where he himself had spent his childhood. He drove his guest also to the "Bull Inn" where Mr. Pickwick had stayed and to the "Leather Bottle" at Cobham, at which Mr. Tupman, instead of committing suicide from a broken heart when Miss Rachel Wardle had jilted him, was found by the Pickwick Club comfortably eating a huge dinner. Finding that Rochester Castle was barred to visitors, Dickens boldly defied the law and persuaded the reluctant Longfellow to leap over gates and barriers with him in order to explore the castle ruins. Picture, if you can, the famous English novelist and the famous American poet climbing over fences in the role of trespassers and lawbreakers.

During the two weeks of Longfellow's stay with Dickens in London, the book in which Dickens gave an account of his first visit to America, the *American Notes*, came from the press in two volumes, and Dickens presented the first set to his American friend with the following inscription:

H. W. Longfellow
From his friend
Charles Dickens
Nineteenth October 1842.

In his letter to Charles Sumner on October 16, Longfellow had written:

I have read Dickens's book. It is jovial and good-natured, and at times very severe. You will read it with delight, and for the most part approbation. He has a grand chapter on Slavery. *Spitting* and *politics* at Washington are the other topics of censure. Both you and I would censure them with equal severity to say the least. He gives due laud to the New York oysters ("for thy dear sake, heartiest of Greek Professors!") and says of Howe; "There are not many persons, I hope & believe, who after reading these pages can ever hear that name with indifference."

In addition to the copy of *American Notes* which Dickens gave Longfellow, he entrusted him with a number of other copies to take home with him for Dickens's American friends: for Felton and Sumner; for the elderly poet, Richard Henry Dana; for the artist Washington Allston; for the historians Bancroft and Prescott; for Jonathan Chapman, the Mayor of Boston; and perhaps still other copies for other friends. To Prescott, Dickens wrote on October 15, 1842: "Longfellow is staying with me; and has been for some days. He thinks of returning by the Great Western on this day week. I shall charge him with a copy of my *American Notes* for you. I have no fear but they will find favor in your eyes, though they may not in those of the mass."

On the same day Dickens wrote a similar letter to Mayor Chapman, adding: "I have caused my publishers to take such precautions as will prevent I hope its reaching America by the steamer which will bring you this letter."

Dickens was evidently anxious that his personal friends in America should receive the *American Notes* first in the inscribed copies which Longfellow was taking over for him, rather than in some pirated American edition.

Among the literary lions whom Dickens invited to meet Longfellow was the elderly poet Samuel Rogers, some of whose verses Longfellow, when a boy of twelve, had copied into his school copy book and had afterward imitated in his own earliest poems. In Longfellow's letter to Sumner he wrote: "Mr. Rogers has just been here, sitting a half hour with me. He arrived in town last night. We breakfast with him on Tuesday and dine with him on Wednesday."

On October 17, Dickens wrote for Longfellow the following letter of introduction to the British publisher, Edward Moxon, who was later to publish English editions of Longfellow's poems:

My dear sir,—

Mr. Longfellow, the best of American poets (as I have no doubt you know), is staying with me, and wishes to see you on the subject of re-publishing his verses.

We breakfast with Mr. Rogers to-morrow morning, and will call upon you, if convenient, when we leave his house.

Faithfully yours,

Charles Dickens

Edward Moxon, Esq.

Longfellow also went with Dickens to call on the author of "The Song of the Shirt," Thomas Hood, "Poor Hood" as so many called him but "Dear Hood" as Longfellow called him. Writing later to Miss Eliza Cook, on November 29, 1852, Longfellow said of Hood and his family: — "They will have forgotten the stranger who called one October morning some years ago with Dickens, and was hospitably entertained by them. But I remember the visit, and the pale face of the poet, and the house in St. John's Wood."

On the eve of Longfellow's departure from London, there was evidently some suggestion that Forster and Dickens might get Longfellow to take back with him for the "Five of Clubs," not merely the copies of *American Notes*, but also some bottled Port wine. Longfellow, however, wrote to Forster on Wednesday morning, October 19: "Dickens absolutely forbids sending 'the jovial offering' of wine. 'No — no! — the Port will be shaken to the devil before it gets there.'"

Nonetheless Dickens did entrust Longfellow with some bottles of Johannisberger and Punch, which apparently weathered one of the worst passages across the Atlantic.

When, on Thursday, October 20, it at last came time for Longfellow to leave London and sail for home, Dickens, in order to see as much as possible of his American guest, accompanied him to Bath. As Longfellow wrote in a letter to Freiligrath on January 6, 1843:

Taking reluctant leave of London, I went by rail-way to Bath, where I dined with Walter Savage Landor, rather a ferocious critic, and author of five volumnes of "Imaginary Conversations." The next day brought me to Bristol, where I embarked in the Great Western Steamer for New York.

Laden with copies of *American Notes* and bottles of wine from Dickens and his wardrobe of English clothes, Longfellow went on board the "Great Western," then the largest ship in the world. The voyage home was a tempestuous one, which he described in the same letter to Freiligrath:

The great waves struck and broke with voices of thunder. In the next room to mine, a man died. I was afraid they might throw me overboard instead of him in the night; but they did not. Well, thus "cribbed, cabined and confined," I passed fifteen days. During this time I wrote

seven poems on Slavery. I meditated upon them in the stormy, sleepless nights, and wrote them down with a pencil in the morning. A small window in the side of the vessel admitted light into my berth; and there I lay on my back, and soothed my soul with songs.

Among the influences upon Longfellow in writing these *Poems of Slavery*, there can be no doubt that one was Dickens's "grand chapter on slavery."

To meet Longfellow on his return home, his two faithful friends had gone from Boston to New York: the short fat Felton with the tall stately Sumner towering beside him, the ill-assorted couple resembling,—so their fellow members of the "Five of Clubs" used to say,—"Park Street Church and its Steeple." The two greeted the returning traveller with enthusiasm and plied him with questions about his visit. Longfellow duly distributed the precious copies of *American Notes* which he had brought back with him. As Felton wrote Cleveland in a letter of November 28:

Longfellow brought, as we expected, Dickens's book. It was instantly republished, by three or four publishers, and I suppose more than a hundred thousand copies have been sold. Opinions are various; but we agree pretty well here, in thinking it a capital book; lively, spirited, true and good humored. He has made a few mistakes, but they are trifling. Spitting and Slavery are the two things he tilts against most vigorously.

Apart from the American editions in book form, the daily newspapers began republishing the *American Notes* instantly. The *New York Herald* printed the work in nineteen hours after the arrival of the copy from England and sold fifty thousand copies in two days. The chapter on slavery made a deep impression on Charles Sumner, who was soon to become, next to Lincoln, the most powerful anti-slavery force in American politics.

Returning by steamboat from New York to Boston, Longfellow and Felton and Sumner summoned Hillard, and these four members of the "Five of Clubs" unpacked the bottles that Dickens had given Longfellow for Felton. On November 9, Sumner wrote to Sam Ward in New York telling him how they had drunk the health of Dickens, and for good measure also toasted Sam Ward and his brilliant sister, Julia, soon to become Julia Ward Howe:

Cornelius enjoyed himself more than tongue can tell and heaped happiness upon happiness by a dinner at his house on the day of our return, where were present, Longfellow, Hillard and myself, and where we drank the bottles of punch and Prince Metternich Johannisberger, a gift of Dickens. Your health and that of your fair sister's floated in our glasses, filled, as Hillard said from bottled poetry.

The fifth member of the "Five of Clubs," the frail and delicate Henry Cleveland, was absent in Cuba, where he had gone in vain hopes of recovering his health; but he, too, was in their flowing cups freshly remembered. Each of the other four members of the club wrote him accounts of this merry reunion, each with characteristic differences. Hillard, in a letter of November 25, described the transformation that had taken place in Longfellow:

He has also been converted from the error of his ways in the matter of coat and trousers, has eschewed the tight fits of Paris and wrapped around him the looser integuments of London. He brought out a bottle of Schloss Johannisberger and another of Punch, both superlative in their kinds, as a present of Dickens to Felton, and on the day on which he came to Cambridge we crushed them both over Felton's table in copious libations of welcome. You too were not forgotten, and a brimming bumper was poured out to you — you, whose absence threw the only shade over our sunshine.

Felton, on November 28, wrote:

We wanted your presence greatly, the other day. Dickens sent me a bottle of the most delicious punch and one of Schloss Johannisberger. I instantly summoned all the Club, and we had the most exhilarating dinner that I ever sat down to. The punch was more nectarean than I ever dreamed that punch could be. We drank your health, and if ever health is promoted by hearty wishes, or the most exquisite of drinks, you must have become instantaneously another Hercules.

Sumner wrote on November 29:

Who shall describe our return — Longfellow, Felton and myself, — in the steam-boat, and the long inter-communings — then the dinner at dear Corny's in the afternoon of our return, where were only Hillard, L., F., and myself, and the warm recollection of you. There we drank the bottle of golden seal Metternich Johannisberger and that other bottle of

punch, the present of Dickens to Felton; and the memory of you, and wishes for your health floated in our glasses.

Longfellow wrote to Cleveland on November 27:

Hillard and Felton have been dining with me to-day (Sunday) and are now fast asleep, one on each side the stove, in the large arm chairs. (What is it that puts people to sleep so inevitably in my rooms?) . . . We drank your health — your rapid recovery and swift return . . . when you get back you will find a portrait of Dickens, by Count D'Orsay, lithographed, awaiting your arrival . . . We are getting up a subscription to have Dexter cut his bust of Dickens in marble, to be sent to Mrs. D.

Unfortunately, Cleveland never did recover but died shortly afterwards. The portrait of Dickens by Count D'Orsay Longfellow had framed in a dark walnut frame and placed, as he wrote Freiligrath in his letter of January 6, 1843, "close by me on the shelf of my book-case."

To England, to both Dickens and Forster, Longfellow wrote, giving his pleasant reminiscences of those October days in London. To Forster, he wrote on December 15, 1842:

So here I am once more under my own roof; not so merry and mad as in London, but sufficiently gay for every-day use. I need not tell you how often I think of you, — of Lincoln's Inn Fields — Devonshire Terrace &c; nor how often the street lamps of London, and the dinner lamps of my friends gleam through my imagination. When shall I behold them again? Not for many a long year. Let me however sometimes be present to your thoughts; and let me be present as *meat* since I cannot as *guest* in the persons of a pair of Canvass-back Ducks, which I send you, care of Dickens to whom Felton sends also a pair. I hope you will like them; as I think you will if they arrive in good condition.

Alas! The ducks, which Longfellow and Felton tried to send to Forster and Dickens in return for the gift of wine, apparently never reached England at all. As late as February 28, 1843, Longfellow in writing to Forster wants to know what *has* become of the ducks and adds: "If the Cunard steamers fail, whom shall we trust?"

To Dickens Longfellow had written a letter about his safe return home after that wet passage in which he had had such a heavy dose of

salt water in addition to his earlier “water-cure” in Germany. He also told Dickens how he was trying to do something in verse for the cause of the Negro slaves in his *Poems on Slavery*, much as Dickens had already done in prose in his *American Notes*. He ended by sending his greeting to Dickens and his family.

In reply, Dickens wrote the following charming letter, giving an account of all that had happened since Longfellow left London:

London. 1 Devonshire Terrace

York Gate Regents Park

Twenty Ninth December 1842.

My Dear Longfellow.

I was delighted to receive your assurance of your safe arrival among our hearty friends, and to think of your sitting down in your own comfortable rooms after all your cold watering (and Good God what a quantity of water you had in that half year, counting the two passages!) safe and sound again. I was but poorly received when I came home from Bristol that night, in consequence of my inability to report that I had left you actually on board the Great Western; and that I had seen the chimney smoking. But I have got over this, gradually; and am again respected.

I have been blazing away at my new book, whereof the first number will probably be published under the black flag, almost as soon as you receive this. The Notes had an enormous sale; and I trust the Chuzzlewit (so I call this new baby) will go and do likewise. I quite agree with you that we shall never live to see the passing of an International Law. I have always held the same opinion. But we may sow the seed, and leave the gathering of the fruit to others.

Heaven speed your Slavery poems! They will be manful, vigorous, and full of indignant Truth, I know. I am looking for them eagerly. By the way, I have been somewhat shocked to find that Everett plays fast and loose in our English Society on that question; and says, as any trimming counting-house porter might, “that it is easy to find fault with the system, and not so easy to propound a remedy” — as if any man with a head on his shoulders fit for anything but a block to put his hat on, did not know perfectly well that it is only after many years of strong denunciation that any remedy in such a case has birth! But here is another instance of the discordant materials he represents. He is the Minister of the Federal Government; and the Federal Government upholds Slavery — wherefore the man of Massachusetts goes to the wall and Freedom with him.

There is nothing new here. A tragedy of the present day has been played at Drury Lane, for which I wrote a Prologue which was spoken by Macready. It has been excellently received, but has not drawn money. He is quite well. Mrs. Macready has just presented him with a little girl, with whose coming (having an indifferent good stock already) they would perhaps have dispensed if they could have done so, conveniently. Forster thinks he is hard at work; in which delusion he has been plunged for the last six years. Rogers has appeared at a Police Office, after threshing divers frail ladies (his former concubines) with a big umbrella. Talfourd — who much regrets not having seen you — is in rude health and high spirits, in consequence of the Tragedy before-mentioned, not having proved attractive. George Cruikshank got rather drunk here, last Friday night, and declined to go away until four in the morning, when he went — I don't know where, but certainly not home. D'Orsay was in great force yesterday, when I dined at Gore House; and Lady Blessington asked kindly after you. Maclise is painting wonderful pictures. And the Cornwall expedition was the greatest success ever known in this country.

After you left us, Charley invented and rehearsed with his sisters a dramatic scene in your honor, which is still occasionally enacted. It commences with expressive pantomime, and begins immediately after the ceremony of drinking healths. The three small glasses are all raised together, and they look at each other very hard. Then Charley cries "Mr Longfellow! Hoo-ra-a-a-a-a-e!" Two other shrill voices repeat the sentiment, and the little glasses are drained to the bottom. The whole concludes with a violent rapping of the table, and a hideous barking from the little dog, who wakes up for the purpose.

They all send their loves to you, in which Kate joins very earnestly. I wish you had seen her sister who is usually with us, as she is now; but was with her mother when you were here. There was another when we were first married, but she has been my better angel six long years.

Ever My Dear Longfellow Faithfully your friend
Charles Dickens

P.S. Mc Dowall, the boot maker, Beale the Hosier, Laffin the Trouser Maker, and Blackmore the Coat Cutter, have all been at the point of death, but have slowly recovered. The medical gentlemen agreed that it was exhaustion, occasioned by early rising — to wait upon you, at those unholy hours

At the beginning of the next year, on January 3, 1843, Forster wrote to Longfellow that he and Dickens in London would be feasting on imaginary American ducks in place of the real ones that had never arrived:

Here will Dickens and myself be smacking our lips and washing down their immortal flavor with that port you honored with your praise, to brimming bumpers in honor of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow!

You will like Martin Chuzzlewit — and Felton will like him — and those of your set, I think, will like him. The idea you will recognize at once, and heartily applaud — the exposure of self in all its varieties. I particularly recommend Mr. Pecksniff and his daughters to your attention.

In reply Longfellow wrote to Forster on February 28, 1843:

Meanwhile how wags the brave world in No 58 Lincoln's Inn Fields? I think very often of your household gods; — your delightful snug state of single-cursedness; the fire-light, wine-light, and friend-light in-doors; and the brown cope of heaven out-of-doors arching above like a huge, smoke-colored Hock-glass turned bottom upwards by jolly Bacchus after drinking a *supernaculum*. The pleasant hours I passed there, and elsewhere with you are still green in my memory, and will ever flourish in immortal youth. When shall we again sit together, "drinking the blood-red wine"?

Longfellow had presented Dickens with a copy of his *Ballads and Other Poems*, in the prose preface of which was the following description of a burying ground:

Daily the shadow of the church spire, with its long tapering finger, counts the tombs, representing a dial-plate of human life, on which the hours and minutes are the graves of men.

Dickens had evidently read this passage and had paid Longfellow the compliment of adopting Longfellow's metaphor about the church spire in Chapter V of his *Martin Chuzzlewit*:

The church spire cast a long reflection on the graveyard grass; as if it were a dial (alas, the truest in the world!) marking, whatever light shone out of heaven, the flight of days and weeks and years, by some new shadow on that solemn ground.

Far from being indignant at this borrowing, Longfellow felt flattered and wrote to John Forster of *Martin Chuzzlewit*:

The Story opens with great freshness and vigor. The Autumn Evening — the strong-minded lady (a kind of Oboe-accompaniment in the family concert) Tom Pinch's journey to Salisbury — and the arrival of the new pupil — together with the great, moral Pecksniff, are all as the *Reviewers* would say, in Boz's *happiest vein*. The figure of speech about the shadow of the church-spire moving around the church-yard, as on a vast dial-plate, I claim as my own; See Preface to Ballads p. xi. — a very good figure notwithstanding.

Elsewhere in America, the indignation against *Martin Chuzzlewit* of 1843 was even greater than against Dickens's *American Notes* of 1842. The fun which Dickens in this new novel had made of certain American types, such as the boastful Congressman, Elijah Pogram, or the rascally Major Hannibal Chollop, or the literary ladies, Miss Codger, Miss Toppit, and Mrs. Hominy, made the Americans' blood boil. As Carlyle put it: "All Yankee-Doodledom blazed up like one universal soda bottle!"

In this chorus of abuse of Dickens, Longfellow did not join. He remained loyal to his love for Dickens through thick and thin.

In that happy Spring after Longfellow's return home from England, he became engaged to Miss Fanny Appleton. To her brother, the witty Tom Appleton, a fellow of infinite jest, he gave a letter of introduction to Dickens and on June 4 Appleton wrote Longfellow from London:

I have found your friends Dickens and Forster very agreeable. I dined with Dickens last Sunday with Cruikshank, Maclige, and Lord Mulgrave. We were very joyous and much was said of your wedding and many wishes for your happiness. Though Sunday we spent the night in amusing games, proverbs, participles & the like, which made much fun, Dickens dropping like a corpse from his chair when he was foiled in the Game.

On June 15, 1843, Longfellow wrote to Dickens: "Of late my heart has turned my brain out of doors. I am to be married in a few weeks." Dickens had met Miss Appleton in Boston the previous year, and on September 1, 1843, wrote to Felton:

And so Longfellow is married. I remember *her* well, and could draw her portrait, in words, to the life. A very beautiful and gentle creature, and a proper love for a poet. My cordial remembrances, and congratulations. Do they live in the house where we breakfasted?

Dickens did not lightly forget his American friends and on January 2, 1844, we find him writing to Felton characteristically: "Hearty remembrances to Sumner, Longfellow, Prescott, and all whom you know I love to remember."

Longfellow, too, continued to remember with pleasure his stay with Dickens in London; and on May 8, 1845, in a letter to Forster wrote of himself as having been one of "the jolliest of all the youths at Dickens's table in the autumn of '42."

In the late 1840's, when Dickens was planning a new magazine, he tried out several titles suggested to him by Longfellow's "Village Blacksmith." Among these were: *The Forge*, *The Hearth*, *The Crucible*, and *The Anvil of the Time*. One tentative title ran:

THE FORGE:
A Weekly Journal,
Conducted by Charles Dickens.
"Thus at the glowing Forge of Life
Our actions must be wrought,
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought." — *Longfellow*.

If Dickens, in quoting these last four lines of "The Village Blacksmith," substituted "glowing" for Longfellow's "flaming" and "action" for Longfellow's "fortunes," it is all the more an indication that he was citing the lines by memory from the time when he had heard them on his first visit to America.

It is curious that the title *Household Words*, finally used for the new magazine, should have been taken from the same phrase in Shakespeare's *Henry V* — "Familiar in his mouth as household words" — which Dickens had already quoted in his Boston speech, when referring to the names of Longfellow and the other American writers.

Another possible influence of Longfellow upon Dickens was to be found in *Great Expectations*, where Dickens's account of the eccentric

old lady, Miss Havisham, sitting among the cobwebs in her faded beauty, may have been suggested by the account which Longfellow gave him of the Widow Craigie sitting among the festoons of canker-worms. Possibly, too, the name "Havisham" may have been suggested by the name of Mrs. Craigie's friend, Mr. Habershaw.

Longfellow, on his side of the Atlantic, kept up a similar devotion to his friend Dickens. Each successive Dickens novel he read with deep interest. For example, in his journal for January 24, 1846, he wrote: "Began Dickens's new Christmas Story, 'The Cricket on the Hearth.' It has in it some of his happiest touches of humor." Later he had evidently been reading *Nicholas Nickleby* and remembered Mr. Muntle, who had changed his name to Mantalini and "had married on his whiskers." For in his journal for November 6, 1846, he writes of an Italian visitor with mustaches: "He looked not unlike Dickens's Mantalini; and was attended by a little, fat black poodle, who whimpered and hid himself under chairs."

After *David Copperfield* appeared, Longfellow wrote to Forster on December 7, 1851, expressing his enthusiasm for the latest Dickens novel: "The last was a grand one; with a richer and deeper and truer tone about it, than any of the others." Hearing that *Bleak House* was being written, he declared: "It is very good news to hear that Dickens is beginning a new book. . . . Before this reaches you we shall be reading No. 1. of the new story." In the same letter, he wrote to Forster by way of retrospect:

That pleasant October in London in 1842, with all its grateful memories, comes back again, with you and Dickens in the foreground. Remember me to him and all his house, very affectionately.

Longfellow evidently associated Dickens so much with these happy recollections that he could scarcely bear it when the pathos in Dickens got the upper hand of the humor. For example, he writes in his Journal for January 22, 1859: "Read in the evening, Dickens's Wreck of the Golden Mary. Too tragic, too tragic. The boys rebelled against it, and called for Cooper's *Wyandotte*, which was given to them instead." Some years later, on September 23, 1865, Longfellow wrote in his Journal: "I read 'Our Mutual Friend' till dinner." By this time, however, Dickens was already planning his second visit to America.

III

RETURN OF DICKENS TO AMERICA TWENTY-FIVE YEARS LATER

Longfellow and the other American friends of Dickens kept writing Dickens and urging him to return to America for a second visit. In the 1850's Dickens had made a great success in England with public readings from his novels, and the Americans were eager to have him come over and give similar readings in the United States. In a letter of June 20, 1859, to Felton, Dickens spoke sympathetically of "the idea of my reading in America" and added:

We shall yet come round to joviality and Oysters. In that former state of existence when we drank all the beer that was aboard of a packet, I little thought I should ever cross the Atlantic again. Now, I begin to have hopes that I *may* possibly enjoy the great sensation of reading *The Christmas Carol* to American listeners.

It was not however until 1867, twenty-five years after his first visit, that Dickens finally ventured on a second trip to America. In Longfellow's Journal for November 18 of that year, he wrote: "Snow last night. A bleak west wind. Dickens is expected to-morrow by steamer, now at Halifax. A great crowd at Fields' to buy tickets for his Readings."

On Tuesday, November 19, 1867, Dickens landed, and on the following day Longfellow wrote in his Journal: "At Parker House to see Dickens, whom I found very well and most cordial. It was right pleasant to see him again after so many years; twenty five! He looked somewhat older, but elastic and quick in his movements as ever." Of this reunion, Dickens wrote to his daughter: "Longfellow was here yesterday. Perfectly white in hair and beard, but a remarkably handsome and notable-looking man."

Dickens also had grown a beard since they had last met, but a very different sort of a beard; and any resemblance which Longfellow and Dickens may have had quarter of a century earlier was now hard to trace.

Writing on the same day to William Henry Wills, the publisher of *Household Words*, Dickens said: "Longfellow, Emerson, Holmes, Agassiz, and all Cambridge — Professors and Students — are booked in a phalanx for the body of the hall on the 1st night, Monday, December

the Second. Nothing can exceed the interest and heartiness of these men."

In his Journal for November 21 Longfellow wrote: "Dined with Fields — a dinner of welcome for Dickens. Guests to meet him, Emerson, Agassiz, Holmes, Judge Hoar, Norton, Greene, and myself. A beautiful dinner."

In London, Dickens had invited the illustrator Cruikshank to meet Longfellow. And now Longfellow returned the compliment and sent Darley, who had illustrated the works of both Dickens and Longfellow, the following note:

Camb. Nov. 21, 1867.

My dear Darley.

The day is to-morrow (Friday), the hour is nine o'clock in the evening and the man C. D.

Yours truly,
H. W. L.

At this "little supper," as Longfellow called it, the other guests invited to meet Dickens were James Russell Lowell, William Dean Howells, Fields, Greene, his brother Samuel Longfellow, and his son Ernest Longfellow. On the following day, November 23, he wrote to Forster:

It is a great pleasure to see Dickens again after so many years, with the same sweetness and flavor as of old, and only greater ripeness. The enthusiasm for him and for his Readings is immense. One can hardly take in the whole truth about it, and feel the universality of his fame. The Readings will be as triumphant a success here as in England. Every ticket is sold for the whole course, and the public clamorous for more.

To show the great demand in America for the novels of Dickens, Longfellow enclosed a newspaper clipping saying: "Out of the 1,900 volumes of the Dickens novels in the Mercantile Library, New York, only two remained on its shelves on Tuesday."

On November 25, Dickens wrote to his sister-in-law, Georgina Hogarth, that the Harvard students were besieging Professor Longfellow with demands for tickets to the Readings, knowing that he was a friend of Dickens: "The young undergraduates of Cambridge (he is a Professor there) have made a representation to him that they are five hundred

strong, and cannot get one ticket. I don't know what is to be done for them."

Three days later, Thursday, November 28, 1867, was Thanksgiving Day and Longfellow wrote in his Journal:

Thanksgiving Day. Dickens came out to a quiet family dinner at 2.30.

When Dickens had come to breakfast in this same Craigie House twenty-five years earlier, Longfellow had been a bachelor and rented merely the upstairs room. During the quarter of a century since then, he had married and brought up a family and now occupied the whole house. Accordingly, the Thanksgiving dinner now took place in the dining room downstairs. For this occasion, Longfellow had with him his beloved sister, Anne Longfellow Pierce; his three daughters, Alice, Edith, and Annie Allegra; and his son Ernest and Ernest's fiancée, Miss Harriet Spellman. With Dickens, then, as the only guest outside of the family, they sat down eight in number about the round table in the dining room to a genial and hearty feast.

Knowing Dickens's fondness for the mysterious and for eccentric characters, Longfellow apparently told him, among other things, the story of the Craigies, who had lived in the house before him and for whom it had been named the Craigie House and sometimes "Castle Craigie." Some years after both Mr. and Mrs. Craigie had died, Longfellow had discovered some old letters written by a young girl to Mr. Craigie, which he had hidden away from the eyes of his wife in a mysterious hiding place under the stairs. Longfellow told Dickens how, in going down into the cellar, he had on various occasions found these letters one after another lying on the cellar stairs, where they had dropped after making their way through a crack in the box overhead — a fitting subject for some later novel by Dickens.

After dinner, to satisfy Dickens's insatiable curiosity, Longfellow and the children took him down into the cellar of "Castle Craigie," as they liked to call the house in fun, and showed him the secret hiding place of the letters. Dickens, in turn, seems to have handed this story on; for shortly afterwards, Helen Hunt Jackson heard it from him, and, under the pseudonym of Rip Van Winkle, printed in the *New York Evening Post* for December 19, 1867, the story of the discovery under the heading *A Bundle of Old Love Letters*, saying at the end: "The story was told

to Dickens, the other day, at a dinner, and we shall perhaps see it doing good duty yet, in the machinery of a second Lady Deadlock's retribution." It is doubtful whether Dickens ever used this subject, but Helen Hunt Jackson, writing under the name of Saxe Holm, did use it herself, after the death of Dickens, in a story called "Esther Wynn's Love-Letters."

Longfellow and the children then took Dickens all over the labyrinthian old house. Dickens looked at the bookcases which now filled every room and were even built into some of the windows. Coming across a complete set of his own works, he said, with a wink that delighted the children: "Ah-h-h! I see you read the best authors." Longfellow's children often used to laugh over this remark and Longfellow himself referred to it long afterward in a letter of March 7, 1879, to Miss Elizabeth Phelps.

Dickens seemed to take a great delight in the Longfellow children, as indeed he did in all children and as all children did in him. Longfellow, in turn, asked Dickens about his children, especially about his eldest son, Charles, whom he remembered as a boy of five, when he had seen him in London twenty-five years earlier.

With the Longfellow household, Dickens lingered the whole afternoon and it was eight o'clock in the evening, so he tells us, before he got back to his hotel. In writing to his son Charles two days later, he said:

I suppose you don't remember Longfellow, though he remembers you in a black velvet frock very well. He is now white-haired and, white-bearded, but remarkably handsome. He still lives in his old house, where his beautiful wife was burnt to death. I dined with him the other day, and could not get the terrific scene out of my imagination. She was in a blaze in an instant, rushed into his arms with a wild cry, and never spoke afterwards.

For Dickens, too, the intervening twenty-five years had brought their sorrows. Neither he nor Longfellow, during that dark November afternoon in 1867, could quite recapture the happy carefree spirit of their earlier companionship of 1842. Yet this maturer friendship had still deeper roots. During that quarter of a century, Dickens had taken up the cudgels for the poor and the oppressed in England, and Longfellow had awakened sympathy for the exiled Acadians, for the negroes, and

for the Indians in America. Dickens had become the most widely read English novelist in America and Longfellow the most widely read American poet in England. The friendship between them, symbolized by this Thanksgiving Dinner together, had become a token of the friendship between the English and the American people.

Two days later, on Saturday, November 30, Longfellow dined with Dickens, Emerson, Lowell, and others at the Saturday Club. Dickens prepared a special concoction for them and it was said: "No witch at her incantations could be more rapt than Dickens was in his, as he stooped over the drink he was making."

In the month of December, 1867, the famous series of Dickens Readings in Boston began. On Monday, December 2, Longfellow wrote in his Journal:

A snow-storm; stopping at noon. Dickens's First Reading. We all went; a pleasant moonlight drive; and a triumph for Dickens. It is not Reading exactly, but acting, and quite wonderful in its way. He gave the "Christmas Carol" and "Trial from Pickwick." I never saw anything better. The old Judge was equal to Dogberry.

The *New York Tribune*, in giving an account of this First Dickens Reading in America, said:

Inside the house, the scene was striking enough. Few cities, anywhere, could show an audience of such character. Hardly a notable man in Boston, or 50 miles about, but was there, and we doubt if in London itself Mr. Dickens ever read before such an assemblage. There sat Longfellow looking like the very spirit of Christmas with his ruddy cheeks and bright soft eyes looking out from the veil of snow white hair and snow white beard. There was Holmes, crisp and fine, like a tight little grape-skin full of wit instead of wine. There was Lowell, as if Sidney himself had come back, with his poet's heart smiling sadly through his poet's eyes. Here too was the elder Dana, now an old man of 80, with long gray hair falling round a face bright with shrewd intelligence.

Three days later, on December 5, Longfellow wrote to Henry Bright in England: "Dickens is having a great success with his Readings in Boston and New York. He is as vivacious and genial as on his former visit in 1842." Three days later again, on December 8, he wrote to Charles Sumner: "For the last two weeks Boston has been, not Galvan-

ized but Dickenized into great activity, very pleasant to behold. The Readings, or rather Actings, have been immensely successful."

On another evening, Longfellow attended a Dickens Reading with his fellow-poet John Greenleaf Whittier, who had been unable to get down from Amesbury during the winter for earlier readings, and took him later to call on Dickens. Of his impressions of this occasion and of Dickens, Whittier has given us the following delightful account in a letter written next day to Mrs. Celia Thaxter:

Amesbury 14th 12 Mo
1867

My dear friend

I have "made an effort" as M^{rs} Chick would say, & have heard Dickens. It was his last night in Boston. I found myself in the packed hall, sandwiched between Ric^d H. Dana Sen. & Longfellow with M^{rs} Fields one side of us & M^{rs} Ames the other. We waited some half hour: a slight brisk man tripped up the steps, sparkling with ring & chain — tight vested wide bosomed, short dress coat, white choker; tight pantaloons enclosing, as the Prairie girl said of Judge Douglass's — "a mighty slim chance of legs!" somehow a slight reminder of his own Sim Tappertit in *Barnaby Rudge*. Face marked with thought as well as years — head bald or nearly so — a look of keen intelligence about the strong brow, & eye — the look of a man who has seen much & is wide awake to see more. I dont think he shows the great genius that he is — he might pass for a shrewd Massachusetts manufacturer, or an active N. Y. merchant. But his reading is wonderful, far beyond my expectations. Those marvellous characters of his come forth, one by one, real personages, as if their original creator had breathed new life into them. You shut your eyes & there before you you know are Pecksniff, & Sairey Gamp, Sam Weller & Dick Swiveller & all the rest. But it is idle to talk about it: you must beg, borrow, or steal a ticket & hear him. Another such star-shower is not to be expected in one's life-time. After the reading I called on him with Longfellow & the Fields.

John G. Whittier

On January 12, 1868, Longfellow wrote to Charles Sumner:

Dickens has been and is still triumphant. His Readings or Recitations rather, are wonderful to see and hear. Sergeant Buzzfuz's argument to the Jury in *Bardell v. Pickwick* would delight you. In what raptures our dear Felton would be were he now alive.

Writing to Miss Fanny Farrer in England on January 24, 1868, Longfellow sums up his impressions of that wonderful winter of Dickens Readings:

Our winter here has been rather cold and solitary, and quite uneventful, save in the advent of Mr. Dickens. His Readings have enlivened us; and are, as you know, wonderful in their way, and very interesting. . . . In speaking of Dickens, I ought to have added that in all the cities where he has read, he has been received with great enthusiasm; and the popularity of his work was never greater in America than now. This puts to flight the fears and surmises of those who thought there was still some lurking grudge against him here, on account of his American Notes and Martin Chuzzlewit. The result of his coming here is a great triumph. When I listen to Dickens, I always think how Felton would have enjoyed these Readings; for he was one of the most constant and ardent admirers of the great novelist; and his wide sympathy made it possible for him to appreciate and enjoy all varieties of character. We still mourn for Felton.

Night after night, Longfellow went to Dickens's Readings: *Pickwick*, *Nicholas Nickleby*, *A Christmas Carol*, *Dombey and Son*, *Boots at the Hollytree Inn*, *Dr. Marigold* — Longfellow did not miss one.

Sometimes he took his little daughter to bear him company — sometimes one daughter and sometimes another. His youngest daughter, Annie, whom he called "Laughing Allegra," was then only twelve years old, but she was well able to appreciate the humor and to join in the laughter. She wrote afterwards her recollections of Dickens and his "delightful readings":

I can see him now (in his black velvet coat) stepping forward with his alert bearing on the stage of the old Music Hall. How people did enjoy those readings. Sam Weller and Mr. Pickwick, Nicholas Nickleby and the old gentleman and the vegetable marrows over the garden wall. How he did make Aunt Betsy Trotwood snap out, "Janet, donkeys" — and David Copperfield yearn over the handsome sleeping Steerforth. How the audience loved best of all the Christmas Carol and how they laughed as Dickens fairly smacked his lips as there came the "smell like an eating house and a pastry cook's next door to each other, with a laundress's next door to that," as Mrs Cratchit bore in the Christmas pudding and how they nearly wept as Tiny Tim cried "God bless us every one."

Apparently another young lady, who was not "Laughing Allegra," was given to weeping; and Dickens, in writing to Forster on February 28, 1868, told him how at the reading on the previous evening: "One poor girl in mourning burst into a passion of grief about Tiny Tim and was taken out."

After the Dickens Readings came the late Dickens Suppers, usually at the home of Fields, the publisher. On evenings when Dickens was not reading, he was apt to be dining out, often going to Cambridge to dine with one or other of the professors there: with Longfellow at the Craigie House, or with Lowell at Elmwood, or with Norton at Shady Hill. Knowing Dickens's fondness for the gruesome, Longfellow could not resist the temptation of telling him about the murder committed by one of their colleagues, still another Harvard professor, John White Webster, professor of chemistry. Longfellow had introduced Dickens to Professor Webster in 1842, and Dickens took an almost morbid delight in hearing all the details of the crime and seemed to be particularly impressed by one story about Professor Webster which Longfellow told late at night at the Fields' on January 5, 1868. With characteristic inquisitiveness, Dickens had insisted on seeing the actual furnace at the Harvard Medical School where Professor Webster had disposed of the remains of his victim, Dr. Parkman.

In a letter to Wilkie Collins of January 12, 1868, Dickens wrote:

Being in Boston last Sunday, I took it into my head to go over the medical school, and survey the holes and corners in which that extraordinary murder was done by Webster. There was the furnace — stinking horribly, as if the dismantled pieces were still inside it — and there all the grim spouts, and sinks, and chemical appliances, and whatnot. At dinner afterwards, Longfellow told me a terrific story. He dined with Webster within a year of the murder, one of a party of ten or twelve. As they sat at their wine, Webster suddenly ordered the lights to be turned out, and a bowl of some burning mineral to be placed on the table, that the guests might see how ghostly it made them look. As each man stared at all the rest in the weird light, all were horrified to see Webster *with a rope around his neck*, holding it up, over the bowl, with his head jerked on one side, and his tongue lolled out, representing a man being hanged.

Longfellow's story seems to have haunted Dickens for some time and

ten days after he had heard it, he wrote to Fields on January 15, 1868: "When I think of Longfellow's story about Dr. Webster, I feel like the lady in Nickleby who 'has had a sensation of alternate cold and biling water running down her back ever since.' "

February 27, 1868, was Longfellow's sixty-first birthday. Dickens had been invited to a late supper after his Reading at the Fields' with Emerson, Holmes, Norton, Howells, and others, in honor of Longfellow. Dickens had too bad a cold to go, but there was no birthday present which Longfellow received that day that delighted him more than the letter which Dickens sent and the invitation which it contained to visit him later in the year at Gad's Hill:

Boston, Thursday Twenty Seventh February
1868

My Dear Longfellow

I wish you from my deepest heart many many happy returns of this day — a precious one to the civilized world — and all earthly happiness and prosperity. God Bless you my dear friend! I hope to welcome you at Gad's Hill this next summer, and to give you the heartiest reception there that the undersigned village blacksmith can strike out of his domestic anvil.

Dolby will report that I have been terrifying him by sneezing melodiously for the last halfhour. The moment there is a fall from the sky, this national catarrh gives me an extra grip. I dare not come to Fields's tonight, having to read tomorrow; but you shall in my flowing cups (or sneezes) be especially remembered after tonight's Reading.

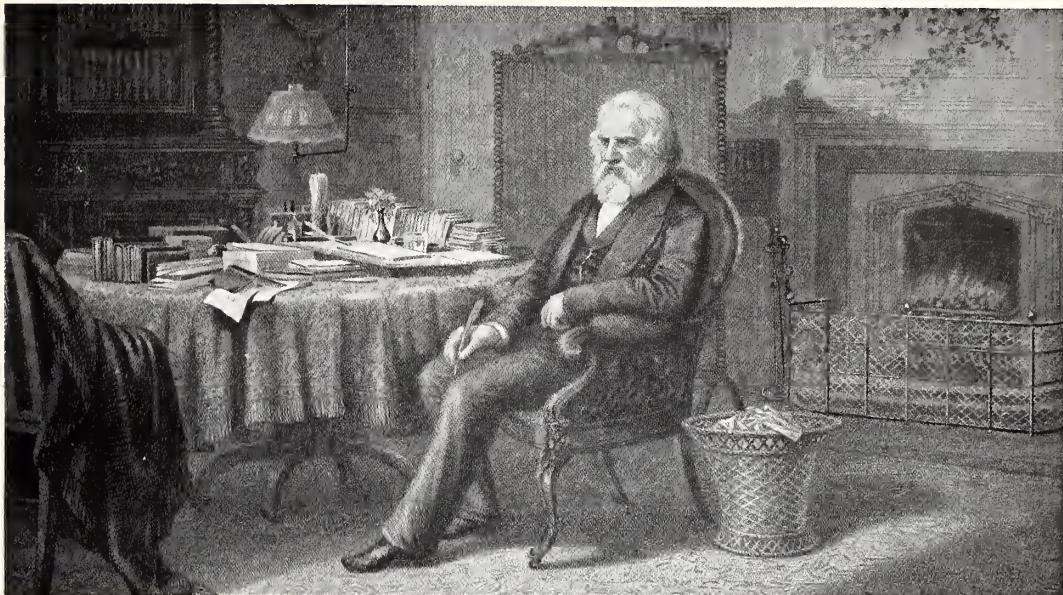
Even your imagination cannot conceive how admirably, tenderly, and truly,

Ever your affectionate
Charles Dickens

It was on this same birthday of Longfellow's that Mrs. Fields, realizing the fresh stimulus that the coming of Dickens had brought to Longfellow in his sorrow, wrote in her journal: "Dickens has doubtless done much to quicken him to write." Such was the helpful influence which Dickens and Longfellow continued to have on each other.

Two days later, on Leap Year's Day, February 29, was held the Great International Walking Match. On one side were the British: Dickens's manager, the gigantic "Man of Ross" (Dolby) backed by the

LONGFELLOW AND DICKENS IN THE LATE 1860s



LONGFELLOW IN HIS STUDY AT THE CRAIGIE HOUSE

"He is now white-haired and white-bearded, but remarkably handsome. He still lives in his old house. . . . I dined with him the other day."

Letter of Dickens to his son, November 30, 1867.



DICKENS IN HIS STUDY AT GAD'S HILL

"I hope to welcome you at Gad's Hill this next summer, and to give you the heartiest reception there that the undersigned blacksmith can strike out of his domestic anvil. . . . You will be as completely at home here as though you were at Cambridge."

Dickens to Longfellow, February 27 and June 8, 1868.



PLAN OF THE TABLE AT THE DINNER GIVEN BY DICKENS FEBRUARY 29, 1868

This sketch was made by one of the guests, Mr. Howard M. Ticknor, who has indicated his own place at table by the initials "H. M. T." and that of his wife by "Mrs. H. M. T."

"Gad's Hill Gasper" (Dickens). On the other side were the Americans: The "Boston Bantam" (Osgood), backed by "Massachusetts Jemmy" (Fields). The tiny Osgood tripped lightly and nimbly ahead; or, as Dickens put it in his famous Broadside, "The Bantam pegged away with his little drumsticks, as if he saw his wives and a peck of barley waiting for him at the family perch." The good Mrs. Fields, drawing alongside in a carriage, aided and abetted her husband's partner with "bread soaked in brandy" — so Dickens tells us in a letter written to his daughter two days later. Meanwhile the enormous Dolby came puffing after. Like Longfellow's Village Blacksmith you could "hear his bellows roar." When the race was over the Britisher came in seven minutes behind, "steaming like a locomotive," long after the American, the "Boston Bantam," had already won the race.

That evening, this great International Event was celebrated by a grand banquet in the Crystal Room at the Parker House. Among the guests, as Dickens had announced in his *Articles Of Agreement*, was to be "An obscure Poet named Longfellow (if discoverable) and Miss Longfellow." Longfellow in his Journal gave an account of the dinner, and a list of the eighteen guests. He pasted into the Journal his place card with the words "Mr. Longfellow" and the Bill of Fare with the monogram CD on the cover and the eight-course menu inside.

Dickens, albeit his England had lost the match to America, was in the best of spirits and entertained his guests charmingly. Just beyond the lady at his left sat Longfellow and just beyond the lady on his right sat Lowell. Across the table were Aldrich, Norton, Fields, and Holmes; and at the far ends sat the victorious Osgood and the vanquished Dolby. In honor of Mrs. Fields, who had arranged the flowers for so many of his readings, Dickens had made a great display of flowers on the table for this occasion. In the center was an enormous basket overflowing with lilies. At the ends were two crowns of violets. Interspersed were plates of fruit. "All around the table a bright green border of wreathed creeper, with clustering roses at intervals; a rose for every buttonhole and a bouquet for every lady." The ladies declared they had never seen a table more beautifully decorated and the gentlemen declared they had never attended a more delightful dinner.

Not long after this banquet Dickens left Boston to carry on his Readings elsewhere; but Longfellow sent him an invitation to a din-

ner in his honor on his return, and to this invitation Dickens replied:

Syracuse, Sunday Eighth March 1868

My Dear Longfellow.

I shall be truly delighted to dine with you and my other dear Boston friends on Thursday the 9th of next month at the Union Clubhouse at Six o'Clock. Nothing could be more pleasant to me than such an invitation so conveyed.

Ever affectionately yours

Charles Dickens

Henry W. Longfellow Esquire

In writing to Macready from Springfield, Massachusetts, on March 21, 1868, Dickens spoke again of his attachment to Boston and of the plans for the farewell dinner there in his honor:

Longfellow has a perfectly white flowing beard, and long white hair. But he does not otherwise look old, and is infinitely handsomer than he was. I have been constantly with them all and they have talked much of you. It is the established joke that Boston is my "native place," and we hold all sorts of hearty foregatherings. They all come to every Reading, and are always in a most delightful state of enthusiasm. They give me a parting dinner at the Club, on the Thursday before Good Friday.

Dickens had always felt a warm spot in his heart for Boston. It was to Boston that he came first in both his visits: so that, as far as America was concerned, it could indeed be called his "native place." To Macready he had already written in 1844: "Boston is what I would like the whole United States to be."

In return, Boston's enthusiasm for Boz reached such a point that New Yorkers suggested that Boston should be rechristened "*Boz-town*."

In his Journal for April 8, 1868, Longfellow wrote: "Dickens's last Reading, and a triumphant one, with abundant flowers, and a 'little speech.'" He then pasted in a newspaper clipping, giving Dickens's speech, ending: "Ladies and Gentlemen: I beg most earnestly, most gratefully, and most affectionately, to bid you each and all farewell."

When Dickens sailed back to England on April 22, 1868, Longfellow felt how deeply Dickens had endeared himself to America as well as to England, and gladly echoed the sentiment of his friend George William Curtis: "English hearts, he is ours, as he is yours!"

IV

VISIT OF THE LONGFELLOWS TO GAD'S HILL

The invitation which Dickens had sent to Longfellow on his birthday was not forgotten. Five months later, Longfellow and his family were in England and were staying at the Hotel Langham in London. There Dickens sent him the following letter:

Gad's Hill Place,
Higham By Rochester, Kent.
Sunday Twenty Eighth June 1868

My Dear Longfellow

I will come to town on Tuesday morning, duly provided with "the right time of day" for you. I will call upon you at the Langham by eleven in the forenoon.

Will it suit you to come down with your three daughters and Appleton (to whom I will write, after seeing you) from Saturday to Monday? If not, take any day after Saturday, except Thursdays. We will be alone, so that we may ramble about.

I hear of all manner of speechmaking designs against you, as to which I reply that I know you dislike speechmaking. The Stationers' Company will make desperate efforts to entrap you (if you be not already caught) for this next Wednesday.

You shall be completely at home here, as though you were at Cambridge; and we shall be most heartily glad to see you and yours on the old Falstaff ground.

Ever yours affectionately
Charles Dickens

My eldest daughter will come
with me on Tuesday morning

Faithful to his word, on the following Tuesday, June 30, Dickens went up to London with his daughter Kate and saw Longfellow in his hotel, where he had just been besieged by a deputation of poetry-loving fishmongers. Longfellow's crowded schedule for that day, as recorded in his daughter's diary, included the following items:

Fish-mongers deputation came. Mr. & Miss Dickens. Jean Ingelow.

That same evening, after looking up the trains, Dickens wrote to Longfellow again:

Gad's Hill Place,
Higham By Rochester, Kent
Tuesday Thirtieth June 1868

My Dear Longfellow.

You can leave Victoria Station, Pimlico, for "Strood Station, Rochester Bridge" at 8:30 on Saturday evening, and get down in an hour.

Or, you can leave Charing Cross Station, North Kent Railway at 9:15 on Saturday Evening for "Higham Station" and get down in rather more than an hour and a half.

The first route is the better. By either route you can take return tickets which will bring you back on Monday. Let me know which line you choose, in order that I may duly meet you at the station you come to.

Enclosed, a note for Appleton.

Affectionately yours ever
CD.

The day assigned for the beginning of the Longfellows' visit to Gad's Hill was the "Fourth of July" and rarely has there been such a Fourth of July in England for any visiting American: the morning spent with Queen Victoria and the evening with Dickens. In her account of the morning of that day, Longfellow's oldest daughter, Alice, wrote in her Journal: "Papa went out to Windsor Castle to see the Queen, & had a very pleasant day."

It is said that on this occasion, among other pleasant things, Queen Victoria told Longfellow: "You are the only contemporary author whose name is known by our servants in the kitchen."

Alice Longfellow's Journal for this same day ended: "In the evening we came out to Gad's Hill to pass Sunday with Mr. Dickens. A lovely place."

In some letters written at the time to her friend Cora Spellman and in her reminiscences later on, Alice Longfellow has added other details: "Gad's Hill is about 30 miles from London in the County of Kent, & a very pretty place. The house is not very pretty on the outside, but is very pleasant within as Mr. Dickens has altered it from time to time to suit himself. Under the windows on each side of the front door is a large mass of scarlet geraniums which has a very pretty effect."

Longfellow's youngest daughter, Annie, who was only thirteen at the time, gives further recollections of Dickens's home at Gad's Hill: "The House was rambling, but very homelike and the walls of the circular staircase were papered with a marvellous collection of engravings and woodcuts, many of them illustrations of the various novels. It was so entertaining that it was a very difficult matter ever to get down in time for meals, or up to bed at night."

Of Dickens's household, Longfellow's oldest daughter gave the following account in a letter that she wrote at the time:

Mr. Dickens has two daughters living with him — the eldest of them is married to Wilkie Collins's brother; two sons Harry & Tom; & two darling little grandchildren were staying there; also his wife's sister, Miss Hogarth. They were all very pleasant, although we did not see them under the most favorable conditions, for Mr. Collins is very sick with consumption or something like that & wanders about in the forlorn condition, & Tom has a bad face from being hit with a cricket ball, & Harry has a lame knee. Otherwise they are very flourishing, & we had a delightful time . . . I entirely lost my heart to his little grandchild Charlie, aged three. I never saw such a dear little boy. They never call Mr. Dickens grandpa, but always "Venerables," & it was so funny to hear them when they came down to breakfast to say "Dood Morning Venables" . . .

His two daughters and Miss Hogarth, as well as the host, were all kindness and hospitality. There were wonderful meals, with more cold dishes on the sideboard than we had ever dreamed of.

In the evening the great tray on wheels was brought into the drawing room, full of bottles and glasses. Punch, hot or cold, lemons, hot water, and every drinkable imaginable.

Of the next day Longfellow's youngest daughter, Annie, gives us the following account:

On Sunday morning, Mr. Dickens took us on a tour of the grounds, showing us the dogs and pigeons, as well as the Swiss Chalet across from the house, which had been given to him by Charles Fechter, the actor, and which he used as a secluded study.

Miss Alice Longfellow adds a further detail about this little chalet where Dickens used to write in the summer: "It has two rooms one above the

other & the stairs going up outside just like the real houses in Switzerland." She goes on in her account of that Sunday with Dickens:

Sunday morning we took a drive through such a lovely park. We drove with a postilion in red jacket on one of the horses in fine style. The drive through the park was on the turf all the way, with splendid great trees on all sides & the ground undulating in charming little hills & dales. The ground was covered thick with ferns, the trees looked as if they were standing up to their knees in them, & there were ever so many little rabbits dashing in & out of the ferns, which were high enough to make quite a grove for them . . .

Mr. Forster & Mr. Kent came to dine . . .

In the afternoon took another drive through Rochester to see some Druidical stones. . . . Mr. Dickens, to please us girls, took us to drive all about the countryside in a carriage and pair with a postilion instead of a coachman, and we expected to meet all the Pickwick characters at every turn.

Forster tells us how Dickens laid himself out to do everything he could to entertain and interest the Longfellows:

At the arrival of friends whom he loved and honored as he did these, from the great country to which he owed so much, infinite were the rejoicings at Gad's Hill. Nothing could quench his spirit in this way. . . . He would compress into infinitely few days an enormous amount of sight seeing and country enjoyment, castles, cathedrals, and fortified lines, lunches and picnics among cherry orchards and hop-gardens, excursions to Canterbury or Maidstone and their beautiful neighbourhoods, Druid-stone and Blue Bell Hill.

Their ceremonious visit to Rochester Castle offered a striking contrast to the harum-scarum trespassing of Dickens and Longfellow in their younger days at this same castle twenty-six years earlier.

Dickens, in a letter written to Fields a few days later, on July 7, gives his own account of this occasion:

I turned out a couple of postillions, in the old red Jacket of the old red royal Dover Road, for our ride; and it was like a holiday ride in England fifty years ago. Of course we went to look at the old houses in Rochester, and the old cathedral, and the old castle, and the house for the six poor travellers, who, "not being rogues or proctors, shall have lodging, entertainment, and four pence each." . . . I showed them all the neigh-

boring country that could be shown in so short a time, and they finished off with a tour of inspection of the kitchens, pantry, wine-cellars, pickles, sausages, servants' sitting-room, general household stores, and even the Cellar Book, of this illustrious establishment. Forster and Kent (the latter wrote certain verses to Longfellow, which had been published in the Times, and which I sent to D.—) came down for a day and I hope we all had a really "good time" . . .

Nothing can surpass the respect paid to Longfellow here, from the Queen downward. He is everywhere received and courted, and finds (as I told him he would, when we talked of it in Boston) the working men at least as well acquainted with his books as the classes socially above them.

With Monday, the delightful three-day weekend came to a conclusion. Learning that Longfellow's eldest son was going to India, Dickens wrote for him the following letter of introduction to one of his sons who was in India at that time: Francis Jeffrey Dickens, Bengal Police Service, Kishnaghur, Tirhoot, Bengal.

Gad's Hill Place,
Higham by Rochester, Kent.

Monday Sixth July 1868

My Dear Frank

This is to present to you, Mr. Charles Longfellow, the eldest son of my highly esteemed friend Mr. Longfellow the great American writer. You cannot please me better than by doing everything in your power to remind this gentleman of my great affection for his father.

Love from all
Ever your affectionate
Charles Dickens

Presenting this letter to Longfellow for his son, Dickens bade farewell to his American guests.

The following day, Tuesday, July 7, Dickens dined with Longfellow in London at the Hotel Langham, and they all had a chance to talk over once more the details of the previous weekend at Gad's Hill and the doings of all the happy household there.

From this renewed friendship with the English novelist, Longfellow turned to fresh contacts with the great English poets of the day.

On July 9, only two days after this dinner with Dickens, Longfellow

dined with Browning. Later on, Browning used to delight in telling a charming story of how he and Longfellow were riding across London inside a hansom cab, with the cabby perched up behind, "when a heavy shower came up and the American poet pushed his umbrella through the trap in the roof so that the cabby might protect himself from the weather."

Five days after his dinner with Browning, came Longfellow's visit to Tennyson at Farringford near Freshwater on the Isle of Wight from July 15 to 17, 1842. In a letter of cordial welcome, the Poet Laureate of England had written to the widely read American poet: "We English and Americans should all be brothers as none others among the nations can be; and some of us, come what may, will always be so I trust." On July 19, Longfellow wrote to Mrs. Fields about the visit that had just ended: "We came last night from Freshwater, where we had passed two happy days with Tennyson. He was very cordial and very amiable and gave up his whole time to us." Longfellow remembered particularly "Tennyson's reading *Boadicea* to me at midnight. A memorable night." For one luncheon the Tennysons invited not merely Longfellow and his three daughters, but also his two sons, his two sisters, his brother and his brother-in-law. In her journal for July 15, Mrs. Tennyson wrote: "Mr. Longfellow arrived with a party of ten. Very English he is, we thought." This last was evidently intended as a compliment. On another occasion the Tennysons invited "forty or fifty" persons to meet Longfellow.

Not all the English poets were so cordial. One English poet of Italian descent, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, had written earlier in no very complimentary terms about *The Song of Hiawatha* (though it must be admitted he was scarcely any more complimentary about Walt Whitman): "How I loathe Wishi-Washi, — of course without reading it. I have not been so happy in loathing anything for a long time — except, I think, *Leaves of Grass*, by that Orson of yours." Later, however, on meeting Longfellow, Rossetti somewhat modified his views.

Much as Longfellow admired these English poets and enjoyed meeting them, the background of his earlier friendship with Dickens was such that he did not readily forget Dickens and his circle. On July 20, 1868, while still on the Isle of Wight, he wrote to Dickens's friend, John Forster, the following summary of his impressions after six weeks in England:

I have in my brain a confused memory of London, rattle and roar of streets; and "dreams of fair women" in drawing-rooms; and breakfasts and luncheons and dinners in hopeless entanglement; and an endless procession of people, headed by the Archbishop of Canterbury! But I have a very clear memory of your most cordial welcome and hospitality; and as clearly and cordially thank you for it once more.

With kind regards to Mrs. Forster, and to Dickens at Gad's Hill.

Longfellow lingered abroad until August 1869 before crossing the Atlantic once more to America. This crossing was his eighth, and when we add to that the four times that Dickens had crossed the Atlantic, we may say that these twelve trans-Atlantic passages had helped to tie the Old World and the New World together with fresh bonds of sympathy and understanding. The ships bearing Dickens and Longfellow were like giant shuttles, plying back and forth and helping to weave together the fabric of trans-Atlantic friendship.

From the first, the merry humor of Dickens had done much to enliven Longfellow. Possibly, in return, Longfellow's own benign nature may have done something to make Dickens's satire more kindly. America had felt the contagion of Dickens's fascination, and England had learned to love Longfellow's charm.

After his return home, Longfellow's interest in Dickens continued. During 1870, the year after his return, the first instalments came to Longfellow of *The Mystery of Edwin Drood*, Dickens's last novel. The novel was never finished, but Longfellow wrote to Forster in a letter of June 12, 1870: "It is certainly one of his most beautiful works, if not the most beautiful of all. It would be too sad, to think the pen had fallen from his hand, and left it incomplete."

Dickens, on the other hand, had not forgotten Longfellow and one of the last letters written before his death, that written on April 27, 1870, spoke of the "interesting remembrance of my friend Longfellow."

Less than a year after Longfellow had left England, came to him the tragic news of the death of Dickens on June 9, 1870. He wrote in his Journal for five days later: "I can think of nothing else; but see him lying there dead in his house at Gad's Hill; silent, motionless."

To Forster, who was preparing the biography of Dickens, Longfellow wrote on June 12, 1870, expressing not only his own personal grief, but that of the whole of America which had learned to love the great English

novelist. As long as his books should last, however, the bond uniting the two countries would still endure:

The terrible news from England fills us all with inexpressible grief.
. . . I never knew an author's death to cause such general mourning. It
is not exaggeration to say that this whole country is stricken with grief.
. . . Dickens was so full of life, that it did not seem possible he could die.

NOTE

This account of the friendship of Longfellow and Dickens has not, up to this point, been given a footnote to stand on. It would be a mistake, however, to close without offering a word of explanation about the manuscript material, on which this account is based, and a word of gratitude for the help received and for the permission to print quotations from letters.

The letters from Dickens to Longfellow, given here in full for the first time, are printed from the original manuscripts, which have been preserved in the Longfellow House in Cambridge. References to Dickens in Longfellow's journals and letters, and in letters from others to Longfellow, have also been printed from the original manuscripts preserved in the Longfellow House.

To Mr. Lee Harlan of the English Department of Columbia University, who has written a book on John Forster, the biographer of Dickens, I am deeply indebted, not only for his helpfully severe criticism of this account, but also for having first called my attention to the delightful series of nineteen letters from Longfellow to Forster in the Victoria and Albert Museum in London. I wish to express my thanks for permission to quote from these letters.

To the Librarian of Harvard College I am grateful for permission to quote from Felton's letters of February 8 and 15, 1842, to Sumner; from the letter of Dickens to Sumner written July 31, 1842; and from Whittier's letter to Mrs. Thaxter of December 12, 1867.

Finally I should like to express my particular gratitude to the Dickens Fellowship of Boston, before whom I first read this account on April 27, 1942, on the one-hundredth anniversary of the first visit of Dickens to Boston. The President of the Fellowship, Mr. Edward Payne, who has ingeniously reconstructed both the first and second visits of Dickens in his *Dickens Days in Boston* (Houghton Mifflin Company, 1927), has most generously encouraged the publication of the present work. The Secretary of the Fellowship, Mrs. Harry Lee Bagley, has helped in many kindly ways. Both the President and the Secretary of the Dickens Fellowship of Boston joined with certain other members, during the month of February, 1942, in re-enacting the Dickens Dinner in Boston of February 1, 1842, and the Dickens Breakfast with Longfellow at the Craigie House of February 4, 1842, both described in Part I of this account. On all these occasions the Dickens Fellowship of Boston has shown the same genial and congenial spirit of fellowship which characterized Dickens himself.

LOIS LILLEY HOWE'S INTRODUCTION
TO
THE CENTENARY OF THE CAMBRIDGE BOOK CLUB
Read October 27, 1942

THE paper which I am to read to you tonight was written by the Reverend Francis Greenwood Peabody for the 100th Anniversary of the Cambridge Book Club, founded in 1832. This anniversary was celebrated on January 6, 1932, — a date as nearly as we could bring it to that of the first meeting of the Club, — at the house of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Foster Batchelder, 7 Kirkland Street.

This paper has been in my custody as Secretary of the Club and I have taken the liberty of adding to it as a preface some personal notes, for there is no time in my memory when the Book Club has not seemed of considerable importance not only to me but to my whole family. To get the books off correctly on Saturday has been an obligation; to receive new ones a bit of excitement, or if they are delayed, of irritation. The Club has always had magazines as well as books. How I loved *The Illustrated London News* and *The Graphic* — with pictures and serial stories (Thomas Hardy's novel "The Mayor of Casterbridge" came out in one of these magazines), and the serials in *The Living Age*, which were discussed by all the family.

As soon as I was old enough to be trusted with a bundle of books — not too heavy — I was deputed on Saturdays to take them to the house of Professor Torrey and his sister. This was the house afterwards lived in by Dr. Samuel McChord Crothers and later by Mr. and Mrs. James Bryant Conant, before they moved to the Presidential Mansion on Quincy Street.

We lived then at No. 1 Oxford Street, now for more than fifty years known as 13 Kirkland Street, for the Peabodys who bought the house from my mother moved it around the corner by the simple method of closing our front door and entering through our back piazza door.

I can just remember old Dr. Hodges, of whom Dr. Peabody speaks, bringing the books every Saturday. He was Mrs. J. Bertram Williams's

grandfather and lived in a lovely little house (where now stands a large apartment) facing the Common between Garden Street and Concord Avenue.

But I think my first consciousness of the structural quality of the Club was the importance of Mrs. Charles F. Choate as Librarian. She ruled the Club and everything was referred to her. Just as I used to wonder what would happen when Queen Victoria died, did I wonder about how the Club could continue if Mrs. Choate should abandon it. But she did resign. Moreover she moved to Southboro, leaving that beautiful old house on Brattle Street in which Mrs. Jackson entertained us last June. It was surrounded with gardens and lawns, and the Howe family built a house on the asparagus bed, where I still live; moreover I lived to see my own sister Clara Howe become the Librarian of the Club and manage it as well as Mrs. Choate had done for twenty-five years. When she retired the Club gave her a travelling clock in token of its regard and esteem. This was, of course, presented by President Emeritus Charles William Eliot, who told her afterward that he had made many presentations in his career but that that was the first time the recipient had been utterly surprised and astonished.

For eighty-nine years the Club functioned with three officers: Secretary, Treasurer, and Librarian. A moderator, or chairman, was elected at each meeting. The old monthly meetings were given up in the seventies and the Club only gathered together at the Annual Meeting. In 1921 it was decided that it would be wise to have a permanent presiding officer in case of any serious question arising during the year. Mrs. William Gilson Farlow (Lilian Horsford) was the first President, but emergencies are rare and the work of the Club is done by the three officers, the real labor by the Librarian.

Being very much the youngest of my family, I was not qualified to go to the Annual Meeting until I was well over forty, but I always listened with interest to the reports of my sisters. From them I heard of the awkwardness of auctions (spoken of in the records as "distributions of books") when books written by members of the Club had to be sold. There was a story of President Eliot as auctioneer selling one of his own books and stopping the sale at a low bid, saying "That is enough for it!"

About 1924 our good friend and neighbor Miss Caroline E. Peabody became librarian and I was constantly called in on Club business. She

was a very fine and lovable person but very eccentric. She really did not like the Club of which she was an hereditary member. She did not like books either and said she had no room in the big house in which she lived alone for the books returning from their pilgrimages; so they all came to 2 Appleton Street for me to store. Moreover, she felt that the Club was moribund and should be allowed to die.

Mr. Byron Satterlee Hurlbut, who was elected Secretary at the 87th meeting in 1919, had a very different feeling. He loved the Club and considered it an organization which should be preserved and carried on as long as possible. He made the office of Secretary a very important one.

In his report of 1922 he makes the following record: "The Secretary has made an agreement with the Librarian of Harvard University whereby the records of the Club were for safe keeping to be deposited in the Harry Elkins Widener Library, the Library thereby, however, acquiring no rights of proprietorship, the understanding being that should the Club ever disband and make no other disposition of said records, they should remain in the custody of the Library as historical documents illuminating the life of Cambridge during the existence of the Club."

This illumination of the life of Cambridge he certainly carried on in his reports, as Dr. Peabody will tell you. He was already talking about the celebration of the 100th anniversary when he died just after the 98th meeting.

I was more than pleased to be appointed his successor.

It is nearly eleven years since that 100th anniversary and the Club has not stood still. In 1934 Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Marston Tozzer, who had recently joined the Club and who were to have the Annual Meeting, wrote to the Secretary and asked if they might entertain the members at an informal supper before the meeting rather than at the conventional ice cream and cake and coffee party afterwards. The officers, Miss Gertrude Peabody, Treasurer, Mrs. John Winthrop Platner, Librarian, and Miss Lois Lilley Howe, Secretary, were much shaken and disturbed at the thought of this innovation but bravely faced the idea as something worth trying. The result has been to restore the old feeling of the social side of the Club and to rejuvenate it so that the Annual Meeting has come to be looked forward to by the members as a pleasure as well as a duty.

I think Mr. Hurlbut would approve of this and that it is in the spirit of a minute in the records on the death of Mr. James Barr Ames, written

in 1910: "His death makes it all the more necessary for those of the Club who survive, to emphasize its social side which he endeavored to make stronger, believing it to be a useful agency in this city for continuing the friendliness and simplicity of days where books and social amenities were fewer in number but perhaps more lasting in their results."

Now let me transport you to the cheerful parlor of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Foster Batchelder where were gathered the members of the Club and their guests of the New Book Club and the Berkeley Book Club on January 6, 1932.

THE CENTENARY OF THE CAMBRIDGE BOOK CLUB

BY FRANCIS GREENWOOD PEABODY

THREE is nothing intrinsically notable or praiseworthy about old age. Mere survival, even to a hundred years, does not deserve celebration. Nothing is recorded in the Book of Genesis concerning Methuselah except that he lived 969 years and then died, and it may well have been, both to him and his family, that his dying was the most noteworthy and desired event of his career. Dear old John Holmes, having observed the physiological fact that as one grows older he grows from year to year slightly less in stature, described poor old Methuselah in his last days as tottering down the road in tears because his shoestring kept getting into his eye.

When, on the other hand, a life or an institution, instead of shrinking and withering, maintains its vitality and usefulness, there are few events more deserving commemoration than a century of health and strength. "How comely," says the Book of Ecclesiastes, "is the wisdom of old men and their understanding and counsel. Much experience is their crown and the fear of God is their glory."

The Cambridge Book Club looks back with this sense of a rich inheritance, on an uninterrupted and beneficent history of one hundred years, with its traditions unbroken, its fellowship maintained, its membership linking the distinguished citizens of Cambridge in the early Victorian age with their children and grandchildren. The history of the club is the history of Cambridge from its era as a village to its present metropolitan character. Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson in his Reminiscences has testified on this point: "The Cambridge of my boyhood," he says, "of two or three hundred people, appeared to offer all one's heart could desire for its elevated training." It is well, then, to recall the roots from which the Club has sprung and the admonitions which the past offers to the present. Reverence and teachableness have slackened in these self-confident and bumptious days, and each occasion which summons us to celebrate a century of honorable efficiency renews one's confidence in the stability of civilization.

We meet tonight, by the gracious call of our host, in the very room in which the representatives of a little academic village met 100 years ago. It is not easy to fix the precise date of that original gathering, for the records of the Club begin with what appears to be the second meeting. That second meeting occurred in March 1832; but there are prefixed to its record the names of the members and the constitution of the Club; from which it seems reasonable to believe that a preliminary meeting was held earlier than March 1832 and presumably near the beginning of that year, and this has been the assumption in all later records.

Let us then visualize, as we may, that first assemblage, as though we were participating in its debates. And first of the place in which we are met. Mr. Stephen Higginson, the host, had been a prosperous merchant in Boston, with a fine house on Mount Vernon Street, where, as his son reports, he was distinguished for "generous philanthropies." The Jefferson embargo of 1807 brought ruin to his business, and left his ships idle at the wharves. He thereupon moved to Cambridge, and in 1820 his friends bought this piece of land from the College for \$4,000, built on it this house and obtained for him an appointment as Steward or — as later entitled — Bursar of the College; into which task he threw himself with the same determination which had guided him in business. He is said to have been largely responsible for the planting of the trees in the College Yard, as well as for the refined architecture of Divinity Hall. His second wife, Louisa Storror, had ten children, of whom Thomas Wentworth was the youngest, being born in 1823. In this home, in spite of limited possessions, he maintained, his son says, a generous hospitality for the academic circle about him. Many pleasant traditions are associated with this house. It has been said, for instance, that Alexander Hamilton took a nap on the bench by the door; but this pleasant tale becomes of doubtful authority both because the bench itself could give narrow comfort even to so slight a figure, and because Alexander Hamilton died in 1806, while the house was not built until fourteen years later. It is plausibly suggested that this bench had a place in the family home of Mr. Higginson at Dorchester, and that the tradition, with the bench itself, was later transported to his Cambridge home.

Whether the Club, organized on that evening of 1832, was the first coöperative plan in America to promote and circulate private reading, it is difficult to determine; though Colonel Higginson, writing of his boy-

hood, remarks: "Besides all this the family belonged to a book club, the first I believe of the now innumerable book clubs. Of this my eldest brother was secretary and I was permitted to keep with pride and delight the account of the books as they came and went." It is enough to say that few reading clubs have so many descendants. Its first direct child was fitly called *The New Book Club*; and though that newness has become a less appropriate title after many years of life, it remains for us a child, whom we welcome to the parental hearthstone and encourage in its immature but promising career. We welcome also the infant industry known as the *Berkeley Book Club*; its title derived, with delicate irony, from the great philosopher who taught the unreality of the physical world — a dogma encouraged by the non-arrival of books on Saturday evening. In the course of my laborious researches into the history of our Club, I consulted the other day the beloved and honored Dr. Henry P. Walcott, and inquired whether he was ever a member, to which he replied that he thought he had been and that it was one of the most irritating incidents of his domestic life, because of the irregularity and tardiness of arrival of the books, and he added, with his whimsical smile, "I think the books came from you." Fortunately for the honor of the Cambridge Book Club, Dr. Walcott must have been a member of one of the other clubs, and the responsibility must be transferred for irritating the most tranquil and gracious of our citizens.

It is interesting also to observe that a Society even better known than ours, but not more self-respecting, the British Association for the Advancement of Science, has just celebrated its centenary. This, as we all know, is the most distinguished group of scholars in the world. And what a pleasant coincidence is presented by these celebrations! We have not as yet received the salutations of our British sister, but we greet her as a worthy contemporary. When Mr. Shuman of Shuman's Corner was crossing the Atlantic he celebrated the Fourth of July by ordering a huge birthday cake and distributed it among his fellow-passengers with the announcement that this was the natal day of our Country and of Ma Shuman. Let us celebrate, in the same spirit of fraternalism, the natal day of the British Association and of the Cambridge Book Club.

And who were the neighbors of Mr. Higginson who gathered round this very hearth on that evening in 1832? The selected list was limited to twenty; and we may assume for the purpose of this evening that they

were all present to inaugurate so novel an undertaking. Eleven of them were, or had been, professors or tutors in the College — Professor Ashmun, Royall Professor of Law; Professor Beck, an accession from Germany and Professor of Latin; Professor Felton, who became President in 1860; Professors Henry Ware, Senior and Junior, both lecturers on Pulpit Eloquence and The Pastoral Care; Professor Pierce, the magician of mathematics; Professors Palfrey and Norton of the Divinity School; Mr. Cushing, a tutor; and Mr. Henry McKean, also a tutor, and described as “a witty and delightful person,” whose association with the Club was perpetuated through the marriage of his sister with Mr. Charles Folsom, another member. The father of Henry McKean, Dr. John McKean, had been not only Boylston Professor, but is more prominently remembered as the founder of the Porcellian Club, and reported to be a man of “sincere and extensive hospitality.” To these eleven academic dignitaries were added a few choice laymen — Charles Folsom, Stephen and Francis Higginson, Rev. William Newell, James Hayward; and with these were joined four women, — Mrs. Samuel Howe, whose memory is perpetuated through her granddaughter, the chief promoter of this evening’s program, Mrs. Story, Mrs. Channing, and one feminine colleague whose personality has become elusive and unidentified but whom we must remember as Mrs. Parks. How suggestive and alluring it is to have this impersonal memory survive through one hundred years, and to greet across the century the shadowy figure of Mrs. Parks! And how chastening it is to reflect that one hundred years hence, at the bi-centenary of the Cambridge Book Club, among the few names which at the time have survived the members who then meet, perhaps in this very room will greet with a condescending smile their forgotten forerunners, and look in vain for some evidence of reality in the Mrs. Parks of 2032.*

What an estimable and congenial group it was which thus clustered round Mr. Higginson in this pleasant room; and how noteworthy it is that at this first meeting a Constitution was adopted which has almost literally regulated the proceedings of the Club ever since. The object of the Society, says the first article of its Constitution, “is to circulate amongst

* Since Dr. Peabody’s death I have discovered something about Mrs. Parks. She was a lady who lived with the Misses Lane, sisters of Mr. George Martin Lane, in a house which stood about where the Central Square Post Office is now. Her first name was Katherine and Professor Lane named one of his daughters for her. — L. L. H.

its members the present periodic works and other publications of the day. The number of its members is not to exceed twenty and each shall pay \$5.00 a year." There follow various regulations concerning the distribution of books and the fines which must be paid, and at the meeting in March 1832 it was voted that the Club should hold a meeting every month on the first Thursday evening. In a word, the Club became the centre, not only of literary instructiveness, but of companionship and sociability through the long winters of that early collegiate life.

It happened at about this time that a prolific and gossiping authoress, Mrs. Caroline Gilman, made a visit to Cambridge. She took the casual experiences of her life seriously and at great length wrote of her social observations in and about Boston. She was the wife of Reverend Samuel Gilman, who was for many years minister of the Unitarian Church in Charleston, S. C., and who has become famous through one hastily conceived but elaborate poem.

Mr. and Mrs. Gilman attended the Commencement of Harvard College in 1836 and were received as guests at the Fay House. Mr. Gilman, on the night before Commencement Day, wrote what he called an "Ode," to be used on that occasion, and it "was performed," Mrs. Gilman reports, "by a selected choir." The ode was in four long stanzas of eight lines each, and when set to the well known melody of "Believe me, if all those endearing young charms," it caught the popular fancy and was adopted for annual use under the title of "Fair Harvard." For nearly a hundred years Dr. Gilman's Ode has become thus familiar to the successive generations of Harvard men, or, to speak more frankly, its first stanza has become familiar, and its last stanza somewhat hesitatingly superadded, while the two intervening verses have sunk into oblivion.

Mrs. Gilman's reflections on the contrasts of Boston and Cambridge which she encountered are so candid and so mid-Victorian that her notes on the giddy metropolis and the academic refinement which she encountered in Cambridge deserve recalling, together with her impressions of the Book Club and its earliest meetings.

"Why can I say so little about parties, even in Boston? There was the brilliantly illuminated room that cast no shadow, the soft courteous salute, distinguished strangers, stately ladies, graceful girls, ornaments lavished by taste and wealth, fruits rich and tempting; all that the eye seeks when it asks for fashion and splendor; nothing that the heart wants

when it yearns for answering sympathy; nothing that the mind cherishes when it seeks intellectual food. Parties are levellers of intellect; even wit, that light ball, gets lost in a crowd, however high the skilful hand may toss it; and as for Wisdom, she, poor thing, hides behind the fold of some damask curtain and moralizes in silence.

"There is, however, in Cambridge, a very pleasant association of ladies and gentlemen, called the Book Club, which is an exception to the above charge. It is composed of twenty families, and a meeting of the members takes place the first Thursday evening of each month, at their respective houses, in regular order. A subscription of five dollars per annum is paid by every family, and this amount is laid out in the purchase of recent publications of any value. These books are circulated in regular succession to all the members of the Club. A certain number of days are allowed for the reading of a book; at the expiration of the time it is forwarded to another member, and thus they are kept in circulation through the year. If the book is retained over the time allowed, a fine is laid at five cents per day during the period of detention. This regulation has a tendency to make the members punctual. At the annual meeting the members have a sale of the books on hand, by an auction among themselves, and the proceeds are appropriated to the purchase of new books for the following year. This association has existed several years, and it has been found to exercise a very happy influence on society. The evening on which they meet, passes in agreeable conversation, and as the refreshments are simple, and give little trouble in the preparation, there is less of formality and ceremony than in most parties. Strangers are invited, and it affords them an opportunity of seeing the refined and literary society of Cambridge. The members are chosen by ballot, and the choice must be unanimous; by this arrangement great harmony prevails, and it preserves the character of a *select society*. The circumstances that the same books are read and enjoyed by so many, gives an interest to the members, affords topics of conversation of a cheerful nature, and a knowledge of the passing literature of the day at little expense of time or money."

The limits of this occasion make it impracticable to enumerate the entire list of members whose names appear in our archives during the past century. I reluctantly limit myself to those who were of our fellowship during its first twenty-five years, or from 1832 to 1857. But first concerning our academic colleagues. President Quincy, who was in office

when the Club was founded, seems not to have added the distinction of membership to his other dignities. Whether he was indifferent or for some cause ineligible, cannot now be determined. A single black ball, we must remember, would exclude. But from his time until now, every President of the University — Everett, Sparks, Felton, Walker, Hill, Eliot and Lowell — has been one of our associates.

If we were to call the entire roll to the present time, we should add not less than twenty-eight professors or tutors in the University, and of these the representatives of the first twenty-five years are as follows: — Of professors of Law there were the learned Simon Greenleaf, and that curious fusion of mysticism and legal learning, Theophilus Parsons; there were two Rumford professors of Physics, Professor Treadwell and Professor Horsford. There was the benevolent figure of Professor Longfellow, the erudite theologian, Dr. Francis; the subtle philosopher, Professor Bowen; the beloved botanist, Professor Gray; the reticent and wise Jeffries Wyman; the eloquent Professor Huntington. The members not of the academic group, but reenforcing it with their wisdom and wit during the first twenty-five years, may be briefly indicated in the order of their election: In 1832, Mr. William Russell was selected; in 1833, Mrs. Hills, Mrs. Devens, and Mr. J. Stiles; in 1835, Dr. R. M. Hodges; in 1836, Judge Fay and Mr. Mellon; in 1837, Mr. W. Phillips; in 1839, Mrs. Fales and Rev. William Adams; in 1841, Mr. Joseph Worcester (of the Dictionary), Mr. Nathan Rice, and Mr. O. S. Keith; in 1845, Mr. E. S. Dixwell, and Mrs. E. Greenough; in 1846, Rev. Daniel Austin; in 1850, Dr. Estes Howe; in 1851, Mr. Seth Ames; 1852, Mrs. D. Greenough; 1854, Mr. G. G. Hubbard; 1855, Mr. Charles Lowell; 1856, Mr. J. D. Merrill; 1857, Mr. Octavius Pickering. Some of these names have joined the mysterious Mrs. Parks in her journey to oblivion, but many of them survive among us either by domestic or neighborly association, or by geographical suggestion. Thus we still walk through Mellen Street and Phillips Place. We pause by Austin Hall and pass by Lowell Street to Hubbard Park, and at each point we are unconsciously commemorating some member of this Club. I am much tempted to extend the list thus enumerated until it reaches 1859, when Mr. S. A. Eliot was elected to membership, and even to 1862 when the Rev. Dr. Andrew Peabody joined, in whose honor has been named the shortest street existing in Cambridge, and probably the only one where by no

possibility any house can be built or any number installed. What good fellowship and pleasant conversation must have been exchanged by these friends, so intimately associated, so congenial in tastes, and so cherished in our own memory!

When we pass from this early history to the later archives of our Club, we come upon many nuggets of interesting or amusing comments, which have been dug out of the books of record by our indefatigable secretary. In the year 1857, for example, a year like the present time of grave financial anxiety, the librarian, Professor Bowen, reports as chairman of the Purchasing Committee: — “I am sorry that the selection of books has not appeared so good as in former years. The reason is that very few have been published, the pressure in the money market having nearly put a stop to the publisher’s business. . . . A few good books were imported here from England, but in the latter part of the year, the booksellers’ counters presented but a meagre array.”

In 1859 the librarian, Professor Horsford, deplores the difficulties of circulation: “After some consultation with the former librarian, a little change in the distribution of magazines and papers was introduced. . . . The good influence of the arrangement has been somewhat overshadowed by an unaccountable tendency to aggregation which the books occasionally display. This resulted in an appalling accumulation at one residence, according to credible testimony, of no less than nine bound volumes.”

In 1887 Dr. Andrew Peabody utters a wail of regret: “There has not been a Saturday evening through the year when all the books in our possession have not been carried where they next belonged, but there have been many irregularities in our neighborhood, and books have been sent to some hanger-on of Gardiner Hubbard’s who could have been hardly responsible.”

In 1888 Professor Goodwin reports: “The Misses Parsons object to the large amount of fines charged them and made out a good case against all except 90 cents. They said the rest came from somebody’s leaving books at the wrong place. . . . I am glad that Dr. Peabody has only two, as he always thinks fines unjust, as indeed, they generally are in his case. Do you think I had better send Choate his bill for 15 cents fine, or Mr. —’s bill to Mr. —? I am afraid to send the latter, as he is peculiar and takes offense very easily.”

Again in 1888 Professor Horsford reports: "The Cambridge Book Club desires to place on record the grateful memory of the genial presence and kind services of the late loved and honored member, Estes Howe. The Club also desires to record its sense of indebtedness to the mother of Dr. Howe for the good work she did in providing so wisely for the happiness of our contemporaries and our successors by founding the Cambridge Book Club."

It is interesting also to observe the character of the books which commended itself to our spiritual ancestors. What Mrs. Gilman called the "passing literature of the day" had a very subordinate place in their selection, and in those first years Emerson's Essays, "Hyperion" in two volumes, the "Ethics of the Heavens" and Winckelmann's "History of Art" are among the approved volumes. Most noteworthy of all is the procuring of Audubon's "Birds of America," then appearing in parts; the parts being sold after circulation by auction, and being bought in bulk by Professor Simon Greenleaf. Where is that copy now? Its value has more than quadrupled since Professor Greenleaf's purchase of fourteen numbers for \$7.00 and nineteen numbers for \$9.50. Such are the possibilities of profit in our annual distribution.

Nor was the progress of the Club without some incidents of an amusing or even contentious character. The living representative of Professor Horsford's family, for example, thus reports her infantile reminiscence of early meetings: "Once when I was two or three my mother and Mrs. G. M. Lane, her younger sister, went to a meeting at the Deane's on Sparks Street. My mother and Mrs. Lane were in their thirties then and none of my sisters were old enough to go. My mother wore a low necked dress of moss-green moire-antique, with a bertha of white lace and rose-buds, and Mrs. Lane pale blue silk; and they said Mrs. Gardiner Green Hubbard had a wreath of ivy in her hair."

On the other hand the archives record an occasional criticism, or even a retirement from the Club, by reason of some difference of opinion. Of these the most notable case, as indicating the activity of the New England conscience, is that of Professor Edward Everett, who became President in 1849, but who in 1848 felt bound to present a letter of protest, the manuscript of which is happily preserved.

"Cambridge 8 April
1848

Dear Sir,

Among the Club books which I passed on this morning is the 'Massachusetts Quarterly Review,' which contains an article headed the 'Hebrew Monarchy,' by which the purport and drift of the article are very incorrectly described. I have no objection to the free discussion of any subject whatever, in the proper time, place, and vehicle. But I do not like to have speculations of this kind unexpectedly brought into my family, among the books provided by the Club, for the light reading of the domestic circle.

I do not know whether I am in order in pouring out my griefs to you, in this way,—if not, I hope you will forgive the irregularity, in consideration of the motive.

I am, Dear Sir, with great regard, faithfully yours,

Edward Everett.

Rev. R. Hodges"

Later secretaries have no doubt received equally frank criticisms, but it seems improbable that a discussion of the "Hebrew Monarchy" would now be regarded as a solicitation to evil, such as might tempt so precocious a youth as the brilliant but eccentric William Everett to sin.

And what shall I more say; for, as the Epistle to the Hebrews adds, "The time would fail me" if I were to follow in detail the records of later years and enumerate the various regulations concerning distribution and fines.

I cannot omit, however, to note the meticulous devotion with which a series of secretaries recorded the admission of new members and the scrupulous assignment of fines, which indicates that the present generation is not the first to be dilatory or delinquent. The list of secretaries is in itself an evidence of the extreme conscientiousness with which our affairs were administered by eminent and busy men. Thus the learned historian, Charles Deane, records in his own hand the events of eighteen years; Professor Byerly served in the same office for twenty-one years and Rev. Mr. Hodges writes in his own microscopic and copperplate hand no less than thirty-six annual reports, from 1835 to 1872. With these secretaries have coöperated a series of librarians whose duties were

even more onerous and of whom the tradition remains, and will, I trust, be followed tonight, that when Professor William Goodwin as treasurer was delegated to hand to the librarian a selected volume as her honorarium, he approached her on his knees.

I may conclude, therefore, this hasty and imperfect sketch by recalling the most elaborate and entertaining reports which these precious volumes contain. I need not say that they were made by our late and beloved secretary, Professor Hurlbut. As scholar and lecturer, he was at home among the English writers of the 17th Century, and he appropriated the diffuse rhetoric of that time as though the centuries had stood still and Addison was speaking to us through the *Spectator*. No one, I feel sure, has so completely assumed the style of that period; and the conclusion of one of his reports, that of 1922, may make an appropriate end for this cursory survey, and might be even described by a thrifty secretary as the conclusion of her own report for this centennial year.

"At 10:10 o'clock P.M., the Club voted to adjourn its formal proceedings and repair to the dining room of the gracious host and hostess, where was spread an elegant repast, and the remainder of the evening was spent in entertaining and agreeable social intercourse. The genial humor of the host and the delicious warmth of his crackling fire almost irresistibly persuaded the members of the Club to prolong the chaste festivities of the occasion far beyond the hour of departure long established by the habitual conventions of our academic decorum. The members departed with reluctance into a world locked in the frigid embrace of winter, but glad and sparkling beneath the radiant beams of resplendent Cynthia."

Respectfully submitted
by
Francis G. Peabody,
President

ANNUAL REPORTS

REPORT OF THE COUNCIL AND OF THE SECRETARY FOR THE YEAR 1941

THE COUNCIL of the Cambridge Historical Society during the calendar year 1941 held seven meetings, at which, aside from the election of new members and the arrangement of programs for the stated meetings of the Society, the business transacted was largely routine.

The Society held the following meetings:

The Annual Meeting at the residence of Professor and Mrs. James B. Munn, 58 Garden Street, at which Professor Julian L. Coolidge read a paper on Washington in New England; the April Meeting at the Fogg Art Museum as the guests of Miss Laura H. Dudley and Miss Elizabeth B. Piper, at which Mr. Edward W. Forbes, Director of the Fogg Art Museum, spoke of the Beginnings of the Art Department and the Fogg Museum of Art at Harvard, the address being illustrated by lantern slides; the June Meeting at Elmwood, as the guests of Mrs. A. Kingsley Porter, at which Mr. Walter B. Briggs, formerly Associate Librarian, spoke of his experiences in the Harvard College Library from 1886 to 1936; and the October Meeting at the Craigie House as the guests of Mr. H. W. L. Dana, at which Dr. Frederick Haven Pratt read a paper on The Craigies.

Mr. Stanley B. Hildreth and Mr. Henry A. Nealley died during the year.

Resignations of the following were accepted with regret: Miss Mary Hamilton Fry, Mr. and Mrs. Henry M. Hart, and Mr. Edward H. Redstone.

THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

The following were elected to membership in the Society: Mrs. Dwight H. Andrews, Mrs. Edward Ballantine, Hon. and Mrs. Franklin T. Hammond, Prof. and Mrs. Julian L. Coolidge, Mr. and Mrs. Chilton R. Cabot, Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Lancaster, Mr. and Mrs. Leonard W. Cronkhite, Miss Emily Williston, Dr. and Mrs. Horace P. Stevens, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Gring, Mr. and Mrs. Keyes D. Metcalf, Mr. Rupert Lillie, Mr. and Mrs. Cyrus Woodman, Mr. and Mrs. William A. Jackson, and Prof. and Mrs. Kenneth J. Conant.

As of December 31, 1941, the membership of the Society is as follows: regular members, 202; associate members, 8; life members, 5.

Respectfully submitted,

ELDON R. JAMES,

Secretary.

**ANNUAL REPORT OF THE TREASURER
FOR THE YEAR 1941 ***

RECEIPTS — 1941

Cash on Hand, January 1, 1941	\$ 407.31
Dues and Initiation Fees:	
192 Active Memberships @ \$3.00	\$576.00
7 Associate Memberships @ \$2.00	14.00
14 Initiation Fees @ \$2.00	28.00
1940 Dues Collected	<u>34.00</u> <u>652.00</u>
Sale of Society Proceedings	5.00
H. W. L. Dana, his share of Cost of V. 26	260.16
	<u><u>\$1,324.47</u></u>

EXPENDITURES — 1941

Clerical	\$ 37.67
Proceedings V. 26	672.61
Printing and Postage	67.93
Court House Work	61.11
Society Collections	15.00
Refund of Dues	18.00
Miscellaneous	24.88
	<u><u>\$ 897.20</u></u>
Cash on Hand December 31, 1941	427.27
	<u><u>\$1,324.47</u></u>

JOHN T. G. NICHOLS,
Treasurer.

* For the Auditor's report, see the Secretary's minutes of the January 1942 meeting.

Maria Bowen Fund

LIST OF MEMBERS

ACTIVE MEMBERS

<i>Marion Stanley Abbot</i>	<i>Bertha Close (Mrs. G. H.) Bunton</i>
<i>Annie Elizabeth Allen</i>	<i>George Herbert Bunton</i>
<i>Sarah Cushing (Mrs. G. M.) Allen</i>	<i>David Eugene Burr</i>
<i>Mary Almy</i>	<i>Eleanor Sheridan (Mrs. D. E.) Burr</i>
<i>Dwight Hayward Andrews</i>	<i>Chilton Richardson Cabot</i>
<i>Matilda Wallace (Mrs. D. H.) Andrews</i>	<i>Miriam Shepard (Mrs. C. R.) Cabot</i>
<i>Winifred Campbell (Mrs. H. R.) Bailey</i>	<i>Bernice Cannon</i>
<i>Helen Diman (Mrs. I. W.) Bailey</i>	<i>Carroll Luther Chase</i>
<i>Florence Besse (Mrs. E.) Ballantine</i>	<i>Louise Fletcher (Mrs. C. L.) Chase</i>
<i>Elizabeth Chadwick Beale</i>	<i>Philip Putnam Chase</i>
<i>Joseph Henry Beale</i>	<i>Margaret Elizabeth Cogswell</i>
<i>Mabel Anzonella (Mrs. S.) Bell</i>	<i>Ada Louise Comstock</i>
<i>Stoughton Bell</i>	<i>Kenneth John Conant</i>
<i>Annie Whitney (Mrs. J. C.) Bennett</i>	<i>Marie Schneider (Mrs. K. J.) Conant</i>
<i>Alexander Harvey Bill</i>	<i>Frank Gaylord Cook</i>
<i>Caroline Eliza Bill</i>	<i>Julian Lowell Coolidge</i>
<i>Marion Edgerly (Mrs. A. H.) Bill</i>	<i>Theresa Reynolds (Mrs. J. L.) Coolidge</i>
<i>Albert Henry Blevins</i>	<i>Paul Reid Corcoran</i>
<i>Beatrice (Mrs. A. H.) Blevins</i>	<i>Katharine Driscoll (Mrs. P. R.) Corcoran</i>
<i>Walter Benjamin Briggs</i>	<i>Fannie Elizabeth Corne</i>
<i>Mary Frances (Mrs. E. H.) Bright</i>	<i>J. Linda Corne</i>
<i>Jessie Waterman (Mrs. Wm. F.) Brooks</i>	<i>Bernice Brown (Mrs. L. W.) Cronkhite</i>
<i>Joseph Frank Brown</i>	<i>Leonard Wolsey Cronkhite</i>
<i>Martha Thacher Brown</i>	<i>Sally Adams (Mrs. C. F.) Cushman</i>
<i>Josephine Freeman Bumstead</i>	<i>Bernard DeVoto</i>

<i>Avis MacVicar (Mrs. B.) DeVoto</i>	<i>George Milbank Hersey</i>
<i>Mary Deane Dexter</i>	<i>Leslie White Hopkinson</i>
<i>Laura Howland Dudley</i>	<i>Lois Lilley Howe</i>
<i>Frances Hopkinson (Mrs. S. A.) Eliot</i>	<i>Eda Woolson (Mrs. B. S.) Hurlbut</i>
<i>Samuel Atkins Eliot</i>	<i>Edward Ingraham</i>
<i>Benjamin Peirce Ellis</i>	<i>Elsie Powell (Mrs. E.) Ingraham</i>
<i>Elizabeth Gardner (Mrs. B. P.) Ellis</i>	<i>Pauline Fay (Mrs. A. L.) Jackson</i>
<i>Emmons Raymond Ellis, Jr.</i>	<i>William Alexander Jackson</i>
<i>William Emerson</i>	<i>Dorothy Judd (Mrs. W. A.) Jackson</i>
<i>Frances White (Mrs. Wm.) Emerson</i>	<i>Eldon Revare James</i>
<i>Pearl Brock Fahrney</i>	<i>Phila Smith (Mrs. E. R.) James</i>
<i>Claire (Mrs. P.) Faude</i>	<i>James Richard Jewett</i>
<i>Charles Norman Fay</i>	<i>Mabel Augusta Jones</i>
<i>Allyn Bailey Forbes</i>	<i>Wallace St. Clair Jones</i>
<i>Lois Whitney (Mrs. A. B.) Forbes</i>	<i>Ethel Robinson (Mrs. W. S.) Jones</i>
<i>Edward Waldo Forbes</i>	<i>Albert Guy Keith</i>
<i>Frances Fowler</i>	<i>Justine Frances (Mrs. F. S.) Kershaw</i>
<i>Dana Taylor Gallup</i>	<i>Rupert Ballou Lillie</i>
<i>Alice Howland (Mrs. H. G.) Garrett</i>	<i>Abbott Lawrence Lowell</i>
<i>Jane Bowler (Mrs. R.) Gilman</i>	<i>George Arthur Macomber</i>
<i>Roger Gilman</i>	<i>Ella Sewell Slingluff (Mrs. G. A.) Macomber</i>
<i>Louis Lawrence Green</i>	<i>Edward Francis McClellan</i>
<i>Virginia Tanner (Mrs. L. L.) Green</i>	<i>Mary Crane (Mrs. E. F.) McClellan</i>
<i>Helen McQuesten (Mrs. P.) Gring</i>	<i>Ethel May MacLeod</i>
<i>Paul Gring</i>	<i>Winifred Smith (Mrs. M. W.) Mather</i>
<i>Christine Robinson (Mrs. R. M.) Gummere</i>	<i>Louis Joseph Alexandre Mercier</i>
<i>Lillian Helen (Mrs. T.) Hadley</i>	<i>Keyes DeWitt Metcalf</i>
<i>Franklin Tweed Hammond</i>	<i>Elinor Gregory (Mrs. K. D.) Metcalf</i>
<i>Mabel Macleod (Mrs. F. T.) Hammond</i>	<i>Hugh Montgomery, Jr.</i>
<i>Charles Lane Hanson</i>	<i>Helen Bonney (Mrs. H.) Montgomery</i>
<i>Albert Bushnell Hart</i>	<i>Jane Hancock (Mrs. J. L.) Moore</i>
<i>Jeannette Mary Hart</i>	<i>James Buell Munn</i>
<i>Mary Davis (Mrs. F. B.) Hawley</i>	<i>Ruth Crosby Hanford (Mrs. J. B.) Munn</i>
<i>Florence Wilhelmina (Mrs. N.) Heard</i>	<i>Mary Liscomb (Mrs. H. A.) Nealey</i>
<i>Nathan Heard</i>	<i>Arthur Boylston Nichols</i>
<i>Frank Wilson Cheney Hersey</i>	<i>Gertrude Fuller (Mrs. A. B.) Nichols</i>

<i>John Taylor Gilman Nichols</i>	<i>Grace Cobb (Mrs. F. B.) Sanborn</i>
<i>Emily Alan Smith (Mrs. J. T. G.) Nichols</i>	<i>Gilbert Campbell Scoggin</i>
<i>Albert Perley Norris</i>	<i>Susan Child (Mrs. G. C.) Scoggin</i>
<i>Grace Wyeth (Mrs. A. P.) Norris</i>	<i>Edgar Viguers Seeler, Jr.</i>
<i>Margaret Norton</i>	<i>Katherine Per Lee (Mrs. E. V.) Seeler</i>
<i>James Atkins Noyes</i>	<i>Martha Sever</i>
<i>Penelope Barker Noyes</i>	<i>Philip Price Sharples</i>
<i>Mary Woolson (Mrs. J. L.) Paine</i>	<i>Eugenia Jackson (Mrs. P. P.) Sharples</i>
<i>William Lincoln Payson</i>	<i>Willard Hatch Sprague</i>
<i>Frederica Watson (Mrs. Wm. L.) Payson</i>	<i>Horace Paine Stevens</i>
<i>William Hesseltine Pear</i>	<i>Emm��e White (Mrs. H. P.) Stevens</i>
<i>Fanny Carleton (Mrs. Wm. H.) Pear</i>	<i>Dora Stewart</i>
<i>Harriet Emma Peet</i>	<i>Alice Allegra Thorp</i>
<i>Gertrude Martha Peet</i>	<i>Kenneth Shaw Usher</i>
<i>Leslie Talbot Pennington</i>	<i>Mary Wellington (Mrs. K. S.) Usher</i>
<i>Elizabeth Entwistle (Mrs. L. T.) Pennington</i>	<i>Bertha Hallowell Vaughan</i>
<i>Elizabeth Bridge Piper</i>	<i>Maude Batchelder (Mrs. C. P.) Vosburgh</i>
<i>Bremer Whidden Pond</i>	<i>Martha Eustis (Mrs. C.) Walcott</i>
<i>Lucy Kingsley (Mrs. A. K.) Porter</i>	<i>Robert Walcott</i>
<i>David Thomas Pottinger</i>	<i>Mary Richardson (Mrs. R.) Walcott</i>
<i>Mildred Clark (Mrs. D. T.) Pottinger</i>	<i>Grace Reed (Mrs. J. H.) Walden</i>
<i>Roscoe Pound</i>	<i>Frank De Witt Washburn</i>
<i>Lucy Berry (Mrs. R.) Pound</i>	<i>Olive Ely Allen (Mrs. F. D.) Washburn</i>
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<i>Mabel Mawhinney (Mrs. H. S.) Rand</i>	<i>Kenneth Grant Tremayne Webster</i>
<i>Harriette Byron Taber (Mrs. F. A.) Richardson</i>	<i>William Stewart Whittemore</i>
<i>Fred Norris Robinson</i>	<i>Alice Babson (Mrs. W. S.) Whittemore</i>
<i>Katharine Wetherill (Mrs. L.) Rogers</i>	<i>Olive Swan (Mrs. J. B.) Williams</i>
<i>Clyde Orval Ruggles</i>	<i>Constance Bigelow Williston</i>
<i>Frances Holmes (Mrs. C. O.) Ruggles</i>	<i>Emily Williston</i>
<i>John Cornelius Runkle</i>	<i>Samuel Williston</i>
<i>Gertrude (Mrs. J. C.) Runkle</i>	<i>Henry Joshua Winslow</i>
<i>Paul Joseph Sachs</i>	<i>Grace Davenport (Mrs. H. J.) Winslow</i>
<i>Mary Ware (Mrs. R. deW.) Sampson</i>	<i>Grace Abbot Wood</i>
<i>Frank Berry Sanborn</i>	

*John William Wood, Jr.**Charles Henry Conrad Wright**Cyrus Woodman**Elizabeth Woodman (Mrs. C. H. C.)**Frances Billings (Mrs. C.) Woodman**Wright*

ASSOCIATE MEMBERS

*Sylvia Church (Mrs. I.) Bowditch**Helen Wood (Mrs. W.) Lincoln**Harold Clarke Durrell**Bertram Kimball Little**Francis Apthorp Foster**Nina Fletcher (Mrs. B. K.) Little**Harold Bend Sedgwick*

LIFE MEMBERS

*Mary Emory Batchelder**Bradford Hendrick Peirce**Henry Wadsworth Longfellow Dana**Eleanor Gray (Mrs. H. D.) Tudor**Alice Maud (Mrs. M. P.) White*



With the exception of Volume VII, which is out of print, there is on hand (July, 1942) a small stock of earlier Publications of the Cambridge Historical Society. The Price is \$1.00 each, for members of the Society; \$1.50 each, for non-members. Orders and remittances should be addressed to Walter B. Briggs, Curator, Widener Library, Cambridge, Massachusetts. Mr. Briggs is also able to supply copies of Mrs. Gozzaldi's Index to Paige's *History of Cambridge*, published in 1930. The price is \$7.50 a copy, postpaid.

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